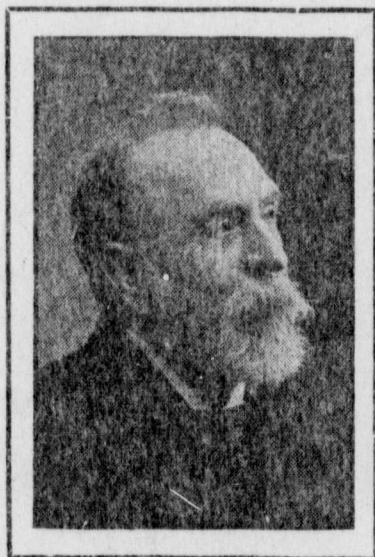


**.. HISTORY ..**  
**and**  
**.. REMINISCENCES ..**  
**of**  
**BOWMANVILLE**



BY THE LATE  
**J. B. FAIRBAIRN, P.M.**

Price 25c.

BOWMANVILLE NEWS PRINT  
1906

68-8  
-18-

## History and Reminiscences of Bowmanville.

By Jas. B. Fairbairn, P. M.

Having been asked to write a brief account of the early settlers and settlement of the town of Bowmanville, and as it may be published and thus may reach many outsiders who do not know the place, I would say there are very few, if any, more picturesque spots in the Province of Ontario. The principal part of the town is built upon a high ridge of land running north and south overlooking Lake Ontario and the lovely valley that intervenes. There are two streams -- one to the east and one to the west thus affording good natural drainage. In the olden time these creeks were quite large bodies of water giving power for several important industries that were of great benefit to the people. The springs from which they both originate rise below the Pine Ridge in the 9th or 10th concession of Darlington. Many a time I have traced them up to the fountain head. Sixty years ago large volumes came pouring out and this added to by additional springs along their route, made quite a quantity of delicious, pure, cool water. At that time they were full of trout, the millpond and all the stream down to the lake were teeming with this princeling of the finny tribe and in the fall of the year beautiful large salmon came up from the lake. You could throw them out of the water with an ordinary pitchfork. Between the bridge on the western stream and the lake it was a thick forest of large standing timber with a tangle of underbrush. It was quite a sight to see the fishermen with their Jack lanterns spearing them hundreds of which were taken every Fall.

In the preceding three or four decades what a glorious country this must have been for the sportsman. Even in my recollection, the forests abounded in deer and all kinds of game. I cannot refrain, while on this topic, from putting in writing what I have often said to our intelligent, progressive farmers, that if every land holder in Darlington would plant say, five to ten acres of young maples on every 100 acres, it would not only be a source of untold wealth, and if reforestation were extended to the whole Province, would make it one of the most lovely and fertile countries on the face of the earth. This would give a

more uniform rainfall and shelter us from the destructive winds, from which we now suffer so much. I was in Sweetsburg, Quebec Province, some few years ago and was surprised to find it the centre of a large section of the country abounding in what they call sugar orchard. They told me that the second growth maple is not injured by tapping, as is the case with the nature grown. There are thousands of dollars worth of maple sugar and molasses shipped from there every year. A further inducement to plant is their rapid growth. Some put out around my premises thirty years ago, are fine stately trees. But this is a digression.

Coming back to the town, it is surrounded on all sides except the lake front by hills and dales at a higher elevation in all directions affording fine landscape views. In the summer season to one driving in from the east, at Mr. W. S. Bragg's hill, a magnificent sight is obtained of the town and its environments, nesting as it does in a sea of green foliage, its public buildings, church spires with fine residential homes and gardens and the ever grand Lake Ontario in the distance, are distinctly seen. How this delights the eye and ministers to the aesthetic taste of the beholder. The same remarks apply equally when coming in on the Scugog road from the north and indeed with greater force, when coming from the west. The scene of course is different, catching the eye at another angle. There is spread under your immediate gaze more of the business portion of the town, the mill and dam and the stream which runs like a ribbon through banks and braes" if not equal yet nearly so to "Bonnie Doon," till it finds an outlet in the marsh.

Anyone wanting to get a complete and comprehensive outlook, taking in the whole town and portions of the township, with the hill lands of Clarke to the east, the old but ever new bright and sparkling waters of Ontario to the south, let him climb the height west of the electric light pond till he reaches the elevated land near Mr. Mark Munday's farm, then if he has any right conception of natural beauty, it will leave on the retina of his mental vision and scene of love-

ness the memory of which will not soon be erased.

A gentleman who has travelled extensively in the old world and whose innate love of the beautiful in Nature as well as in Art had been cultivated by keen observation in speaking of Bowmanville years ago told me that he had seen no town of its size anywhere with which he was more charmed.

How the town was originally located where it is, is a question that has often been asked but I presume the correct answer is, that it was largely accidental.

X The original road cut out of the forest between Toronto and Kingston, opening up communication between the west and east of the Province, and part of which constitutes our main street (King St.) led people to settle and take up farms on each side of it. The Danford road as first surveyed ran farther south than where it was eventually located. The partial remains of a bridge, built of heavy timbers, was still in existence 40 years ago a short distance below Mr. J. B. Martyn's property. Wh the change was made I never heard, but suppose there was an easier grade in overcoming the steepness of the hill on the west. It follows of course in a new settlement, the primary wants of the community must be met, hence the mill site became utilized a dam was built and a small saw and grist mill erected. This must have been some time about the beginning of the century.

It would be most interesting did one know the man or men, who struck the first blow in clearing the few trees around the stream on which the mill was built. I fancy if in the spiritual world that unfathomable mystery to us mortal creatures, he has been permitted to see and know what has occurred in the wonderful transformation of men and things, since the sound of his axe first reverberated through the unbroken forest, in chopping that first tree down, he would express admiration of the men and women who by lives of toil and industry helped to bring it about. It required grit, muscle and heroism of the highest kind, to battle with the almost insurmountable difficulties they met with, in the first small settlement of log huts.

Around this little nucleus of the mill, the place began to grow. The first extension was to the west. The only road opened leading to the lake was between the Bates farm and the one now occupied by Mr. Robert Beith Ex-M.P. (Waverley

Stock Farm.) This side line, passing Mr. Isaac Tabb's farm was opened at a very early period and as the business increased it became the highway to the lake. Goods in the summertime were brought in schooners from the States and ports east and west, they being anchored out and the cargoes brought to land in little boats. If the shore had been bolder and the water less shallow, the probabilities are that a wharf would have been built and the growth of the town would have been still farther west than where it now stands. Smuggling was very extensively carried on at that time and if the truth were known thousands of dollars worth of valuable articles were annually imported without a knowledge of H. M. Customs House Officers.

I am speaking now of a later period after the place had grown considerably. One amusing escapade occurred in this connection worth relating. A merchant carrying on business some three miles east, had brought over a cargo of salt. The plan adopted was to have the goods landed during the night and buried out of sight in the sand and subsequent removal under night to a place of safety. The gentleman referred to having brought across the lake a schooner load which at that time bore a heavy duty, none being obtainable in the province, deposited it in the usual way. It so happened that a fellow smuggler in the village got wind of it and he quietly stole the whole lot and salted the proceeds. No redress could be obtained by No. 1 as he dare not reveal the facts.

The late Mr. J. T. Coleman collected and published in pamphlet form a great many facts giving names and dates of the first settlers who came into Darlington from the States; that the first few arrived in 1794. I do not propose in this short paper to refer to any length to events occurring previous to my own personal knowledge, but must necessarily allude to a few persons and matter as connecting links in the narrative.

Somewhere about 1840 the place had grown to quite an extent, the settlement of Darlington had proceeded at a rapid rate, the town keeping pace with it. The principal business places at that time were on the western hill, there were three or four stores, a large tavern and cooper shop. The Methodist church was then also on the hill. To go back a little, Mr. Coleman states, and, I think, correctly, that the first store was opened by Lewis Lewis, who remained in business for four years

He then sold to Charles Bowman. This he says was in 1824. My father came to Bowmanville and took charge of the business in 1824. From the time the first hut was erected till then, the increase was very slow. As a census taken by Mr. Simpson, probably in 1825 shows 118 persons all told, there being only one house on the north side of the road. As for the Indians, I do not think they were very numerous along the shore of Lake Ontario, between Toronto and the bay of Quinte. There is no evidence to show that such was the case, in the shape of relics such as arrowheads, etc., as comparatively very few have been found. I suppose this is accounted for as their favorite hunting grounds lay farther north among the smaller lake and rivers. I have been told that an Indian burying ground was found on Liberty st., at least some remains were discovered, indicating that the sand knoll has been used for burial purposes, at some remote period. This was not far from Mr. John Medland's present residence. I do not know that any other has ever been discovered in Darlington. I have never heard from any source that there was any regular settlement of them known to the early settlers nearer than Scugog lake. A few scattered bands of the Rice Lake Indians perhaps did some hunting in the summer time up and down our creeks but they never interfered with the white people appearing quite harmless and kindly disposed. About 1835 I remember quite a number were camped in wigwags on the brow of the hill near Mr. Mark D. Williams' residence. They came from the west, the Humber region and although the older inhabitants used to tell romantic tales about them, such existed only in the vivid imaginations of the rehearsers.

I now refer to the Burkes one of the first families who came into the wilderness, hewed out a home for themselves on the shore of Ontario, and were closely identified with and had a good deal to do in the succeeding expansion and growth of the business both of town and townships. One of the sons of John Burke the pioneer, remained on the homestead, owning the 400 acres of land, they having built a fine large frame house there at a very early period. The Burke family were noted through all this section for their kindness and hospitality. From the very earliest period after they were surrounded with

the ordinary comforts of a farm house, the result of their own skill and toil, the door was ever open and help bestowed upon every poor struggling settler who came to them for assistance and though through lapse of time and changing conditions it is seldom thought of still there are some even yet of the descendants of those who were helped, who speak of them with gratitude. Mr. David Burke was a highly religious man and did much active work in the church with which he was connected. He had appointments in different parts of the country and before there were any settled clergymen he did a good deal to try and elevate the moral condition of the people. He was one of Nature's noblemen. He could have had but few early advantages in the way of education but notwithstanding this drawback he was quite a noted figure among his compeers. A true story and a good one is told of an occurrence in connection with the rebellion of 1837. After Ben Lett left the country and a reward of £500 sterling was offered for his capture, dead or alive, the whole community was on the qui vive and the extreme party were so anxious for his arrest that any tidings of his whereabouts were eagerly sought after. It was while this public tension was at its height that the following took place. Mr. Simpson then in management of the Bowman business, had gotten a number of Roman Catholic Irishmen from Ops to work on the mill dam which had been carried away by the spring freshets. Mr. Burke being short of hands in the hay harvest, got one of the men to go to the farm to assist. He was put to work in a field by himself. In the meantime a brilliant idea struck young David who was at home and he determined to have a little fun at the expense of the raw Irishman dressed appropriately for the occasion and armed with an old blunderbuss he suddenly dropped down on the man from Ops who was evidently taken aback by the apparition of an apparently armed desperado. Mr. Dave told him that he was Ben Lett and that he heard they were very anxious to make him a prisoner and invited him to undertake the job, finally making him promise on his sacred honor that he would never reveal the fact, but when he got up town among his friends he told as a great secret what he had encountered. It became whispered around from one to another until it

reached the ears of the authorities. They fully believed that the notorious rebel was being harbored by Burke's Dr. Low who at that time lived in Whitby and was in command of a troop of Militia was instructed to take steps for his capture. So one night while Mr. Burke and family were enjoying their usual repose, totally unconscious of an impending danger, were suddenly aroused some time in the early morning by violent knocking and urgent demands for admittance. After hurried dressing and reaching the door he was surprised to find the premises completely surrounded by a military guard and the officer in charge told him that they were creditably informed that Lett was about the place. To this Mr. Burke at once gave denial, he knew nothing about him or his whereabouts. They made a most rigorous search, going through barns, stable and cellars and at last gave up the chase. It had rained during the night and the troopers made a pretty sorry show. Mr. Burke gave them a hearty breakfast and bid them good-bye. The true inwardness of the performance did not come out till some years afterwards.

Another incident in this same connection happened on the western farm then occupied by a whole souled burly Yorkshireman, Mr. John Frank, who came to Bowmanville in 1831. He occupied it a greater portion of his lifetime. He will be remembered by many now living, familiarly called 'Big John.' His son Charles is still on deck I am glad to say. I was told this as a fact. He went out one morning to his cornfield where he descried a man sound asleep evidently so worn out and so soundly in the arms of Morpheus as not to be easily aroused. His gun lay at his side and he was also otherwise armed to the teeth. Mr. Frank quietly slipped up, grasped the gun and awoke the sleeping owner, claiming him as his prisoner. Knowing that he was the man so badly wanted, but with the true nobility of an Englishman, he gave him something to eat and told him to leave as soon as possible. The large moneyed reward could not tempt him to take advantage of the helpless outlaw.

While writing about Lett, I stated in a former letter that I intended giving an outline of his Darlington career. I was then under the impression that his connection with the rebellion was truly that of a misguided patriot, one among hundreds of others who sacrificed life

and means in the honest belief that they were doing it in the best interests of the country. I was more than surprised to find from a conversation with Mr. James Heatlie of Soila, whose father knew the whole circumstances, that he was the individual who so brutally, in cool blood assassinated Captain Usher at Niagara Falls shortly after the burning of "The Caroline," and that he also was the man who committed the dastardly act of blowing up Brock's monument. I found it impossible to find out from any information I could glean, how he first became identified with this movement.

It would seem that after the battle of Montgomery's Tavern, Toronto, a refugee came down through Darlington. He looked and acted like a gentleman, one who had occupied a good position in life but presenting the appearance of a hunted deer, without boots and only partly clothed. Ben took him under his protection. They went east and caught the Kingston stage and finally landed in the United States. Ben turned up at Navy Island. I find his brothers at least one of them tried to excuse the foul act of killing Captain Usher by saying that it was done out of revenge for the cutting out and sending "The Caroline" over the Falls, but nothing on earth could justify the act. Usher was entertaining a party of friends at his house, when the assassin called him out under a pretext of wanting to speak to him and shot him dead.

The late Mr. Robert Armour, so long a resident of Bowmanville, was one of the parties who boarded that ill-fated steamer and helped to break up the Navy Island enterprise. I hope to speak of Mr. Armour at greater length later on.

The Lett family apart from Ben were cultivated people. His sister was educated in the school-house near their residence in the western part of Darlington. They went to school with the Licks and evidently the school master was a broad even at that early date. She with the other members of the family were passionately fond of this unfortunate brother as is shown by the many things written by them about him. The following beautiful line of which she was authoress, having reference to the little rivulet in the Darlington farm, now Mr. Euer Millson's, show high poetic talent and are worthy a place in any Canadian publication. They delineate the romantic appearance of the little brook and give a good idea of the native trees of which the woods were then encompassed:

## "MEMORIES"

O, how I longed for the grand old woods,  
With their leaves of living green  
As I stood on the prairie's boundless waste  
Where never a tree was seen.

I longed for a rest on a mossy log  
In the cool Canadian shade;  
I longed for a drink from the sparkling  
brook,  
And the murmuring sound it made.

The gravelly brook where the cresses  
grew,  
Under the green woods pendant boughs  
With each favorite spot my childhood  
knew,  
Where slyly I watched the wild deer  
browse.

The gravelly brook where I used to wade,  
In the heat of the summer day,  
Where fearless around me the minnows  
played,  
While the trout swam swiftly away.

Memory comes to me now like a dream,  
Like a dream it comes to me now,  
And just for a moment a child I seem,  
Forgetting the lines on my brow.

I am watching the green leaves overhead  
Moving and sifting the sunshine down,  
Birch, maple and beech their branches  
spread,

Basswood and ash the white and brown.  
I see the young summer with rich perfume  
Softly she comes through the green-  
wood now,

Tufting the dogwood with snow white  
bloom,  
Binding the roses around her brow.

Now memory fails—the vision has fled  
And leaves me alone with my fears,  
And time is flinging its snow on my head  
And loading me down with its years

And a shadow stands in my room tonight,  
And its presence strikes me dumb  
For I know I must follow its airy flight  
Whenever it whispers "Come"

Following up the fortunes of the Burk family there were three sons and three daughters of the former. John and William continuously resided here. The first named after a short residence in Oshawa entered into partnership in a general store, milling and distilling business with Mr John Simpson which they carried on for some time. After the dissolution of the firm he assumed the business and had a successful mercantile career. No one in the town or county was more popular. There was an attractive cordiality about the man, an evenness of temper and kindness of heart that endeared him to those who knew

him at all well. Strictly upright in all his transactions, considerate for others, he could not but have an influential position among his fellow men. As an instance of his urbanity, I remember a little old shack of a building in which the post office was situated, had a lock on the door which was out of gear making it hard to open and shut. He called my attention to it several times and with youthful carelessness I kept forgetting to get it repaired. One day he smilingly said to me, "Look here, I am going to bring you up a new lock," which he did. This I neglected having put on, so after a few days had elapsed, he brought a screw driver himself being determined to have the difficulty removed. However, as the climax was reached I got some one to do the work. He made a large fortune but by an inscrutable Providence he died comparatively a young man. With all his prosperity he never had a swelled head and continued to the end of his career to enjoy the esteem of the community. His death created widespread sorrow all through the country where he was extensively known.

Mr. Wm K. Burk owned and sailed a schooner on the lake. After running it for some years it was wrecked, I think near Oakville. He then gave up that business and settled down on the old homestead. He was for a long time quite a public man, was elected again and again to municipal office, a member of the Town Council and also of the County Council. He gave many years of service in those positions. He was a great friend and colleague of the late John McLeod M. P. They were fast political and personal friends. He had a keen sense of humor and was always full of fun. Some of the older citizens may remember the last old fashioned sugar-making in the limits of the corporation was on his farm. He got it up especially so as to have a good time and asked a great man down to enjoy the sugaring off. I was among the crowd. He too was only about 60 years of age when he passed away.

David Burk, the younger, after farming a short time in Darlington, moved to Oshawa where he permanently took up his abode. In this country families do not remain long in one place. Among all the numerous descendants of the Burk connection on the male side of the family there are only three remaining among us. Mr Marvin Burk, our energetic townsman the venerable Harvey W. Burk, ex-M. P., and Mr Erastus

J. Buck who owns and cultivates a large acreage of the paternal land.

The ground to cover is so extensive I hardly know where to begin. Will make the first store an the events connected with it the pivotal point from which to start.

Mr. Charles Bowman who acquired the property on which a good portion of Bowmanville now stands was a Scotchman, possessing in a large degree the natural characteristics of the race prominent among which are caution, foresight, perseverance and frugality. His headquarters were at Montreal. He met my father the late Robert Fairbairn, P., at Port Hope. He had recently arrived there from Scotland. Pardon me if I allude slightly to my father and his career. He was born near Dundee in Berwickshire, went at an early age to learn the dry goods business with a brother in Haddington. After serving his apprenticeship he started in business on his own account at Pennycook where a large number of French prisoners taken in the Napoleonic wars were confined. I think there was more pleasure than business in the place. I know from what I have heard him say that social life and consequent amusement greatly prevailed. Not finding it meeting his expectations he moved to Forfarshire and after a short residence there he quit the business and decided to try his fortunes in the New World as it was then known in the Old Countries.

It is hardly credible but is a fact nevertheless, that it took three months to cross the Atlantic. They had a drunken captain in charge were several times on the point of starvation and on two occasions were relieved by passing vessels. They at last reached Norfolk Virginia, more dead than alive.

What small events, apparently, have a controlling influence over our destiny. Among those who came out in the same vessel was a Mr. William Wallace of Edinburgh, writer of the signet—a position equivalent to our degree of barrister. He was a brother in law of Mr. David Smart of Port Hope. A friendship sprang up between them and he accompanied him to that place. Mr. Smart at that time was doing a large extensive business and my father went into his employment. Mr. Bowman being in want of a man to come to Darlington held out inducements to him to undertake the new enterprise which he wished to foster. They came to an agreement, he reaching here in 1823. For seven

years he too, charge but for some reason he could not work satisfactorily with his employer and threw up the position. In the meantime he had built a large frame store and dwelling on the brow of the eastern hill, on the lot now owned by Mr. G. G. Over, on which the present billiard room is situated, near Mr. Williams' West End Smithy. He opened a general country store and not succeeding he retired, rented first to Wm. Warren, afterwards to a Mr. Sack of whom more anon. The premises were destroyed by fire in 1845 and were a total loss with no insurance. Mr. Bowman had other branch stores one being at Coburne. Mr. Steele father of the well known Mr. J. Clarke Steele of Toronto went about the same time to Coburne in a similar position. Mr. Bowman spent a good deal of his time in the old country purchasing supplies. He had extensive means and knew how to buy to advantage.

I have in my father's handwriting a statement showing the population of Darlington in April 1827. 31 adult Baptists and 124 under 16 years of age; Methodists 45 and 180; Pre byterian 18 and 72; Church of England 7 and 28; Roman Catholics 10 and 40; professing no religion 61. Total 666. This reveals two interesting facts: first the exceedingly slow increase of the people up to that date; second the large number of children in proportion to the whole. Those hardy old pioneers must have believed in the command given "to multiply and replenish the earth." If they had lived in the present fast age the figures would have been reversed no doubt.

I am under the impression that the Smart family and Mr. Charles Bowman came from the same part of Scotland, the former hailed from Dundee. Mr. George Smart came to Bowmanville for the purpose of succeeding my father but he was on my charge a short time. I have not the slightest idea what kind of man he was but his life had a tragic and strange ending. What wonderful things occur and how hard to account for! It does not require a great stretch of the imagination to picture the heart-rending scene of separation when he left his wife and two helpless children without a father's protection and care, his own soul filled with high hope and the laudable ambition that when he reached the supposed Eldorado, success would crown his efforts and they should again be reunited in family life. But, alas! it was not to be.

Mr. George gave a dinner party one evening and among those present on the

occasion were Messrs. Cubitt, who were then living at the mill now owned by Mr George A. Stephens. I think the late Colonel Frederick Cubitt was present. My father was also among the guests. After spending a convivial night (the Cubitts came out on horse back) and when starting for home they had to go through the woods. Mr Smart insisted on accompanying them part of the way. They separated somewhere about 1 1/2 miles north of the town. Mr. Smart did not make his appearance the following morning and parties who went out to search found his lifeless body not far from the place where they had said good night. The horse was found in the immediate vicinity. It was never definitely known how the accident occurred but the supposition was his head had come in contact with a tree in the darkness. No wonder when the intelligence reached the stricken wife she died of a broken heart. All honor to the brothers who so tenderly cared for the orphans. Mr. John Smart at Port Darlington adopted one and David Smart at Port Hope, the other. They never knew the loss of their parents.

The unseen power that guides and controls the lives of men, again draws up the curtain and another actor appears on the stage. Mr John Lester, who came from Cayton township was the next manager. He was a stout but strong man and a pusher. For five years he ran the business. Why he dissolved connection with the concern, I cannot say. He opened out for himself immediately west of Mrs Vanstone's present beautiful residence. He had quite an extensive trade and should under the circumstances have acquired an independence. The views of the community on the sin of smuggling were very lax and he was only one among a large number of others who was guilty of this trade against the government. He did not cover his tracks sufficiently. His nemesis overtook him in the person of the Collector of Customs of Port Hope, who arrived suddenly on the place where the contraband stuff was stored and the game was up. He left the country for good. Mr Thomas Cann, father of Mr Harry Cann, Collector of Taxes in this town, was for some time a clerk in the establishment and Peter Hamblin, who lived so long at the lae, was also behind the counter—both at the time young active, clever men.

Shortly after my father was at the helm a young lad John Simpson, about twelve years of age, was sent by the proprietor

to take the place of clerk and acquire a knowledge of the business. Who would have thought at the time that the boy, starting out in such humble circumstances would eventually, not only control the large business which it became, but also exercise such a dominating power in the whole community. He climbed the ladder round by round till he reached the top. He grew up with the business and so thoroughly had he mastered every detail connected with it, that after Mr. Lester resigned and although only eighteen years of age, he was given full control. I do not feel quite certain as to dates but fancy about this time the saw mill was discarded and a new grist mill erected on the old site. A distillery was also built across the road to the south. One point of time can be approximately fixed that is the erection of the brick store first east of Vansone's mill which is still standing. It was in 1836. It looks now a modest structure, but it was then indeed quite a grand affair and so solid built that it will likely stand for another century.

About this time there was a phenomenal influx of population. Hundreds of immigrants came pouring into the country the British Isles contributing a large quota. Thousands of acres of land were cleared and brought under cultivation. The rich fertile soil producing enormous crops of all kinds of grain. This gave a great impetus to trade. The village grew very fast; new houses were erected and things generally indicated brighter prospects for the future. Under the able management of its young chief the Bowman business began to assume large proportions outstripping all competitors. It must not be forgotten that to succeed in business at that early period of the country's history required a large capital. It was impossible to carry on any kind of enterprise on a cash basis hence long credits were the rule, not the exception.

Showing the condition of things as late as 1839 I have a recollection in the shape of a shin plaster. Bowman & Co was at the time a very wealthy firm and had unlimited credit, so much so that their I. O. U was readily taken as good. Paper currency as a medium of exchange was very scarce. To meet the want they issued a bill of their own. The following is an exact copy of one for 25 cents, which was never redeemed. How much interest do they owe me, I wonder? Many a Darlington farmer owed his first start to this fact. If he was making an



honest effort to succeed he received kindly assistance until he found himself on his feet.

No. .... 524.

CHARLES BOWMAN & CO.

C. B.

7s Pence

On demand for value received we promise to pay the bearer seven pence Half penny currency in current Bank Bills in sums not less than five shillings, either at the store of David Smart Esq., Port Hope or at our store

7s Pence

Ent'd BOWMANVILLE. Feb 20, 1830  
T. C. SUTTON. C. BOWMAN.

Mr. John Simpson at this time held a unique position, with power to make or mar the fortunes of many a settler. He had an iron will, and the whole tendency of his position was to increase this marked natural characteristic. He could not brook opposition. His whole nature was strenuous. He never turned his back on a friend nor his face from a foe. While strictly just and upright in all his dealings he was generous to a fault, and many an old timer knew by experience that he did not carry his sympathy merely on his sieve. For years his influence was felt in every walk of life. He was an active politician. Although bred a Presbyterian he became identified with, and was one of the founders of the Disciples' church retaining his connection with that body until his death. One marked trait, was his loyal attachment to his friends. He would go any length to do them a service. Personally, I received a great deal of kindness at his hands, which I can never forget. Proving his high standing not only locally but in a wider field at Confederation he was elected a member of the Legislative Council and later appointed to the high and honored position of Senator. At Ottawa for many years he rendered valuable service to the country at large. He became associated with Mr Chas Bowman as a partner in the business which was carried on under the name of Bowman & Co. He was for a long time agent of the Bank of Montreal and afterwards organized the Ontario Bank of which he was President. After retiring from active service at the Bank he remained a director to the end. In May 1844 he married, Ann, eldest

daughter of the late David Burk, already referred to. Their married life was short, as she died a year or so after she became a bride. Some time afterwards he married a younger sister, Sarah. There were born to them five sons and three daughters, and of this large family there remains only one representative in this the town of their nativity.

It would not be in good taste in a paper of this kind to refer to those still living, yet I cannot refrain from stating this of our prominent townsman, Mr. D. B. Simpson, K. C. He has inherited the wide mental gifts of his father and through tense application has become one of the ablest barristers in the district. Now in the prime of life, it is to be hoped that he may have many years of active usefulness before him.

In colonial empire-building Scotland has played an all important part. Her sons have been found in every colony under the British flag, among the leading citizens both in political life and in the business world. Take our fair Dominion as a sample. From the highest office of State to the lowest municipal position, you will see numbers of those hard-headed shrewd, persevering natives of that far-famed land of Scotland steadily climbing the ladder leading to financial success and honorable fame. If a careful computation were made throughout Canada, from the Atlantic to the Pacific it would be found that a large proportion of those at the head of our banking establishments and manufacturing industries, Cabinet ministers in Dominion and Provincial governments, and of members of Parliament in the various Legislatures have Scottish blood in their veins. I confess that, although a native of Bowmanville and therefore a Canadian the Scottish strain in my nature ever warms my heart especially to the land of the heather.

Some seventy years ago the Beiths, a family in Campbelltown, in the county of Argyllshire, Scotland, decided upon leaving the land of their fathers, severing the ties that bound them to that country so rich in great achievements, and to start for the new world then the Mecca of thousands who were dissatisfied with their condition and ambitious to improve it. After a comparatively speedy voyage of six weeks, the whole household, consisting of father, mother, three sons and three daughters, arrived in what is now the city of Toronto. They had determined to acquire land and follow the most honorable of all occupations—that

of farming. Several acquaintances from their immediate neighborhood in Scotland had already crossed the Atlantic and were settled in Darlington. Among these were Neil Grey, the McMillans and the Camerons. Blood is thicker than water, and naturally they desired the companionship of their former friends. After a short stay in the city Mr. Alexander Beith, Sr., and Mr. Robert Beith started for what was to be their future home. The journey was on foot and largely through the native forest. They reached Mr. Donald Cameron's and in due time commenced to search for the object of their quest. Finally they bought the beautiful farm upon which they lived for so many years. There can be no doubt as to the wisdom of their choice. Being joined by the other members of the family who followed from the city they occupied a house in the immediate vicinity for a time. Then commenced the hard struggle—a shelter was necessary for themselves and the stock; the land must be cleared etc.—but those hardy Highlanders full of brawn and muscle were equal to the task.

Years afterwards the place, so fitly named "Fairfield," was a model for others to copy. Educated, as nearly all Scotchmen were, with minds enriched by wide reading, they were just the kind of immigrants to make their influence felt in the surrounding community. The elder brother, Mr. Robert Beith, soon began to realize the disadvantages under which he and his co-workers were laboring and he was among the first (by example and precept) to bring about better methods. He was one of the most energetic promoters of our agricultural society, and to the importation and breeding of better farm stock, both of cattle and horses, he gave much attention. His life though a comparatively short one, was fruitful and the results of it are still being felt. His sudden illness and death was a terrible shock. To know him at all intimately would lead not only to friendship but to the higher development of our sentient nature. I do not exceed the limit in saying that he was beloved.

Mr. Alexander Beith, although of a different type of mind, less aggressive, was a strong character. He remained at "Fairfield" co-operating with the others for many years. He was the only one who married. Eventually the family bought a second farm in Clare and he removed there. He took the strongest possible interest in all political questions.

A man of earnest convictions, when he reached a conclusion nothing could change him. He did not become a public speaker but when off the platform he was a hard antagonist to meet. He had a clear, incisive faculty of sizing up a situation, and great readiness of speech in an argument. He would have made an excellent speaker had he cultivated his talents in that direction. He spoke on the subject of Missions in our church on one occasion, and I do not think I ever listened to a better address. I believe he was the first man in his party who suggested that the Hon. Edward Blake should be invited to West Durham. He married, in 1838, Miss McTaggart. They had five sons and three daughters all of whom are living except Mrs. Peter Murdock, namely—Mr. James Beith, our respected Collector of Customs, Mr. Robert Beith, ex M.P., with a continental reputation as the breeder of the Hackney horse; Doctor Alex. Beith a "McClure" in his profession, Mr. Duncan Beith, manager of the Waverley Stables, and Mr. William Beith, residing in Toronto.

Mr. Hector Beith the youngest brother of the original stock, and Miss Mary Beith, remained at Fairfield till the place was sold. Mr. Hector Beith possesses all the intellectual resources of the others and is unassuming and kindly. He has never taken any very active part in matters beyond his own occupation, and has passed an even, happy life. When they moved into town he bought South Park which he and Miss Beith at present occupy.

The Presbyterian church in Bowmanville owes a great deal to the Beiths. From its earliest existence they have been among its staunchest supporters and most liberal contributors. I trust I am not passing the correct boundary in making a short personal allusion. My mother and Miss Beith had much to do in helping to build the first Presbyterian church. They personally canvassed for subscriptions between Cobourg and Toronto and asisted in every way to raise the necessary funds. Shortly after the families became acquainted a strong friendship was formed which, under all the changes of three quarters of a century, has never been marred.

The home at Fairfield from its earliest days was the very acme of warm hearted Highland hospitality. No one who was ever engaged about the premises, as servants or otherwise, but entertained for the family the highest respect and

good will. Miss Brith is still spared to us and, although advanced in life retains a deep interest in everything around her. The evening shadows still find her in full possession of her vigorous, gifted mind.

By far the greatest number of immigrants who came into this part of the country at later date say from 1838 to 1845 or '46 were English. Next to the Scotch I think them the finest people in the world. I know you Mr Editor would put it the other way! I have heard it stated that the best all round specimen of a white man is a well bred native of the tight little island whose flag floats on every sea, carrying civilization and all its attendant blessings to millions of the human race. At an earlier period, before the great influx, the Cubitts arrived from Norfolksh.re sometime about 1832. The group consisted of Dr Cubitt and three sons, Dr Richard Fleetwood and Frederic. It must have been a wonderful revelation to them leaving much elegance and luxury behind and taking up their abode in one of the rude primitive dwellings, at that time the only kind in existence here. I do not mean to say that our happiness consists solely in our surroundings; but certainly to leave a house with everything that would add to comfort and find oneself domiciled in a log shanty with the rudest kind of home-made furniture was a trial of no small magnitude. What a blessing it is that we are able to adapt ourselves to our surroundings! I suppose the Cubitts soon became accustomed to the change. The father was a medical man and his first residence was on the property now owned by R W Scobell. I cannot say whether he practised his profession or not, or how long he lived. Sometime later they bought the lot at present owned by John Darch upon which he has erected a fine house. It was called Erpingham after their estate in England. Afterwards it was sold by them to an Irish family named Smith. They also were early settlers and people of the highest type. I may refer to them again. In tracing their movements I find that not many years after they first set foot in Darlington they had with commendable enterprise entered into the spirit of the time and strove to help on the march of progress. They became the proprietors of the land at present owned by George A Stephens four miles north-east of the town. They built a saw-mill and took their share of the rough pioneer work incidental to such an undertaking. After

getting the machinery running, they spent many a hard day driving oxen and drawing logs to make into lumber. It is impossible to give dates correctly. I cannot fix the time they left and moved into the front. Dr. Richard Cubitt was a great favorite with his acquaintances; he was very sociable and friendly. They kept bachelors' hall at the mill and I have been told, led a right jolly life. I have no personal recollection of him. He, I suppose was called away when quite a young man. Fleetwood owned the fine farm on the lake at present belonging to Mr. Harry J Knight, upon which he lived a greater portion of his life. He was a fine specimen of the ideal Englishman and was liked by everyone who knew him.

Mr Frederic Cubitt at only 18 years of age, joined the Militia force then being brought into active service and was an ensign in a company in one of the regiments that marched for Toronto to meet the supposed rebel forces under Mackenzie. He had a great penchant for everything connected with the army and retained his connection with the active portion of the militia, having risen to the full command as Lieut-Colonel of the 45th battalion; and only a year or two before his death was in charge of one of the camps at Kingston. He was born with a genius for that kind of life and made a fine handsome officer. In the evolution of our municipal system he was quite a factor, early becoming a member of the council and for some twelve years was at the head of the corporation as mayor, presiding over the Board with dignity and success. During a portion of the time he was acting magistrate for the municipality and earned the reputation of being an upright judge. He was also for thirty years a school trustee, and when the separation of the schools took place was appointed to the High School and held the honorable position of chairman for years, indeed, up to the end of his life. He was Clerk of the Division Court for a long time and also Town Treasurer. In politics he was a Conservative "died in the wool" and was one of the leaders of the party during the greater portion of his life. He once contested West Durham but was on the wrong side in the then largely Liberal constituency. He was a good platform speaker and a trenchant writer. He was a born fighter and most persistent in the attainment of any object he undertook. I forgot to mention that he went also to Thorold in command of

his battalion at the time of the Fenian raid. He was married in England some time in the fifties. There were four children and of all the household only Mrs Cubitt remains in Bowmanville. He was a good conversationalist, delighted in reminiscences and told many a good story of the old-n time. He was a great all round sport and patronized most kinds of athletic games. He was a keen currier and a good cricketer. Of his two sons, Churchill, my son-in-law, is in business in Toronto and Frederic in Peterboro. A full size painting of Colonel Cubitt, by one of our celebrated artists adorns the Board room of the High School wall place there by his many friends and admirers. It is true to life.

In 1832 there was another important addition to our population—the late Colonel Reid, who was so marked a personality among our citizens. Romantic circumstances surrounded his early footsteps, Of Scottish descent, his father like hundreds of his fellow-countrymen went to India,—I presume in the service of the East India Co.—and while on the voyage out the Colonel was born. He was educated at Charter House London England and returning to the east when about eighteen years of age. He saw the actual horrors of an armed contest in the first Burmese war and held a command as Captain in the regular army. His thorough military training afterwards enabled him to do the Government good service in Canada. He was married in India resigned his commission, returned to Scotland with his four sons, and wended his way to this dependency of the British Crown, which is destined in the future to dominate the larger half of this immense continent. He at once made himself felt in the place. At the outbreak of the rebellion he immediately came to the front and took command of the heterogeneous mass that was so hurriedly called together by the exigencies of the time. Fortunately, they never met a hostile foe and soon disbanded. He filled several important offices: was Collector of Customs at Port Darlington, issuer of marriage licences agent for the Bank of Upper Canada and our principal acting magistrate. Of the four sons issue of the first marriage James and Blair went back to India where the latter became a General and the former had a Captaincy. At the termination of his military career the General returned to England and is still living there. The Captain came back to Bowmanville and ended his days here. The other two,

Harry and George, were educated in Canada and in Edinburgh, Scotland. They both took high standing in the medical profession, George having an extensive practice in Cobourg and Harry in Bowmanville. They first built a house at the eastern end of the town and it continued to be the home up to the time of Mrs Reid's death. When the Colonel arrived in Bowmanville he was a widower. He afterwards married Elizabeth Haggarty. Here I would interpolate. She was one of a highly educated Irish family. It may not be known to many, but the late Chief Justice of the Dominion, Sir. J. H. Haggarty, several of his brothers and two sisters, lived for a short time on one of the concessions north east of the town in the Bragg Settlement. They soon after moved to Toronto. The other sister married Mr Holland, a barrister at Oshawa. Of the second family, John Lestock Reid is a prominent man in Alberta and L. H. Reid M.D with Miss Reid, are living in this their native town. Let me relate a singular occurrence: As a young man, Mr. John Reid went to Australia. He was married there, and, becoming dissatisfied with the outlook, started with his young wife for the country he had left. They were shipwrecked on the way, had a terrible experience but were rescued, and found themselves stranded on one of the islands of the vast Pacific. A gentleman living there entertained them. One day when in his library Mr Reid picked up a book which turned out to be an English Grammar with the following inscription on the fly leaf: "John Fairbairn, (He was my brother.) Darlington Mills, district of Newcastle Upper Canada." The owner could not explain how it came to be on the island, and the fact remains an unsolved riddle.

Perhaps about 1830, the eastern end of the town began to show signs of life. Mr. Wm. Warren, a brother of J. B. Warren of Oshawa built the mill at present operated by Mr. Samuel Souch. He had also in connection with it a general store and distillery. The house was at the time quite a pretentious one. Latterly it has been remodelled. For a long time the place was the centre of activity. However, he could not hold his own as competition had arisen in the western part of the town, so he closed it. For a year or two he rented my father's place, as before stated, but at last gave that up and left for Whitty. He was appointed Collector of Customs at that port and lived to be a very old man.

This place has had quite a history in its checked career. It came into the possession of Captain Usher, a gentleman without any business training, and as a matter of course the venture ended in failure. He was a strong conservative and took quite an interest in the battle that was so bitterly waged against the Rebel on Losses Bill. This might be expected, as he was either cousin or brother of the Usher killed at Niagara Falls. His sons are scattered I know not where. It was during his regime that I first knew Frank Henderson, who for a long time played such a notable role as bookkeeper and livery man. Frank was an original man and Irish to the backbone. Kindness itself but like many another good headed fellow he was he victim of his trade. He was a long time in Usher's employ before embarking in business for himself. One is apt to overlook the important part played by the less bright when taking a survey, as I am trying to do of old events and the men connected with them.

Mr. James Cooper, a cooper by trade, a Scotchman born and bred, had a shop and supplied the mill with barrels. He was quite eccentric in his way but was a thorough well informed man, an omnivorous reader and a great admirer of Carlyle. I refer to his life as illustrating now often persons endowed with large capabilities do not rise as they should, either through the force of circumstances or from lack of energy or courage. After the business played out he stayed on and eked out a scanty livelihood. He once applied to the town council for a side walk. It was a well written, comical proposition and very few could have gotten it up. He secured the side walk, or an apology for one. There were three boys. The eldest, Robert, I took into my office and taught telegraphing. The old gentleman told me Mr. Simpson had hoped to give the boy a position in the Ontario Bank, which had recently been started, but as that did not materialize he appealed to me to take him. Robert was clever and soon became an expert. I applied to Mr. Dwight on his behalf and he gave him the important office at Chatham. The other two boys, James and Thomas, also came into the office. The former became one of the fastest and best operators on the continent. The latter was in the service of the old Montreal Telegraph Co. on the Intercolonial Railroad in New Brunswick. His excellent work there was so appreciated that he was

made agent of the then important and growing town of Windsor. At an early age he died a his post, his constitution being enfeebled by the hardships he underwent in the lower province. H. P. Dwight was then the manager of the main telegraph line in Canada. He is still the President of the G. N. W., retaining his interest in this wonderful science with which his whole active life has been identified. Here let me pay this tribute to him—and certainly after 50 years service under his immediate control I am justified in making this statement:—In the administration of the vast interests committed to his care, he has displayed the highest qualities of mind and heart; of the former in his complete grasp of every detail of the complicated work; and of the latter, in his universal kindness and consideration for every employee, even the humblest, in the service.

I go farther down the stream. Leonard Soper bought the property so long in the possession of his descendants in 1857. W. at a spectacle met his eye when he first beheld it in all its primitive beauty,—the tall pine and hemlock, stately elm widespreading beneath and charming maples, the banks of the crystal stream covered with cedar, spruce and the endless variety of shrub composing the under wood. But the ordinary man is so eagerly in search of the material things with which we are clothed and affed that the chances are he did not realize the beautiful things around him.

The hardships of pioneer life in Derrington were mitigated by the easily-obtained addition to the food supply which lay at his hand in the lake streams and woods. He built the first sawmill in the township a year afterwards, near the site of the present Caedonia mills of the John McKay, Limited.

Timothy Soper's son, succeeded him and was one of the historical persons of the very early settlement. He was a man of few words, self contained, and more of a thinker than a talker. He afterwards erected a grist mill, and at one time ran a tannery. When I first remember him he had large means, owning, besides the home property valuable lands in Clarke and Hope townships; but in the ups and downs that come to most of us the latter marked the ending portion of his journey. Bad judgment in endorsing other people's notes brought about the sad change and no doubt em-

bittered the last years of his life. He lived to be a great age.

The Sopers had wonderful physical strength and powers of endurance. The ancestors must have been among the giants. I will now refer to at least three of the grandsons.

George was in '60 on Soper is on a farm not far from the home of his predecessor. He has only one arm, having lost the other through a gun accident in early life, yet he can do the work of two men with the remaining limb, and is a fine specimen of a well built man.

Frank Soper came into my office in 1852. After serving his time as a student he went to Princeton in the telegraph employ, and was at Cornwall during the Fenian troubles. Restless, full of nerve force and ambitious, he studied dentistry afterwards, graduated in medicine and is now in full practice in New York. Armond Soper, the youngest, followed his brother and became my assistant and for years he remained with me. A more true and faithful servant never entered into any man's employ. During a long severe illness of mine extending over a year he was in full charge. You could trust your all in his hands. His subsequent life would afford material for a high class novel. It was so full of thrilling incidents. Suffering from an acute form of rheumatism, he went to California and was sometime in Riverside. Society at that time was rough indeed. He saw many deeds of violence perpetrated in the Golden State. Dr. Gordon Emery, a cousin of Mr. Johnson of the Standard Bank, was at other a resident of Riverside living by himself on a small ranch having been compelled to change climate on account of his health.

After Armond returned to Canada he again went south. Having in the meantime married a lady in Port Perry he took her and his little son with him. He soon got employment on one of the lines as operator. There was a vacancy in Kentucky on the railway running through the wild mountainous region of that state but they could not get any one daring enough to fill it, and after another having been driven out by the lawless crowd he accepted the post.

The manager accompanied him to the scene of operations and remained some days until he should get a knowledge of the country. The first Sunday after their arrival a man called at the station to get some freight but, as Soper had been

brought up in a land where the Sabbath was observed he politely declined to accede to the request and offered to be there early the following morning to accommodate him. The hotel manager what had taken place he warned him to look out for squalls. Sure enough at dinner next day they all boarded at the same hotel—this day appointed Sabbath breaker sitting near opposite to them made some insulting remarks and said he would not be long there. The manager quietly and unobserved slipped a pistol to him under the table and said in a whisper, "damn him—shoot him!" However Armond took a wiser course and determined, whatever might arise, to avoid the use of firearms, and during his stay of over a year he never carried a weapon about him.

The moonshine, i. e. the illicit manufacturers of whiskey ruled with undisputed sway. They were a low lot of whites and negroes fit for any brutality. From custom it became the rule to give up one day in the week to complete idleness. It was called Nigger day. Then they had a regular Saturnia: the devil was let loose! They gathered in large numbers into the villages giving full rein to their evil passions. Life was of no value. They would shoot at sight on any pretext. He saw numbers killed. The station house was riddled with bullets.

His awful experience did so heavily on Mrs. Soper that they were compelled again to see the land of their birth. Sometime before leaving he determined to try and bring about a reformation and with characteristic zeal at it he went seconded by some three people who sympathized with the movement. He got up a subscription list and by persistent effort raised enough to build a small place of worship. The passengers on the trains assisted materially. Prior to this they ran out every man who attempted to hold religious service of any kind. Thus it came about that a Bow-wanville boy became to them more than a benefactor and left a monument behind him in the life of some of the people more enduring than marble.

The following shows the reckless way in which even the officials acted: a poor fellow was caught stealing tobacco while on his way to St. Louis. The detective wire had had an theft was met by a policeman. The unfortunate offender offered some slight resistance to his arrest and was shot there and then.

During the last few years of his life Armond resided in Port Perry. The liquor law there was not properly enforced. He took up the cudgels and used every effort to have it properly carried out. As might have been anticipated he ained the ill will of those in the business and was once assaulted with great violence by a big ruffian twice his size one of the law breakers. His death arose from a tragic circumstance in turning off the gas at a hotel in Toronto where he was stopping. He made a mistake was found unconscious but was after great efforts restored to life again. He never recovered from the effects and finally was carried off by paralysis.

Another return of the aleidoscope, and John Smart comes into view. He moved to the farm at Port Darlington upon which he lived for so long, at a very early date. John Osborne is his present happy possessor and he has made a fortune by his skillful management. It was soon after Mr Smart's arrival from Scotland that he commenced operations on this one of the richest farms in the township. It must have been partly cleared at the time as the Wilsons, from whom he bought were in the country years before. They owned several hundreds of acres in that neighborhood, and it is not unlikely that this portion of the property lying so near the lake was the part on which some of them were living. As time progressed and the natural quality of the soil deteriorated, the land required enriching to keep up its productiveness. He adopted all the best systems then in vogue, to accomplish this end. He was an architect by profession having studied in Scotland. It shows the versatility of his make-up, that he could adapt himself so readily to changed circumstances and become as he did a successful cultivator of the soil. He was the first man to introduce tile draining, and thousands of yards were put in the fields that needed it most. The tiles were made on the farm. As so often happens, what one man sows another reaps. The present proprietor is getting in an abundant harvest, the result of the intelligent labors of his predecessor. He had a very uneven temper when the optimistic fit took him he saw every thing with a golden tint; there was no cloud in his sky; then the wheels had to hum! He spent a very large amount of money in all kinds of operations—ditching, fencing and draining. There was quite an army of men employed a great

portion of the time. When the grim monster overtook him he was much missed as many a family depended on him for their daily bread. He had a son a farm in Clarke of which he took the direct management carrying out the same kind of improvements there. For the part he took in helping on the development of the section in which he had cast his lot, he deserves remembrance. He greatly aided in the construction of the first Presbyterian church. He drew the plans and gave a good deal of his personal attention to it while it was being erected. My father went down to see him shortly after he came and took me with him. We went by a track through the bush on the western side of the creek. There was a man living on the side of the marsh in a log hut. We borrowed a punt from him to row across. It was a beautiful day in early summer and, although only eight years old, I was quite enchanted. The plain little sheet of water completely framed in by a wall of living green; trees of every description alive to the smallest and great, growing on the banks so near the water that every stem, branch and leaf was reflected as in a mirror. It was indeed one of nature's very fine pictures, beyond the power of pen or pencil to describe! All the other circumstances of the visit have passed from my mind. Why we took the western side of the creek, I do not know. It may have been the shortest route.

At a point called The Indian Landing, somewhere not far south of the railway track, one of the most disastrous accidents that ever occurred in this section of the country took place. Some 13 persons were drowned by the upsetting of the frail kind of boat they were using. The bodies were all found by knowledge of it is solely from tradition. It is a pity that particulars of the awful accident cannot be obtained, but I do not suppose that any one living now could give the information. It happened on a Sunday. One can easily imagine what terrible excitement must have been caused in the sparsely settled district by such an awful calamity.

In those times as soon after the rebellion, quite a patriotic spirit prevailed among the inhabitants and training day, the 6th of June, became a prominent yearly event. Our friend, Mr Smart, held a captaincy in the Militia force and was always on hand to take his part in the performance of the day. Like the laird of Cochen he was both busket and

draw. The uniform of the officers was blue coat with brass buttons, white trousers, large shoulder epaulettes, sword and belt and a cap with the letters V. R. in front. When the captain was fully equipped and ready for the fray, he presented quite a military appearance. They suffered very much from fever and ague. There was a small outlet to the marsh and it was only after the sand bar was removed giving the water free access to the lake, that they overcame the malaria. Mr. Smart's death was one of the unaccountable things. The accident occurred at the railway crossing, a place that he had passed hundreds of times in safety. His granddaughter, a daughter of Mr. George, was there on a visit. She was a lovely girl just budding into womanhood and with little thought of the dreadful fate so soon to overtake her she left the house with him for a ride. They were smashed into by a train and both were killed. Two of his sons, John and David, became residents of Port Hope, and George eventually resided in Lindsay. I am to dread and if it is true I do not think anything of a similar kind has ever occurred that no less than four of his children were killed in railway accidents.

It was a far cry in 1810 from the rugged highlands of Scotland to the wilds of Canada but somehow the late Alexander Fletcher bridged the gulf and dropped down on this part and not only on it but on portions of the north and east as well upon which the east and south parts of the town was built. How he obtained so much land I do not know. It was not confined to this township for he had large holdings in other parts of the province. The probability is that it was granted by the crown for some sort of service rendered. However he may have acquired it by purchase.—Land was a very cheap article in those days. He was one of the very few residents along the Kingston road at the time of the American war of 1812. I have been told that during that unwise and uncalculated strife he managed to run up a lot of log buildings and munitions of war were stored there in transit to York having been brought thus far in batteaux. Why they were kept here is not so easily understood unless for safety, with the intention of sending them on to head quarters when wanted. He was a justice of the Peace and married many of those who sought to enter the state of matrimony. As no clergyman could be had it was the

*dernier resort*. He selected the first brick building in Darlington on an eligible site. He had an eye for the picturesque. Any on visiting the present dwelling of our long and widely known barrister, R. R. Loscombe Esq., will agree with me not only in the opinion that it was a most desirable location but that he succeeded in putting up a structure that will last for a long time to come. The bricks are much finer than those manufactured at present and were made on the spot. It took the proceeds arising from a thousand acres to pay the cost and sold was part of the town of Peterboro, or very near to it. His sons, Drummond and Archibald, grew to manhood here. The former published a newspaper. After leaving the Methodist ministry he was for some time missionary to the Indians on their reserve at Scugog Lake. He died in Bownville. Archibald was very easy going and and soon got rid of his share of the property and went west. I never knew the brother who secured his portion on the south side of King Street. The father was highly connected in the old country being related to some of the leading families. The historic names of Gordon and Drummond were given among the patronymics of his forebears or belonged to them by marriage. His wife was a woman of Dutch descent whom he met in this country. By the way another son, John, inherited the part of the property lying east on the Kingston road. Of a large wide domain acquired by the original Fletcher, not a particle belongs to any of the name to day, saving a small portion which my old school fellow, Gordon, has acquired by hard labor and careful ploughing in the south ward. *Sic transit gloria mundi*.

McMurry and McCellan are two names that for the last 80 years have been as familiar as household words. Members of both families are still in active business life. The grandfather of Mr. John McMurry followed the western star and arrived here in 1824 or 25. His occupation was that of a miller. The care of the mill fell into his hands. How long he filled the bill I do not know. He had quite a number of sons and daughters. Mr. William showed a preference for indoor life, and in his early manhood commenced a small business in a frame building on the site of the present Bennett House. Quiet unassuming, self-reliant and persevering he was bound to succeed. My personal recollection of him goes a good way back. In the forties he built a



store and dwelling immediately west of us where Mr. Williams' blacksmith shop now stands. The business increased year by year and he remained there until the disastrous fire of 1845 closed it up. He then moved across the street and got larger premises continuing in the active management of it within a short time of his death. I am glad to say his eldest son, John, and grandsons are still at it rolling out the goods and hauling up the surplus. In the next hundred years I still see some of the same stock and same blood in the same old stand. I can say with a truthfulness of Mr. McMurry, Sr. that he was a consistent worker in many a good cause whatever stand he took on any question, he would always be found steadfast and reliable. He had no ambition for public life and although he was once induced to be a seat on the council board he did not seek reelection. He was a so for a long time a director of the Ontario Bank. Mr. McMurry is still living one of the very oldest of the pioneers. It seems the destiny of the young people born in these smaller towns to leave them. Few become permanent citizens. Of the other sons Samuel Arthur is in Ottawa where he fills an important position in the business world. William James of Toronto is Secretary-Treasurer of the great Insurance organization connected with the Forest. When the Riel rebellion broke out in the north west and the government called for volunteers, he was among the gallant young fellows who offered their services to the country. He went with his brigade under Oseley to Winnipeg braving the hardships of that severe campaign in which they had over a thousand miles of forest and broken water stretches to pass. Before severing his connection with the active force he held the commission of Major in it which rank he still retains. Judging from appearances he looks physically able to renew his experience should the necessity again arise. He holds his own well in the fight with time. Herbert the youngest is in business in Oshawa.

Mr. James McClellan, Sr. must have been a citizen of the burg somewhere in the twenties. I remember when he was in Mr. Brown's employ. He was for many years head distiller and one of the most quiet, honest, conscientious men that could be found. He was a staunch Presbyterian from the north of Ireland and had been well instructed in that faith. He became convinced, after careful consideration, that the liquor

traffic was bound to bring untold evil on the community. On reaching that conclusion he could no longer continue making the distilled poison. He was earnestly solicited by his employer to continue but no monetary consideration could induce him to do violence to his sense of duty. He left and bought a farm on the second concession (now owned by H. B. Foster) and for some time he tilled the soil.

The Port Darlington Harbor Co., of which Senator Simpson was President, was established and made it worthwhile while to move there. After useful service in that capacity he was appointed surveyor of Customs, which office he filled for a long time. By his firm intelligence and honest discharge of its duties he earned the lasting respect of the business people of Bowmanville. He was retired on a pension and lived to a ripe old age. I may give expression to the same wish on behalf of his only grandson as I did to the McMurrys that they too may continue residents of our good town and perpetuate in future generations the name and family virtues. There were four sons—John the eldest is the senior member of the firm of McClellan & Co., coal and wood dealers who do a very large business here in their line. James lives in Whitby, Joseph H. in Peterboro and William in St. Thomas. J. Alexander McClellan, the grandson of John McClellan is the popular Manager of the Ontario Ban in Rowmanville.

There was a man out west who said he had undertaken to serve God and the devil and found it a "hef y" job. I am not in so tight a place as that but metaphorically, I set door to it. To attempt to give even a meagre outline of the men and women who helped to lay the foundation of our delightful and embryonic city is no small task. I can only say it is as best I may and will try to do so up to 1840.

The camera of memory sees a concentration of business in the hotel Mr. D. W. Williams, father of Mr. W. A. Williams, had a full mill. The building started down the stream. He came from the vicinity of Napanee. Possessing the spirit of enterprise he tried to and did meet a much felt want. It took an amount of determination to accomplish such an undertaking. There were no banking facilities and but little money in the country. Exchange of commodities was the principal way in

which rading was carried on, however he managed to get the mill going. It was running in full blast in '40. Mr. Williams was a good neighbor and a good-living man. He married into the Bursc family. The manufacture of home made clothing was a necessity of the times. Silks satins and other fine and expensive goods were largely an unknown quantity. Every farmer's wife laid in a stock of yarn and woollen blankets socks and stockings and coarse woollen wear were made in the home. The spinning weaving and knitting involved gave ample employment to the household in the long winter evenings. It would be a great mistake however, to suppose that their lives were spent devoid of orinary pleasures. In many a log house before the blazing fire on t e capacious hearth there was as much fun and amusement as would be found in the mansions of modern times. I am convince of one thing the people ha better health the than now. The introduction of stoves, while a greater convenience did away with the best of all modes of ventilating—an open chimney.

When a lad at school I occasionally went with some of the boys to spend the night in the country, and I then saw something of what I am writing about. To show how old fashioned things were I will mention one item. I pining up the bundles of wool and yarn (Williams) used the needles of the thorn and he gave us youngsters so much a pound to gather them. There were plenty of bushes in the woods from which to pick. I was not a good hand at it and did not netre a millionaire. I wonder if any of my fellow workers in this novel branch of industry are living and can remember it?

When we had our Centennial celebration the public meeting was addressed by the Governor of Ontario, Sir George Kirpatrick. In the course of his remarks he referred facetiously to the kind of books that were to use in the schools in the early part of the century, quoting a couplet from Moore the Irish poet, "The only books were women's looks." He was followed by the Hon. Edward Blake M. P. who, when on the same topic to d, his Honor e should have completed the quotation—And and all she taught was folly." He said among other things that the present editions were more daintily gotten up, more elegantly bound and more attract-

ive to the students, or something to that effect. The reference was brimful of humour and created great amusement. I am inclined to think though that the girls who went to our place of instruction when dressed in a natty calico, a muslin or a homemade woollen dress, were as neat and attractively bound, and looked as charming as any of the later editions. Many of them with the bloom of health on their cheeks, their bright eyes full of mirthful glee, were just as bewitching and useful as any modern fashionable dame, no matter how attract-

Mr. Williams did his share in helping to fit out both male and female in good solid appare. Mr. Mark D. Williams is worthily representing in business life the energy of the pater.

Next on the stream was a tannery carried on by Garne Gifford. People had to have to wear them as now and the Indian occasion did not answer as a substitute for either in a wear hers. For years he did a thriving trade. I think he came from Cobourg. I can't say much about him from recollection, but I know at one time he was well to do. He was fond of a good team of horses, and he built a double brick house on Scugog St., which is still standing. It is not much to look at now, but it cost what was then a mint of money. He was of American extraction; quite a number of men were employed about the tannery. The water was obtained by damming the creek. I used to cross the dam to go to the distillery. There were a number of boys in the household but now they are a beyond my ken.

When I first saw Cameron Munson, whose golden wedding was recently celebrated with so much éclat, he was engaged in a wrestling match in front of the tannery. Through all the intervening years he has been grappling with many eight problems, on the whole coming out as he did then on top. He would be a bold man even now to tackle in a clinch. Quite a trade was done in those ancient times in tanner's oil. Our boots were constantly wet in the winter time after running in the snow all day. They were literally soaking. To get your boots off was a serious undertaking. Any time, I had to it. After a night's dry before the fire they were as hard as granite, there was no getting them on without the greatest difficulty hence the demand for oil. How the young hopeful ever grew to maturity with anything

like robust health is a query. What a blessing was conferred on the inhabitants of this northern clime by the discovery and introduction of rubber goods! May the tree from which the crude material is obtained never die out! Garner, Casey Gifford was one who like many of the early settlers, with little education managed to carry on successfully quite a large enterprise. His proximity to the millinery was rather unfortunate, and his sociability led to too much intercourse with boon companions for his own good. As the unfolding process went on, in time those small industries disappeared this one with the rest. The Gifford dwelling house was immediately opposite on the west. He kept his front garden quite tastefully. The walks were made of tanner's bark, and looked nice and clean. But I must say good bye to him. He was a good hearted soul.

In 1838 or 40, Robert Squair came to the village; At that time oatmeal was not so easily obtained; he took the fact into consideration and leased the privilege just above the Milling mill in the hollow and erected thereon a place to manufacture this wholesome article of food from which the national Scottish dish of porridge is made. He carried on the business successfully for twenty years once winning a medal for oatmeal at the World's Exposition in 1851. He also dealt in split peas and split barley. He was most generous; no supplicant was ever turned from his door unaided. At one time he was an active worker in the temperance reform and was an ardent politician; indeed was an influential prominent citizen. Unfortunately owing to the disastrous times following the Russian war he got into deep water and did not reinstate himself. He left the country and died in Cleveland Ohio. His brother Francis, the father of Professor J. Squair of the University of Toronto and F. L. Squair farmer Darlington, after coming to his studies in the parish school became a millwright; he followed this calling here, in Hitley and Clarke. He was a superior workman and excelled in it. In 1850 he bought a mill site in the latter township and built the mill which he afterwards sold to the late Alan Lockhart. He died in 1898 a good, upright, well advanced intelligent man. The Squair family came from good forebears they were scholarly people. Two of the brothers entered the ministry of the Presbyterian church. Their sires understood and prized the

value of mental power and gave all his sons the best chances within reach, hence they had the advantages of a liberal education. In the providential chain of circumstances the good effects are still being felt in Ontario, through the number who are being taught by one of his descendants in the great Canadian seat of learning, the University of Toronto. Their native place was Auldearn, Nairnshire Scotland.

There was an ashery on the west side of the road near the bridge, owned and managed by the Bowman Co. any of the present day readers may not know what this means. The ashery were gathered by those who cleared the land and were sold in large quantities to those engaged in converting them into pot and pearl ash. A brick trade was done a great deal being made and sold principally in Ontario. Here it lasted the farm is had a considerable addition to their resources. Heaps of refuse was destroyed which, if now obtainable would be of great value to the agriculturalist. John McOelan, uncle of the present John, had the management of the ashery for years. It was a hot hard job and no doubt laid the foundation of the disease through which he so early lost his life.

The bridge over the creek at that time was a low one, not much above the level of the stream. At the west end south side, a cooper shop was run in connection with the mill. This sums up all the activities going on there about 1839.

Going up the hill, the first lower of Tubal Cain had a blacksmith shop. David Crippen swung the hammer. It was between the hotel and the bridge. I know nothing further about him. Afterwards when the forge disappeared a man by the name of James Bailey, put up a pottery on the same site and made a common kind of earthen ware. He had a brother associated with him. They were not especially noted for industry and the concern did not flourish. It was the old story—they were afflicted with what Ned Silver called "the elbow complaint." The brother got a black eye on one occasion and, when jibed about it, explained the cause. He said he was catching the jugs a man was throwing to him from the loft above when, by a mischance, one struck the optic. A sagacious hearer remarked, "Oh, if it had contained whiskey it would never have missed your mouth!" The finality of his James Bailey's course was reached when he reentered the tavern on the hill and tried

his hand at that business. It needed no prophet to predict the issue. He left the country after becoming involved and with his family went to the state of Michigan. I was in aviation with the Jerusalem Lodge of Masons, holding the office of secretary, so I knew the facts at first hand. The unfortunates fell into extreme poverty in their new abode. He to kill and died, leaving his wife and children in dire distress. He had made known his connection with the fraternity during his sickness, with the usual magnanimity of American craftsmen they came to the rescue. The wife was provided for and places found for the children. Say what you will, societies of this kind are often a great blessing to their members. Of course Jerusalem which has had so long an honorable career did its part financially. The Baileys were Americanized Englishmen.

Next on the hill was a tavern, put up I think by one, Vancamp. It was a frame building. If all the performances that took place under that roof were printed they would make an extraordinary volume. It is impossible for me to say anything about the landlords, the tenancy change so often. Taverns were then the only places of general resort and all kinds of people congregated in them day and night. Card playing and dice were two of the common games. Local gossip and all stirring matters of interest were focussed there and then went out to the general public. When I first saw this one it was a pretty shabby place — an apology for a bar and a few bottles — some common chairs and a wooden bench constituted the furnishings of the room. As the village increased in size the advancement of the whole business kept pace with it. When passing to and fro, (we lived in a cottage under Stanley's hill) I occasionally saw some of the carryings on. As a specimen: there was an extraordinary kind of human being named Ike Arnold who had a lame leg and was by all means the poorest looking object you would wish to see. To get whiskey was his main object hence he was an habitual frequenter of places in which it was sold. On this occasion they were selling him by auction for soap grease. I think Ned Silve was the Auctioneer, and in describing the merits of the article offered, for competition he would almost equal Mr. Levi Tole, who is at present unsurpassed by anyone in the same line. How many drinks he brought, and who bought him I cannot say. Fighting was prevalent

and many a fierce combat took place.

I have nothing like it now, thank goodness! When the boys made up their minds to go in it was to a finish. I have a idea that the men who participated in such amusements then were larger built than those whom we are raising now. Are Canadians becoming more effeminate? A though the topic may not be an inviting one still to show how things went in old times let me relate a short true tale. William Munson one of my school fellows was panned on a big scale — strong and able a man in — one of those who could play ground protect the smaller and younger boys. He wouldn't allow any bullying or cruelty when he was about. He was good-natured with nothing ugly in his disposition. Richard Foley father of the present old and respected residents of Darlington was a so a man of powerful physique. Big chested and broad shouldered he was the very perfection of an athlete and from the kindness of his nature was the last man one could conceive of getting into a row. It so happened that they met in this place and both had to en some liquor. A dispute arose; one word brought on another, and the fist blow was struck. The glad to slough it out Bill came off second best and did not leave his room for some two weeks. I was standing in the street a few rods away from Mr. Foley when who should appear approaching but Bill. I at once feared that the remaining would result in a renewal of hostilities. He came up to where we were standing and said to Mr. Foley: "I think I'm the best man of the two." The latter replied: "Bill, I'm old enough to be your father, you had better leave me alone." And so he did. Mr. Foley saw the evils growing out of the use of intoxicants and became a strong temperance advocate and an earnest Christian, leaving to his descendants what should be to them of priceless value a good name. My old friend William was here on a visit two years ago. It did me good to grasp his hand once more. Time has dealt kindly with him, and he has retired on a competency. Perhaps I have said enough about this hotel. The recollections are not savory.

Peter Co-saul who was so long in Milne's store and in business as well, bought the old lot and erected a handsome house now the residence of Mrs. J. C. Vanstone. The next place was Lester's whose record I have previously noted. A Mr. Johns was a kind of car-

painter who lived on the lot adjoining the Hara bought him out. The latter was the progenitor of the two boys Robert and Henry. For a long time he was in the army under Wellington in the Peninsular War and saw good many of the fiercest battles in that terrible campaign. He was a general and was decorated with medals. As I try to photograph him in my mind he looks like Henry. Since Robert is dead and the other has left the old town for good it may be excusable to say a few words about them both. The others first engaged in business in a frame building next to Hara's Hotel on the present site of McCurry's store. They opened a small variety shop with books and stationery and their business grew with the peace. Robert was quite an adept at advertising and used to set out some amusing screeds. He at one time edited a small variety shop with books and stationery and their business grew with the peace. Robert was quite an adept at advertising and used to set out some amusing screeds. He at one time edited a small sheet containing local news and hitting off unimportant and other matters of passing interest. He died in middle age, leaving a wife and one daughter. By a unfortunate accident the latter was injured for life. They went to and are now living in California. Miss O'Hara developed fine artistic taste and has become quite a celebrated painter. The firm kept on apace and was a long time in the tenancy of the store under the Town Hall. Being wide awake they added a photograph gallery and also a large trade in sewing machines. The firm was far seeing and knew enough to go to a large centre. He is now a magnate among the brokers in Toronto. He had a celebrated analyst brought from the United States by the Rev. John Chisholm. He held a series of meetings in the Congregational church. He was gifted with great oratorical power.—The body of the time. I can remember now an address he gave urging the claims of Christianity. He was indeed a remarkable speaker. They were brought to confess the faith among them our friend. He has been ever since one of the pillars of that body both here and in Toronto. Early in point of time he became a member of the Sons of Temperance and has held time and again all the offices in the gift of the Order, only quite lately holding that of worthy Patriarch. The motto of his life has been,—“never say die!” He is one of the most persistent individuals to be found. To an thing he undertakes to do or to any cause he advocates, he clings like a limpet to the rock. He may see only one side of the question but then

what he does see he sees with both eyes. I am sure the wish of the old B. woman is that he may long remain on the stage and fly aloft the flag of victory in all his undertakings. It was with real pleasure that I saw his smiling face when he sat in town, looking like a man of fifty.

On the south side there was a frame house built by the first Congregational minister and the rented by a Mr. George Hendtweck girls, one of whom married. They are both living yet, denizens of Victoria B. C. They were twins and so much alike it was hard to distinguish them apart. They easily fooled an ordinary observer and sometimes those who knew them intimately. Lowly in looks and disposition, they were nevertheless the highlight of the town. To know was to admire them. One conquered many a youthful beau. Burns speaks of his first love and how she caused his heart strings to tingle. They did their share in making music of the same kind. Like the first you find comparisons of fifty years ago, the changing hues of Autumn are beginning to touch with more sombre coloring in one or two bright happy acres. But I am sure it is just a change of tint and that a beauty of its own will continue to adorn them till their sun finally sets.

Next we have Levi Bigelow commonly called Uncle. He was one of a kind that has become extinct and will never be duplicated a brainy witty gentleman, well informed, rolicking fellow, full of all kinds of fun and frolic. There was nothing mean or bad about him, he was the product largely of the time. He had two houses on half an acre. Prior to this the western one had been a store; it was afterwards converted into a dwelling. Mr. Markus aye now owns the premises. At one time Robert Smith's son-in-law kept the store carrying a general stock of goods. Another business had been carried on farther east but it was a long before my time that I cannot give particulars. Coming back to “Uncle” He was a character! He was born in Vermont and was large rawboned and strong. At one time he ran a tinshop. When I knew him he did little or nothing, spending his time mostly about the hotel, where he was always the chief centre, generally surrounded by an admiring crowd. He was ready at any time for fun or fight as the case might be. Thomas Coe and I were once recalling olden times, speaking of the rowdy proclivities

of the many frequenters of the tavern. It was directly opposite the Coleman place. Uncle would come to him in an emergency and say: "Tom, be on hand, I will knock them down and you can throw them out!" and this he frequent y did. On one occasion he hit one of the roughs a blow from the effect of which he slept so soundly and so long a report spread that he was killed. I, with other excited townspeople ran up the hill expecting to see a corpse. But the Irish man from the north was not so easily done for; he lived to have many another jamboree. Uncle used to indulge in numerous yarns about his native Vermont. Once I heard him expatiating to a lot of open-mouthed listeners on his favorite topic. "Look here," he said, "we used to live largely on bean soup. It was alright unless you wanted a bean when the only way was to take off our coat and dive for it!" Another yarn setting forth the poverty of the land was that in pasturing the sheep they used to hold the animal by the tail and let it get what it could out of the crevices of the rock. He was wthial most neighborly and knowing more or less about the ways and means in use at the time to aid in making things comfortable in and out of the house, he was willing to give his services free of charge to any applicant. He was well up in medicine and had a panacea for every ailment. He once posed as a full fledged physician in Buffalo, but unfortunately fell into the clutches of the law. The story is that on appearing before the justice to whom he had given "the wink," he was asked for his authority to practice, he handed him the supposed diploma. It was his Grand Lodge Masonic certificate and his Honor on the bench belonging to the Brethren of the Mystic Tie promptly discharged the case. He was an enthusiastic member of Jerusalem Lodge and on his death in Port Hope, he was buried by them in our beautiful cemetery. The daughters did well; one married Dalton Uylliot, Peterboro, another R. C. Smith Port Hope, and a third John Beavis, once merchant and P. M. at Newtonville, Carleton. The boys never amounted to anything.

Among the many who flocked into Canada from the west of England were the Colemans. Peter, the one with whom I am more immediately concerned lit in the course of his flight, on the land a part of which is now owned by George Trimble, Maple Grove, arriving here in 1837. The Colmans were a robust,

vigorous lot far beyond the average immigrant in every way. The settlement was beginning to emerge from what was almost a night of moral and material darkness into the brighter light of progress and hope. Intelligent hands were needed to aid those fighting against the gigantic evils that existed among the population many of whom were almost uncivilized deprived as they had been of the advantages of education and religious teaching with which older communities had been blessed. Two of the brothers William and Francis, entered the ministry of the Methodist church, and no doubt did their share in laying foundation of the stately edifice which this great body now fills. The pioneer preachers had no bed of roses upon which to recline. Their days were spent amid hardships and often danger. Although the worst was past when the Colemans arrived, still they must have done their share in trying to edit and unroll the pages of progress then being written under such adverse conditions. Without doubt they carried the evangel to many a poor obscure settler among the wilds of Canada. Professor Coleman, of the School of Practical Science, Toronto is a son of Francis. He is well known here having twice lectured in the High school on Geological subjects having had the good sense to popularize them by the avoidance of scientific terms. Should he again visit us he will receive a hearty welcome and a good audience. Peter left the farm after a short trial, built a house immediately opposite the notorious tavern, and moved into the village. He was living there when I first knew him. Tall and well-built he was a bad man to meet in a hostile encounter. He carried on the butchering trade for sometime. The old Court of Requests was superseded by the Division Court, which was practically the same as that which we have now with one exception—the jurisdiction of the present court is larger. Faulkner, the first judge who presided, was followed afterwards by Judge Boswell, both of them hailing from Cobourg then, as now, the county town. Colonel Cubitt told me an amusing thing that happened under the first named system. The Court consisted of a bench of Magistrates called to hear the special case involved hence the nomenclature. The senior Justice of the Peace acted as chairman when the court was in session. A case came up in which a rough and ready citizen was the plaintiff. He conducted his own case. After its merits

were gone into the judgment was for the defence. In delivering the decision, the one whose duty it was to do so, quoted the law of Moses as a precedent upon which the finding was based "What in h— has he to do with it? He has been dead over a hundred years!" roared the disappointed and incensed suitor. How Mr Coleman became as he did baffles, I do not know. At the time it was an important position, the credit system was universal. A great many of the people were poor shiftless and always in debt. This caused a great deal of litigation. It wanted a good, resolute officer to carry out the behests of the law. He had many a dangerous encounter. The township of Manvers made a dead set against the entrance of any minion of the courts. A regularly organized band existed for that purpose. The members had a complete set of signals and on the appearance of danger all were on the alert. Once while he was out there on duty, his horse was shot from under him. A man by the name of Badger, was heavily in debt to the Bowman Co. and they were determined to collect the amount. As he persistently refused to meet the obligation, the legal machine was set in motion and they expected to grind him up without difficulty. But no, he had so fortified his castles as to defy the foe. Imprisonment for debt was a penalty attached to nonpayment, and of all the wretched, unreasonable enactments that ever disgraced the statutes of Great Britain this was one of the worst. Dickens did a noble thing when he penned "Little Dorritt," a satire on the prisons of England the influence of which was largely instrumental in abolishing the system. I remember well when a posse of armed men was sworn in and started to get the "Badger" out of his hole. They were prepared for a lengthy and dangerous siege. On their arrival at the seat of war, he capitulated and squared up. A considerable time elapsed before it was safe for a constable to enter that township. When Mr Coleman made up his mind to make a seizure or execute a warrant it was done. His door was ever open to all comers, and a good table provided even to prodigality. They seemed only to glad to entertain. In writing of this before, I said I never knew a kinder man, and I reiterate the statement. Before the Grand Trunk was completed, while the work was in progress, he bought a large area of land, part of which now composes the south ward. Things were booming. The spirit of speculation took pos-

session of the people. All holders of land were rich. He sold off portions of his property at high rates and for a time was looked upon as a fortunate man. He laid out South Park, and erected the large and fine-looking house now occupied by Mr Hector Beith. Not many names are more frequently seen on old title deeds in the annals of the church, the minutes of the municipal council, and records of the courts than that of Peter Coleman. He had an amiable temper; if angry he did not show it. He was a regular supporter of the Methodist congregation with which he was connected, and he helped on every good cause. He was very fond of gardening and became quite an horticulturalist. He spent a great portion of his time during the declining years of his life in that elevating and delightful pursuit. Can any human being be really bad who likes flowers? Of his sons, Thomas was our chief constable for years. He inherited his father's love for gardening, and was one of the principal contributors to our fall fairs, showing by the numerous prizes he took his great skill in cultivating vegetables, flowers and fruit. He died at about sixty from the effects of La Grippe. John wrote a pamphlet on the early settlers. He was quite a naturalist and followed the profession of a taxidermist. The daughters are all living,— Mrs (Key) Miles, of Guelph, Mrs Palmer, Burlington, Mrs Ratcliffe, Brampton, and Mrs Windatt, mother of Mrs Thos. Tod, the only one left in Bowmanville. I very much regret indeed to say that Mrs Windatt was called to the better life after this was written. She having passed peacefully away at her son's, Mr. Thomas Windatt, near Beaverton.

The next place was the dwelling of Cooper Lee. It was standing until quite recently. Many no doubt wondered why it was perched up at such a height and in such an awkward position. When it first came into existence it was on a level with the street. Later a new road was constructed reducing the hill and leaving Lee high and dry and hardly sufficient room to get in the front door. I do not remember him very well. He met his doom in the millpond. One evening about dusk he and Thos. Coleman were out some distance from the bank, when he suddenly disappeared. It was supposed that he had taken cramps. They got the body by draining the pond. Thos. Manning, father of John G. was living with him. He came out in 1842, and afterwards had a coeprage of his own

and carried on the business energetically. He was an upright, offensive good citizen. After a long useful life, he passed into the unseen only a few months ago. His son is following in his footsteps and prosecuting the same craft. Poor Lee was, I fear, given too much to sociability and its concomitants. As I recollect him, he was a fine-looking and kindly man. He was the father of Mrs. Philip Tyler.

An old resident said to me one day "you have forgotten the Coles, who lived on the hill. They were among the early new comers into this part of Canada." I said, no, I have not but how can I manage the limited space at my disposal so as to bring under review the dozens whom I recall and about whom I would gladly write; well deserving as they are to have a place in these reminiscences. I cannot but think as I take a backward look over the past history of this section of the country, what an all important question this one of emigration is. It cannot be too strongly advocated by all who have any influence in molding public opinion, that the greatest care should be exercised in preventing people of a low grade from getting a foothold in this great growing country of ours. So many are seeking homes in the west who are scarcely one removed from a state of barbarism. I am glad to see the Government is alive to the necessity of having a rigid medical examination as to the physical condition of all incomers, sending those back to the countries from which they came, who are so diseased as to be unfit to live in a respectable community. Fortunately, when Darlington was settled there was no doubt as to the kind of stock who came from Cornwall and Devonshire and who populated the front part of the township. They were splendid settlers who then came into the woods from that part of England. Many of them were sons of toil, brought up in humble circumstances but having the fine qualities of strength and moral fibre propagating in their offspring industrious habits and the fear of God, out of which material the inhabitants of Darlington have risen to so high a place in the grand Province of Ontario; indeed many claiming it to be a banner one. Roger Cole, sr, and family, came to the little village in 1832. I am told that they and the Heals who arrived in the same year first occupied an unused cooper shop near the bridge; no other place of refuge could be obtained. They received advice and assistance from Mr. Bate's people

who at one time kept a hotel on the farm just above the hill. Mr. Cole rented from the Bowman estate, the farm now occupied by Mr. Beith; At that time only a small part of the land was cleared. I suppose he underwent the usual hardships growing out of the immature conditions in which husbandry was prosecuted. It was while they lived on this place that the late George Haines became connected with them by marriage. I well remember the way in which the unwritten law of coarivaring was carried on. The groom very justly determined to fight this outrageous and unseemly custom. The battle raged with varying success, until the mob were worn out and gave it up in despair.

While I am on this topic, I must allude to Mr. Haines who afterwards loomed up so largely in the affairs of the place, as it grew into importance. He was by trade a wagon and carriage maker and carried on the business for many years. He was a large man every way and was endowed with native talents of a high order. If it had been his good fortune to have had the advantages of a higher education he could have risen to any position. As it was he became most useful in the civic work of the town; elected time and again Councillor and also filled the Mayor's chair. He had good judgment and a level head. After he retired from business and had severed his connection with municipal affairs he was appointed by the Government, Police Magistrate, the very onerous and responsible duties of which office he discharged to the utmost satisfaction of the public. As a judge he was just and inflexible. I do not think any of his decisions were ever appealed from. He reached a ripe old age. Sad to say, his son George who succeeded him here—a worthy son and good citizen—died in middle age, much regretted.

Mr. Cole bought the farms near Bethesda, which are still in their possession. They lay in a most charming locality. The view from the homestead is one to conjure with. You can see east, west and south, for miles, including the town of Bowmanville (a city set on a hill.) When lit at night by electricity, it is a sight worth seeing. It must be a perpetual source of pleasure to the dwellers, their having such a grand and ennobling sight of Dame Nature's handiwork perpetually under their eyes. He had five sons, Roger, Immanuel, Mathew, John and Thomas. All have passed the



bourne from which none returns. One daughter Mrs. Mary Tamblin is still living at Zion, Hope, she is an aunt of W. W. Tamblin, M. A. Bowmanville. Mrs. Roger Cole and two daughters, are living in town. John is on the place where his grandfather first settled and James is east of it. Mrs. Vanstone, widow of one who was a personal friend of mine, the late J. C. Vanstone, is a daughter of Mathew. How one thing leads on to others. The stream of influence flows through many channels. Another sister married a man who I knew when I was a lad, Mr. Henry Hoar sr. I never forgot my first impression of him, his face reflecting the goodness of his nature. Alas his sojourn on earth was limited, but the effects of his teaching and example are still operating as a power for good in those who followed. Mr. Henry Hoar jr. is still in his prime giving his untiring energy for the public weal. He has devoted a good deal of time to Sabbath school work and in endeavoring to keep up and increase through the Agricultural organizations the interest of the farmers, trying by this and other means, to educate them in more scientific and useful plans to increase the output of the crops grown from the soil, as well as to teach them how better to improve and add to the value of their stock and collateral products. He is President of the Agricultural Society and Head of the Farmer's Institute. The death of Thomas R. Hoar is still fresh in our memories. When taking him to Toronto, in the hope that something might be done to aid in his recovery, I saw him at the station and without exception, it was the most pathetic sight I ever witnessed. Hard indeed would have been the heart of any human being who could have looked on that sight without it being stirred to its deepest depths. The body was encased in plaster paris, to all intents dead, while the mental and spiritual gleamed in full intelligence from the eye. I remember Mr. J. C. Vanstone saying to me and he was the last man to speak unadvisedly, that T. R. was one of the finest men he ever knew. How mysterious indeed are the ways of Providence but one thing is sure, that all things must work together for good to such as he was. He left his family a most valuable and lasting heritage in the record of his short fruitful life. His untimely death was caused by an accident; He fell from an apple tree and severed the spine. Mrs. Hoar is a member of the well known and respected Wright family. I will vary the programme for a little.

The use of whisky was almost universal. Could the quantity consumed be ascertained I am sure it would show startling figures. From infancy, when the babe on first entering this earthly scene was given a spoonful, until the last rites were performed, it was the one thing that followed the individual, enveloping him from first to last in a fiery mist. It was supposed to cure every ill and heighten every joy. Being sold at the stores it entered into the consumption of the people and was as readily bought and used as any other article of diet. It was sent out to all the country round about in kegs. Many a farmer I've seen with one of them in his conveyance. In those early days neighbors were very sociable, frequently getting together for mutual aid and help. "Bees" of every description were in order,—for logging, hauling wood, husking corn in the late autumn; indeed for all operations incident to rural occupations at a time when manual labor had to be solely depended upon. The liquor was cheap and good, not the hot, adulterated stuff now so commonly sold. A young woman was once brought before the kirk authorities in Scotland for dancing. The minister, in the course of the investigation said: "Janet, what were you thinking about?" "Dae'd, Sir," she replied, "I thought nae ill." Then gang awa hame," he said. The state of mind as expressed by Janet, largely explains the situation. The best of every class even ministers at times, indulged in a social glass. The poor devil who drank to excess was looked upon as a fool, not as a victim. Considering the whole situation from what I heard of the times, before my own knowledge of them, I should say the wonder is that so few comparatively took the horrible disease in its worst form. It should not be forgotten that many had hard luck and underwent great hardships, and they sometimes resorted to drink foolishly, indeed for stimulation and consolation. Burns said, "It makes the wheels of life gang down with rattling noise and gree," and no doubt they were glad to get and take anything that would cheer them up. The worst effects were seen in public meetings when the populace assembled in large numbers filling up the taverns. The bar then as now brought the evils of the traffic into white light. Many a terrific row took place a consequence of free indulgence in that stuff which, put into men's mouths, steals away their brains. The tact is that it was looked upon not only as free from harm but as

a positive benefit. I offer this as some excuse for many who unwittingly fell into the arms of this demon of destruction. I will mention one case that I saw with my own eyes where it was evident the poor unfortunate was under the power of the worst form of whisky fever. At times he lost all self control and would do anything to obtain it. One morning my elder brother and a clerk of ours found that during the night he had broken into the storehouse where the liquor for sale was kept, and had broached the barrel. After drinking all he could, he lay down without turning off the tap and was found literally swimming in his favorite beverage. He had nothing on but his shirt and pants. When they got him out he was in a state of complete collapse, but after having a liberal supply of cold water pumped on him, he revived. He afterwards adopted the only cure for the complaint,—he gave it up entirely. I will deal later on with the great agitation that subsequently arose to curtail and do away if possible with the traffic.

Coming to the east side of the creek, there was at the bottom of the hill near the Bowman warehouse, a small confectionery. A brick building is now standing on nearly the same spot. John Sumpter kept it, there were only himself and his wife, no children having blessed their married life. He kept the place with scrupulous nicety and was much superior to the ordinary run both in character and acquirements. He went to Georgetown for some years and afterwards came back to his first love, Senator Simpson, who had an especial liking for the old gentleman, made him caretaker of the old Ontario Bank building. The customers of the institution so liked him—he was always pleasant and genial—that they publicly presented him with a gold snuff box. He afterwards took great pride in offering you a pinch of its contents. They both rest in the Bowmanville cemetery.

The first sidewalk ran from his place up the hill to my father's, and this hill was as it came from the hand of Nature, a fairly steep ascent. The genius who planned the sidewalk ought to have been canonized. A twelve-foot plank and a step were successively laid one after another until the level above was reached. My, it was a corker to get down those steps in the winter! It was all right for the boys who took many a header on their hand sleighs. The one who cleared the twelve feet at a bound, and held on,

was quite a champion. Nothing in that line had ever been since invented that would equal it as a limb breaker until the granolithic came into use. I think the one on our street terminating in Wellington can beat it; and worse and worse it has come to stay! A Dutchman was telling a friend what a narrow escape he had had, the vessel having gone down with all on board. "Oh, how did you escape?" asked his much interested hearer. "Why I didn't go with the hanged thing!" This is about the way I am situated. I have to use the turnpike in winter and navigate through the ice and snow as well as I can.

Those hills—they were very steep at the time—were a continual source of happiness to the young fry during the winter, and for the wine of real enjoyment nothing could surpass it. On a clear and frosty night the declivity was covered with a bevy of active boys, every nerve tingling with excitement. Starting at the top with a good hand sleigh, and running down with the speed of the wind over the bridge and half way up the other side, they climbed up again to repeat the exhilarating exercise, and many a night I spent in this sport. The owner of the best sleigh was determined by the speed in coasting down. Billy Stewart had a daisy, shod with steel. How he was envied by the other boys who could not afford so expensive a luxury! Hereby hangs a tale.

Billy Stewart was a nephew of Mr. John Simpson and he came I suppose, to learn the business. He was particularly good-looking straight as an arrow, slight, muscular and wiry. His uncle was too good to him. He was supplied with plenty of money to spend, and worse still, he boarded at the hotel. He soon got fast with the usual result John wilne and he went into the grocery and liquor business. It did not last what became of him I cannot say. A bright morning in his case turned out a night dark as pitch.

Next on the east side of the creek the Babcocks had a bakeshop, a ramshackle affair and they were a queer lot. They were either Canadians or from the States. I have reason to remember them, as it was there the fire originated from which we suffered so much.

About 1836 there lived on the adjoining corner afterwards occupied by Mr. McMurry a widow named Mrs. Chaplin, the mother of the family some of whom are still living in this their native place. They occupied a very small frame house,

a big old-fashioned fireplace taking up considerable room. The poor woman saw hard times but she was clever and full of grit. For a long time after leaving Bowmanville she was housekeeper for Bishop Strachan, in Toronto. While in his service she took ill, and later on died with relatives near Belleville.

Her mother was one of the finest characters we had among us. She lived for years in the house at present occupied by her grand-daughter Mrs. Samuel T. Gates. It is one of the old landmarks still to the fore. She married first Henry May, who had taken up land north of the Main Road about four miles west and here comes again one of those mysterious occurrences that is hard to account for. She was an ardent follower of John Wesley. I presume was a convert to that belief during the great revival in Ireland, brought about through the preaching and teaching of the celebrated Dr. Clarke. During her widowhood she became acquainted with Mr. John Burke, a Roman Catholic Irishman and notwithstanding the vast difference in their religious views she married him. In 1856, before property depreciated so much, she made an arrangement with Dr. Lowe and James McFeeters by which they were to maintain her during life, she transferring a house and some three acres of land which she owned on North Scugog Street as a consideration for the same—Faithful they impimented their part of the agreement although before she died the land became small as us. Mr. Burke proved an attached husband and often conveyed her to her place of worship. She ended her days in the house now owned by Mr. John H. Morris, Beech Avenue.

Of the Chaplin family left orphans four are still living,—William H. in Newcastle, who was adopted by the late James P. Lovekin, Esq.; John, of Kelowna B. C., who was brought up by W. K. Burke, Esq.; Thomas, a prosperous farmer at Campbellford, and the daughter before referred to.

I am tempted to relate a distressing accident that will illustrate how primitive the surroundings were even in 1838 or 39 when it occurred. One beautiful Sunday morning in early spring my brother William, about three years of age strayed down to the creek. He had been left in charge of an older sister. The annual spring flood was on, and torrents of water (occasioned by melting snow) were pouring down from the north the creek was overflowing its banks, filling the

whole valley. A large elm tree had fallen across the stream just below the bridge which was then there. In ordinary circumstances it was used as a pathway across the stream. Attracted by flood, the two went down to see it. William crawled on to the end of the tree and dropped in, my sister, unable to rescue him, ran up to the house, then on the hill about where the billiard room now stands, so she had quite a distance to go, and gave the alarm. My father, who was partly dressed at the time, rushed madly through our garden and down the steep declivity wisely thinking that he would get him as he floated down with the current. I was standing with some other boys watching the roaring waters when I heard my father calling to know if we had seen him. A minute or two before he had passed us but his arms and feet were so submerged we thought it was a log. However as soon as the object caught his eye my father knew what it was and rushed in to try and save him. There was a little island in the centre of the creek formed by the high tide. It was wide on the west and narrow and deep on our side. He managed to get on this island, with the little child in his arms, but, exhausted by the excitement and effort to reach it he dare not again attempt to stem the flood without help. The alarm had been given and the people ran over the bridge and went down on the west side. The only man who dared try to assist was carried off his feet and he himself required help to get on terra firma once more. Mrs. Chaplin who reached the place on this side, took in the situation and with the aid of a plank got them across. William is still living and I think there are few cases on record of resuscitation after being so long in the water. Dr. Nichol, who was then living in the Scobell home, fought with him for hours before he showed signs of life. How strange the iron of fate! He enlisted in the cavalry of the American Army and went through the celebrated campaign under Sherman coming out without a scratch. He was in some of the fiercest battles fought in that famous march through Dixie. It looks as if he would die a natural death.

I pass our old place, and in my peregrination to the school house, I may as well take up the educational theme now. The first institution of the kind was held in a log house on King Street near where the Registry office now stands. I have no idea who handled the ferrule in this

humble abode. I attended a dame school and was taught my letters by a Mrs Cousins. The Cousins owned a lot on the corner, afterwards acquired by Geo. Haines, Esq., and upon which the Standard Bank and two handsome stores are situated—the Wellington buildings. The house in a room of which she drilled us in the A. B. C's, was a small frame standing about in the centre of the ground facing King Street. In the rear Mr Cousins who was a cabinet maker had his workshop. They were from the north of Ireland. He has passed out of my mind but his wife was superior to him, evidently coming from people in a better station socially. The Warren children went to her at the same time. She was as good-hearted, and gentle a soul as there was in Bowmanville. Years after she became a widow she married Peter Coleman and lived to be quite old.

One of the most important and difficult problems to solve was how parents were to educate their children. Many were taught the rudiments by mothers in the home. As the number of youths increased it became imperative that a move should be made to get some kind of place in which they could be taught. All had to be done by the voluntary action of those interested and no doubt the burden was very unevenly distributed. There was no legal way in which money could be raised making all contribute according to their means. Mr. Bowman gave a quarter of an acre of land for the purpose. The deed, contained a clause stating it should be at the disposal of those wishing to use it for religious purposes, all denominations having equal rights to its occupancy. He, or whoever prompted this arrangement, had large and liberal ideas. The building was also used for holding the town meetings. I do not well understand the way in which municipal affairs were managed but the meeting once a year was of great consequence. All the township's officers were elected, such as assessor, collector, etc.; also regulations of different kinds were made, such as marks for hogs and cattle. These ran at large in the woods and got mixed so that it was necessary to have the ownership established in case of dispute. It was quite a democratic kind of Government. How the funds were raised and who were the contributors is not known. At any rate they managed to put up a frame building, a fair sized one for the times. When I first went to school there it was a sorry-looking affair. The seats were raised

one above the other on both sides, three tiers high. At the south end there was a desk above the level of the floor on which the pedagogue reigned supreme. There were additional benches on the floor space for extra accommodation. An old battered stove was in the centre. The jackknife had been freely used both inside and out of the building. The boys for diversion would put ink bottles on the red hot metal, stopping them up thereby, testing the power of steam. The ceiling bore testimony to its efficacy, painting it red, black, and blue. The equipment was of the most meagre kind,—Carpenter's Spelling Book, Kirkman's Grammar, The English Reader, and Walkingame's Arithmetic, these comprised about all. They were scarce enough and at an earlier date must have been hard to obtain.

Perhaps the greatest difficulty to face was that of securing a teacher. I do not think there were any trustees to make a selection. It was left to those who were willing to give so much a term for his support. Most likely all applicants knew something of the three R's and that was about the highest grade taught. The Bible was used by at least two of the teachers. Although the building was poorly put together without a foundation, and resting on cedar blocks, open beneath we did not suffer much from the cold, stacks of wood being provided and lots of stokers to put it in the stove. The sweeping and dusting was done by the pupils, time about.

Before I get to the teachers let me relate the following: One day at noon recess several of us were sitting on the benches, among others Bill Munson, the hero of many an incident and one of the Walbridge boys from Clarke, whom I cannot name who stuttered badly. Taking a knife out of his pocket he held it in his hand and said to Bill, "I have a good mind to stick you," making a feint to do so. Miscalculating the distance, he struck him on the side and inflicted a slight wound. The injured youth gave a howl and started for the street. W. P. Drewry, who then kept the hotel next door, seeing the commotion, came over, took him into his front room and hastily sent for Dr. Lowe, the principal medico, who soon made his appearance. He at once bared the arm of the prostrate chap and bled him for all he was worth. They then took William home carefully and tenderly, all of course very anxious about him. He recovered but there was a great deal more danger

from the effects of the surgeon's knife than from the accidental injury. Poor Walbridge had the worse time of the two, for he had a heavy doctor's bill to pay.

If a systematic statement could be given as to the fate of all the boys and girls who gained what little smattering of knowledge they did obtain within those walls, what a commentary it would be on the uncertain issue of human ambitions, revealing in many a life of disappointment and sorrow and an early death. Only a few have survived the stress, and they too must soon finish the journey. How deeply should the evanescent nature of earthly things impress itself on every human mind and heart, and lead to a belief in a future state of reward and punishment! The only possible satisfaction obtainable here is that which springs from a good conscience towards God and man, and faith in the certainty of a life beyond the grave. This is the only rational solution of the mystery of life. If there is nothing to look forward to in the future it is not worth the fight. You do meet occasionally persons who would like to live it over again but they are rare.

Among the teachers before my recollection there was a Mr. Blackburn, who was related to the well-known family of that name in Clarke, and Charles Lister who is still living and has spent the best part of his life in the Church of Christ as teacher and preacher, was among the very first in Bowmanville to become a convert to that form of belief and he helped to organize the present existing congregation. He was present at the last annual convention that was held in Bowmanville. He is eighty-six years of age and in full possession of all his faculties. John Scott, the father of J. W. Scott, who has had a successful career in Listowel and is now one of its most influential citizens was employed for a time. He was a peculiar combination, but a good scholar and painstaking teacher. I am under the impression he was of French extraction. Let me rapidly relate what I know about him. He married a sister of the late Ira P. Wilson, who owned the farm now rented by T. C. Bragg east of Bowmanville. Mr. Scott came into the ownership of the fifty acres upon which Mr. John Brussell once lived and which is now owned by Mr. R. A. Bragg. The original house is still standing in which I believe he started a small store. He was about as well fitted for that calling as a child of ten.

The business flourished as long as the capital lasted, and then the farm as well was literally eaten up. It was sold to the late Dr. Gabraith, who was a peculiar man, modest even to shyness. I remember being sent for him in an urgent case. He invariably rode on horseback with the old fashioned saddle bags. I was at the same time mounted on a steed. He would not come with me, not wishing to attract attention. It was some time after I got home before he arrived. As a medical man he got his profession in Scotland and was a number one physician. He had all he could do to attend his numerous calls and many a hard worked and poorly paid pioneer received kind medical attention free of charge; and even those who were better able to pay escaped with a small fee. He was a brother-in-law of Mrs. Daniel Gabraith, Queen Street, Bowmanville.

At that time Scott worshipped at the shrine of Bacchus. He gave up the use of liquor, however, and set to work to retrieve his fortunes. The corner fifty acres at Courtice became his and there he spent the rest of his days. He had a small office on the south west corner. He wrote a fine legible hand, and did a large amount of Conveyancing. Many a Deed and Will he drafted. I do not think he had any legal training but in some way he had learned how to do the work of a Notary Public. He was a coroner, commissioner for taking affidavits, and Township clerk. In some things as simple as a child, he was on the whole a wise useful citizen.

James McFeeters, who came to Darlington at a very early date, also taught for some time after he came into the country. He emigrated from the county of Tyrone, Ireland. Few figured afterwards more largely in the affairs of Darlington and Bowmanville than he. It did not take him long to seek a more rapid means of advancing his interests than that of school teaching.

I do not forget my first experience in book buying. Mr. McFeeters had opened a small place on the west corner of the Haines Estate. Among the things offered for sale were some toy books. I managed to raise the funds and invested in one. They cost a penny each! He waited on me himself. That was indeed the day of small things. He was not the kind of person to rest on his oars; soon he began to spread his sails to the passing breeze and cruised on to a large and profitable trade. We find him in the course of time occupying extensive

premises on the site of the present Mason Company's Departmental Store. His personal popularity alone would have given him a large business. No one could have been better liked, and deservedly so. He went into milling at Trone and dealt largely in all kind of grain. He took an active interest in public matters ran once for West Durham in the interests of the Conservative party, and was the first Mayor of Bowmanville. Like every one else he had great hopes that this would become a large city and invested largely in real estate. His vessel struck the rocks in the disastrous times that followed the completion of the Grand Trunk Railway and became almost a total wreck. After the storm some little was saved, but he gave up the fight and he and Mrs. McFeeters lived in comparative retirement enjoying to the end the love and respect of all. He was most intelligent, a good speaker, and wrote well on any subject to which he gave his attention. It is a real pleasure for me to recall him. I had a great deal to do with him and met him often, finding him always the same kind and considerate.

The first teacher to whom I went was John Dyer Bone the maternal grandfather of the present John D. and W. H. Hoar. In appearance and physique he resembled the latter, so it is needless to say, that being correct, that he was fine looking. He came from Plymouth, Devonshire, England, and was bred to the dry-goods business. He brought with him quite a valuable stock for sale. Being qualified, he became the teacher. He was a good penman and for a while taught "the young idea how to shoot." He was pleasant and patient with the pupils, gentlemanly in his deportment, and at the same time a strict disciplinarian. Some of the older boys were rough. One day when he was on the rostrum a stone, and a good sized one at that, came crashing through the window, knocking off the inkstand right under his nose. If ever a man was startled it was he. It caused consternation among the pupils. School was dismissed and a search made for the perpetrator but it was a case of "non est." Repetitions of the same thing followed until several panes of glass came to grief. After giving up his position, he went on the farm now belonging to W. H. Hoar and tried a rural occupation. He taught also at Providence. He was an earnest christian and was on the roll of Methodist local preachers. Our next teacher was David Fairweather, from Brechin, Scotland

He was a protege of Mr. Bowman's and had come out to this country to better his position. Having taught in the old land, his arrival here as an experienced teacher was hailed with expectation. For some years he had charge. He was a good teacher and won the affection and esteem of the scholars. One of his daughters, Mrs. David Keith of Oshawa, took up the same profession and for years taught in the Central School. She was both energetic and successful.

Jeremiah O'Leary had a long career in Bowmanville and Darlington. I am perhaps mixed up in the order of events, for my memory of happenings in those school days is not reliable. Whether he taught first in the old place or in the building he put up on Church St., I am not sure. The latter has been transmogrified and is now the artistic residence of Levi A. W. Toie, Esq. At any rate, I went to him in both places. He was just a splendid hand to impart knowledge and properly guide the studies of the young under his care. He ruled though with a rod of iron. One of his maxims repeatedly quoted and practically carried out was,— "If a bird can sing and won't sing it must be made to sing." Many a direful song was sung by the unfortunates who came without having mastered the music he had given them to learn. He had an oak ruler with which he exacted implicit obedience to his commands and woe betide the delinquent who failed in submission! He was a great, strong specimen of the race, with firm-set mouth, indicating a resolute will. On the other hand, he was just as kind when he thought the pupils were trying to do their best.

To show how fair Dominic O'Leary was in disputes among the pupils I will give an instance. Hardy Drewry had a scuffle with a boy named Cutler, on the play ground and used the latter pretty roughly. Complaint was made and by agreement of all the matter was left to arbitration. I was chosen on behalf of Cutler. I have forgotten who the other arbitrator was. After examining the bruises the complainant had sustained and inquiring into the cause of the quarrel we decided that the assailant was in fault and should have so many blows on the hand with the famous oak instrument of torture. O'Leary after we gave in our decision, called to him—he was then a man grown—and invited him politely to face the music. This he declined to do, and taking his books, he left for good. He went to California and died a year ago, in Los Angeles.

I am amused by reading in the papers that some unfortunate school-master has been summoned to appear before the authorities for using corporal punishment. Perhaps after trying every other means, in a fit of temper, he has cuffed the ear of some dear little duck, and oh, then what a fuss! I see some in high educational circles are advocating that this mode of enforcing discipline be not under any circumstances resorted to. While I admit that a wise teacher should only take that mode in extreme cases, still the old law of punishment as a deterrent holds good. I see that our judges are resorting to flogging in certain cases as the best remedy, and in the school world when all appeals to higher motives fail. I think there are times when the rod should be used for the sake of both parent and child.

To see how it went in my school days read the following: "John B. Drewry, a brother of Hardy's, was my own age and an intimate chum at school. He was large and well developed, honorable and generous. He fell under the ban, having failed in his lessons and while being castigated for the offence, he rebelled and in the heat of his passion called his tormentor "a d— Catholic." He was grabbed and thrown by main force across the teacher's knees. Then he got "Hail Columbia!" After repeated strokes from the powerful arm of the flagellant, the victim, maddened to fury by the pain and injustice of the proceeding, reached down and caught his leg with his teeth, banging on till he stopped. He then crawled home and went to bed. The next morning Jack did not appear at breakfast. His mother went to see what was wrong. He said to her, "turn down the sheet and see what a condition I am in." She found him bruised and battered. Being a wise and judicious woman and well knowing if her husband knew of it serious trouble might result, she quietly sent for Dr. Lowe who came and poured oil into his wounds. Young and healthy he was soon out again. He lost all fear after that and got on splendidly. The last time I saw poor Jack was when he came to see me in the office. He had up his shirt sleeve and said, "Jim, do you remember that?" He carried to the grave a scar across the wrist, a remembrance of the Bowmanville school and its teacher. He had five sons. I think one was for a time on the Globe staff. Mr. O'Leary was the father of the family at Lindsay one of whom is I believe a judge of the County Court in Algoma.

I do not intend to follow up schools under the now existing system. About 1844 Egerton Ryerson one of the greatest men Canada has produced, took up the school question and after investigation into the best methods then employed both in Europe and America, he submitted the result of the inquiry to Parliament. His recommendations were embodied in a bill which, on submission to the House, passed and became the School Law of Ontario. Thus the rapidly growing and important Province of Ontario obtained what is on all hands conceded to be the best public school system in the world. Mr. Ryerson was appointed Chief Superintendent and saw the law brought into practical use. He lived many years afterwards and aided by the best educationalists then employed in the work, succeeded in bringing those primary seats of learning to a high pitch of perfection.

The old order fell away before the rising sun of the new and the once highly prized old building was pulled down. The land was sold to Robert Armour and on it he put up the brick block with archway, part of which is the Bennett House. The proceeds were given to the school authorities to aid in providing other accommodations which the change rendered necessary. How about higher education? That was beyond the reach of all but a favored few. King's College was a close corporation only those belonging to the Church of England being permitted to enter its gates. An oath was exacted from applicants for admission. Even had it been accessible to all, only a few at that stage of Bowmanville's history had the means to send their sons to Toronto, quite a heavy financial undertaking. Many were anxious that their descendants should be taught the classics and other kindred subjects. The only resource was to private teachers. Again let me give a little personal detail (I do not like much of the big I, still to give any fair idea how matters progressed I can hardly avoid it altogether). My grandfather on my mother's side was a native of Glasgow, Scotland and a son of the manse, his father having been a minister at Rutherglen. He was of direct French descent on the mother's side her people being Huguenots who took refuge in Scotland from the frightful persecutions to which Protestants were subjected in France. The surname was De Vaux. My grandfather, the only son, was educated for the ministry but did not enter the church. He was a fine scholar with high class

University standing. His sister married the celebrated Dr. Thomas McCulloch who settled in Pictou, N. S., and whose record is public property in that Province so rich in famous men. Owing to the fearful distress prevailing in Scotland after the close of the war with France, he determined to seek a more hopeful place in which to bring up his family. I have a full account in his own handwriting of the state of the country. It is hard to believe it, yet he knew a man who died of actual starvation. The public mind he says was so excited that fierce riots occurred in different places and some demagogues so inflamed the populace that it looked as if a rebellion against the government would take place. He took passage for Quebec in the Earl of Buchananshire and arrived at the end of June 1819. This vessel brought across the stormy Atlantic a precious cargo of living freight. I here were on board two families members of which were destined to occupy high and important positions in this land of their adoption. When I say that Sir John A. MacDonal and family and the Armour family were fellow voyagers I am not far astray. I need not say a word about the former who for so long was premier of the Dominion. His name will ever be held in grateful remembrance by any Canadian without distinction of party who has a spark of patriotism in his breast.

Mr. Samuel Armour first taught a Grammar school in Toronto. Later he entered the English church at whose head was Bishop Strachan, one of the most remarkable men then in Holy Orders in Canada. The Bishop appointed him Rector in Cavan and Peterboro, where he labored with great ability and acceptance until the close of his life. His sons were all prominent men: Robert Armour studied law and practised his profession here. He came to Bowmanville in 1857. James Armour was a barrister in Peterboro and he died while still a young man. My brother, T. M. Fairbairn, also was a barrister in Peterboro and he married the only daughter. He represented West Peterboro in the Provincial Legislature at the time of his death. William Armour whose widow is still living in town remained in Cavan. John Armour the youngest member of the family was a law student with his brother Robert. The office was over the present workshop of William Fishleigh, engineer, King St., W. It was reached by an outside stairway. Even while studying he displayed glimmerings of future greatness.

If the size of a man's head is any true indication of mental power he possessed it.

I know this doctrine is disputed. A recent investigator gives as a result of his efforts in that line of study views quite the opposite to this generally received opinion. Summing up the whole matter by statistical proofs which goes to show that quite a majority in the literary world at least had medium sized brains.

John went to Cobourg and afterwards finished his academic course in Toronto, passing his examinations with flying colors. After being admitted to the bar he opened an office in Cobourg in partnership with another old Bowmanville boy, H. F. Holland Esquire. At present solicitor for the united counties of Northumberland and Durham and Police Magistrate of Cobourg. After winning his spurs in that town as a leader among his fellow lawyers, he was appointed a Judge of one of the superior courts and while on the Bench was noted for his thorough knowledge of law, and the fair practical views he took, not pressing the legal line too closely, very frequently allowing common sense to guide his decisions. Woe be it the unlucky fledgling or even an experienced pleader who tried to run amuck with him. Like a balloon well inflated not too heavily ballasted he took a flight upward and became Chief Justice of the Queen's Division of the High Court of Justice. His selection by the Dominion Government as one of the representatives of this country at the Alaskan boundary convention was a great tribute indeed paid to his legal attainments and high character. No national question of later years was fraught with greater danger to the peace and well being of Canada. Happily the cloud passed and we are now enjoying the unbroken sunshine of peace with our huge neighbor across the boundary. The inevitable call which none can disregard came to him while in that city and he had to appear before the greater judge to render his account. I am told that he on three different occasions declined knighthood at the hands of Her Majesty Queen Victoria. His principles at this time were high, democratic. During the last few years of his life he held more modified views as to the value of such honours seeing in them a reward for services rendered the Commonwealth by those on whom they are bestowed. Edward Armour the eldest son of Robert, and Douglas son of the Justice are both legal lights in the city of



Toronto, not lamps but electric lights showing in their professional duties the strain of acumen and ability which so distinguished their predecessors. Our interest did not suffer through the sad demise of the distinguished commissioner as by the universal rule of the great Law-giver another man stepped in and filled the breach. A brilliant son of Ontario, Honorable A. B. Aylesworth, now Post Master General, was called to take his place and right ably and faithfully he advocated the just claims of his country for proper recognition. The grand reception tendered him on his return to Canada is still fresh in our minds showing that all classes of Canadians fully appreciated his notable services to this his native land.

Mr Robert Armour had a checkered career, the pawns of fate being played on both sides with varying success. He was hopeful and became possessed of the real estate mania that so widely prevailed over the Province consequent on the building of the Grand Trunk Railway. But the storm of '57 struck his enterprises and he did not recover from its efforts, although like a hero, he stuck to the ship while a plank remained. He was agent for the Bank of Upper Canada, Registrar of West Durham, and intimately connected with the public movements of the day. He was the embodiment of kindness and would go any length to help a friend. If I had been an artist wanting a model for a perfect specimen of the highest type of physical manhood I should have pitched upon him. He knew no fear and his strength was used on y to protect the weak or see fair play. The part he took in the Rebellion and at Niagara Falls is well known. He had hosts of friends. Miss Armour, Deputy Registrar, and her sister are the only ones of the family left in Bowmanville.

Coming back to my grandsire: He first began his Canadian course of action at Terrebonne Quebec. What on earth took him there I cannot even guess. Five fruitless years he spent among the habitants. He had no business faculty and was totally unfitted for the struggle in a new country. He was a book worm and a student to the last and at the time was said to have been better up in Hebrew than any one in the country. Mr. Gibbs the father of the Gibbs' of Oshawa, also was residing there and a friendship sprang up between them which continued until both parties passed to the great majority. Mr. Gibbs, who was a much wiser man in worldly

matters, had built a mill in South Oshawa, and he induced my grandfather Jas. Walker, to follow suit and come west. The latter at one time owned the farm now belonging to W. J. Bragg, Esq. When I pass this pretty place, as I sometimes do, naturally having a fondness for the former home of my people, I am more than pleased to know that it is in such worthy hands, and I hope Mr. Bragg, with his interesting family, may long be spared to enjoy every blessing it may bring. How does all this apply to my thesis? At his solicitation my grandfather took the two sons and two daughters of his Oshawa friend, Mr. Gibbs, and with my eldest brother and two sisters, formed a class and taught them at his house. Thus it came about that the Hon. T. N. Gibbs, his brother William, Mrs Backstock, whose husband recently died, and Mrs James Gooderham, Toronto, received their education, partly at least in this lonely place in the woods. The latter lady has been a prominent worker in the Methodist church. She went to Japan a few years ago to investigate the state of missions in those wonderful islands. I had the pleasure of spending an afternoon a year ago with her in the city. We recalled the early experiences in Darlington. I now say good-bye to the first place in the Township in which an attempt was made to impart some academic training.

W. G. King of Trinity College Dublin turned up at a very early date. Why and how he pitched upon this locality as the arena wherein to play the game, I do not know. Among all the varieties of the species that I have met I have never seen any one to compare with him. A mystery hung over his past. It was supposed that he was the natural son of some nobleman in the old country. On his arrival he had a plentiful supply of money, and he commenced his country life on the middle road. The place was afterwards owned by Mr. Colwell, on the fourth concession. He put up quite a number of small buildings which looked like a miniature village. There were still some of them to the fore when I collected taxes in '47. For a time he was like Robinson Crusoe, monarch of all he surveyed. Money, even if gold, has the knack of melting away, and this melting process went on out there at a great rate. He lived in fine style, and for some time continued to get remittances. Finally they stopped and he was compelled to fall back on his mental resources for a living. He came out to the front and,

taking the position of tutor, he taught a good many youths who were desirous of obtaining a higher education than could then be had in the ordinary schools. Few were better qualified to impart instruction in any branch of study. He was a splendid linguist. He had a fine presence, and you could see the aristocrat in every liniment of his countenance. He had no companions, and lived exclusively by himself. When sober and in his normal condition an unaccountable desire possessed him for seclusion. Every domicile he ever inhabited was barricaded with closed shutters at each window. It is not so long since those articles were on a little brick house he once occupied near the end of Church St. on the north side. Among his pupils were the Misses Smith of Erpingham. I went to him for the short period of three months, being obliged then to abandon all hope of further schooling. The fire compelled me to go into the post office to help my parents, and there I have been since. This reminds me of the gentleman who said he went through college, when he had stayed one day, entering by the front door and leaving by the back. Mr. King was then stopping with Mrs. Frank mother of little John. On the old road, south of Mrs. Hibbert's, some poplar trees still stand marking the site of the house. In going down I used to follow a short cut through the woods from the Eastern House. All I remember of what he taught me in Latin is the verb "amo amas, amat." Did I get the worth of my money? It is probable I should have done so had I stayed long enough. What odds did it make after all? Many of my compeers, who had the best of advantages, did not come off in life's contest any better; still you want the best tools you can get to make a well-finished job. At times he went on terrible sprees, lasting occasionally for weeks, and then the innate recklessness of his nature had full sway. He would take up with the lowest wretch he could find for a boon companion and for the ultima Thule of coarse ribaldy he had no equal. In his madness he would go any length. On one occasion in a fit of fury he struck a large stone jug which was standing on the bar counter in the tavern on the hill and smashed his hand. The two smaller fingers were so injured that he no longer had the use of them. His writing was done with the other two. But when the real man asserted himself and the demon was suppressed he was

one to remember. Some of the Warrens, of Oshawa, were for a time under his care. Finally he went to the Grand River, employed by Mr. Little, uncle of W. J. Jones, Esq. The end was in keeping with his manner of living and acting. He was found dead on the bed, the bottle from which he had taken the fatal draught, by his side. It seemed as though he had coolly read a newspaper until he became unconscious, for it was found in a position to indicate this. Endowed by his Maker with splendid intellectual parts, having all the advantages of a liberal University training, such was the end. It is unsafe to navigate the ocean, no matter how staunch and well manned the vessel may be, without a safe chart and a good seaman at the helm. Poor King, I fear, had neither! He did not to my knowledge, profess any kind of religion.

#### THE POST OFFICE.

The following extract is taken from The Bowmanville Statesman:  
 'The first post office in Darlington, the township in which Bowmanville is situated, was at Black's Hill, five miles west of the present town, on the Kingston road. Colonel Black being postmaster. The office was however, removed to the town on July 1st. 1827. Darlington being then the name of the place. Robert Fairbairn, J. P., was appointed first postmaster July 5, 1828 the ninth year of the reign of George IV. Mr. Fairbairn's son, the present postmaster, came into the office as assistant in August, 1845 and was appointed to succeed his father January 28th 1857. Hon. Robert Spence being then Postmaster General. Mr. Fairbairn was born in 1831, so he has practically been in charge of the office from the age of thirteen, and thus becomes, no doubt, by length of service, though not by age, the oldest postmaster in Ontario, if not in the Dominion. A unique feature of the management is the fact that during the long period of seventy-seven years covered by the services of father and son only one registered letter has been lost, and that was stolen when the post office was destroyed by fire in 1845.'  
 Nothing would be more interesting those than the Statistics of the Post Office in early days. I am sorry they cannot be obtained. The revenue was small, although in '56 it had become quite an item. A wonderful expansion in business of every description had taken place during the previous ten years. Leading

up to this, an enormous amount of foreign capital was brought into the country and laid out in the construction of public work, prominent among which was the Grand Trunk Railway. The Crimean War created a demand for all kinds of produce, and fabulous prices were obtained by the farmers for anything they had to dispose of. Such golden days have never been seen since. Many an one heaped up a fortune. Above all, we had later on, reciprocal trade with big, wealthy Uncle Sam, so that it had nearly reached the point at which it stands to-day. The Post Office was at first under imperial control and management. Mr. Sutherland was the first Deputy, and afterwards, T. A. Stayner. Both were able, upright men, and in matters that arose concerning the management they were just and fair to Postmasters. But what a system prevailed in the inland service! It looked as if the most cumbersome plans possible had been devised. Under such conditions it would be utterly impossible to handle even a moiety of the correspondence now passing through the mails. The rates of postage were determined by the distance the letters were carried. If my memory serves me, it was once the rate to Montreal, and 4¢ per cent to Toronto. (Through the courtesy of E. P. Stanton Esq., Supt. of the Stamp Branch Dept. Ottawa, I find that I am correct and he also informs me that stamps were first introduced by the Canadian Post Office Dept. for the purpose of prepaying postage in 1851.) The greater proportion of the letters were sent unpaid and had to be regularly charged against the receiving Office. Letters from Europe came in sailing vessels to Halifax, and sent west by stage and boat. The charges were so high as to preclude any frequent interchange. I have envelopes upon which the rate from Scotland is shown to have been four shillings sterling. After the Department was handed over to the Canadian Government great improvements were made. But the process was slow. The men at the head of affairs had skill and perseverance and, under their management, it gradually developed, until now it is quite equal to any postal service anywhere to be found. Perhaps greater improvements in working details, and in larger matters such as the reduction in the letter rate, which now applies to Canada, the United States, Great Britain and other of the Postal Union Countries, the introduction of

postal notes, the extension and modification of the money order system are due, more to Sir Wm. Mulock, Dr. Coulter, Deputy Postmaster General, and to the skillful members of the staff, than to any of their predecessors. Sir Wm. Mulock has recently retired, after many years of devoted service to the work. I am sure the wish of all Canadians is that he may long be spared to occupy the high position he at present fills and that he may leave as grand a record there as he left behind him at Ottawa.

Memory recalls two names with which we had a good deal to do in ancient times,—John Dewey, so long Inspector and latterly the Chief, and Colonel Wicksteed, afterwards the Accountant. I am told they are both living and both non-egenarians (I see that Col. Wicksteed died quite recently at 93 years of age.) They were able and faithful in the discharge of their duties. While serving the interests of the public they gave the Postmasters fair play. The employees in the service now would smile if they had to put up with the unnecessary labor involved in general operations as then carried on. All letter packages were accompanied by a bill giving the number and the amount of postage to be collected on the unpaid matter, also the number and the amount on those paid for in cash; and after stamps were introduced they also had to be counted. Then the said packages were put up in paper covers and sealed with wax bearing the official stamp. The system of registration has never been very much changed. The mail bags in use on the main routes were made in England and were of the heaviest kind of leather, in shape somewhat like an ordinary trunk. They had on the upper side a flap or small door, and this was secured with hasps fastened to the leather by iron bolts. A chain ran through them meeting in the centre and locked completing the receptacle. When full this was about all a sturdy man could lift. The following was the modus operandi: Toronto, in despatching mails east as far as Kingston, would fill it with small canvas bags labelled for the different offices to which mail was to be dispatched. These were taken out as each place was reached and outgoing mail put in. What a job it was to handle! Often the little sack for us would be at the bottom of the pile and we had to unload the Noah's Ark before we could get it. It is singular, but the town is so situated that a large portion of our mails have arrived ever since I can remember

during the night. I have a very vivid recollection of the fact that hundreds of times I had to turn out during the bitterest nights of winter, generally twice, and take in and overhaul those bags. The horses were changed and fresh ones harnessed up at the hotel immediately opposite the office. The driver would leave the bag and I often had to wait his convenience before I could get back to bed again. It was his duty to wait till I got through and then take charge of it, but he had a good excuse as in that case the poor animals would have to stand perishing in the cold.

Thomas Scott, father of the Scotts at Tyrone, was Mr. Weller's agent at Toronto. He was the contractor and ran the stages between Toronto and Montreal and he was indeed a grand begum! However, all complaints were referred to Mr. Scott and received from him prompt attention. There was no coal in use and the wood fires were generally out. On looking back it seems a mystery that I ever stood it. Before leaving this part of my subject I would say that the worst thing we had to put up with in the olden time was the Sunday delivery of mail. The regulations provided that the Office should be kept open one hour to the public on that day and this was rigidly enforced. Every effort to have this changed had proved unavailing, all remonstrance on the part of those who believed in the sanctity of the day and whose consciences were thus concussed were coolly told to submit to the rule or resign. When Hon. Sidney Smith, was Postmaster General he took the question up and after due consideration by a few strokes of his pen wiped out this intolerable evil. I am sure every postmaster in Canada who can recall this praise-worthy act on his part will hold his memory in deep respect.

What about the stage drivers? How any rational human being would choose such a calling is one of the things unexplainable. The run was from Post's tavern in Pickering to Bowmanville, and the next stage to Bill Marsh's in Hope. Of course the couriers were changed at each post station. They were out in all weathers, summer, winter, fall and spring. The roads, if they could be called such, were a terror excepting in summer or in the winter when there was sleighing. During the fall and spring rains there were places like the bottomless pit. About half way up what once was called "Munson's hill," now "Stanley's," there was a layer of quick sand. It became at

times a quagmire. A stretch of the road opposite Mr. Loscombe's and Souch's hill were as bad, and this is just a sample of what generally prevailed throughout those counties. The huge coach then in use, when filled up with passengers, luggage and mail bags, was a heavy load even for the four horses that hauled it. How did the poor brutes stand it? They certainly were made of good stuff. It was quite an adventure to go any distance on this kind of conveyance in bad weather. It was so often upset or stuck in the mud and was so delayed that there was no certainty of its arrival at a given time at any point. Two hills one in Bowmanville and the other at Wilmott's, were a constant source of anxiety to the voyagers. Going down was worse than going up. The Jehus ran the horses down the incline, and to the beholder it looked a dangerous proceeding to see them racing down at full speed with the lumbering load behind, but they became expert in handling the whip and reins. I never knew an accident to occur in consequence. The drivers were compelled by law to blow a horn on approaching a post office. Many a night I lay awake expecting to hear its melodious sound. They commenced at Stanley's and on a cold clear night you could hear it a very long distance. There was quite a knack in using it. Mr. Hindes had a favorite dog that was always on the lookout and would yell for all he was worth at the first toot. The poor devils of drivers had a hard life and most of them a hard fate. Their remuneration was of the most meagre kind. This was supplemented by what was called "jumping the pole," namely, taking pay from passengers who were not booked and pocketing it. Those who continued in the work did not live past middle life; many became totally or partially blind, two committed suicide and the balance drank to excess. Indeed the latter remark will apply to them all.

I must not overlook one personage in this connection who had his hand up to the ebow in the pie. Wm. Glover, father of our present mail contractor, who is said to have brought the first mail that appeared in the village. He arrived on horse back and must have caused quite a commotion among the onlookers. When I first recollect him he stood at least six feet in his stockings and weighed not less than two hundred pounds. No superfluous flesh every muscle standing out like whipcord. You may ask how I knew this. Well, I am not romancing, often out of curiosity I put my hand on

his arm and I tell you he had the strength of two ordinary sized men. He was hasty in temper and when angered from any cause it was better to be at a safe distance. I have always admired those who had great physical powers. I remember one day when walking past Maynard's hotel there were two fellows fighting in the archway, a big man abusing a little one. A farmer from Cartwright I think by the name of Dever was driving into the yard. His team was stopped by the bellegrants. At a glance he took in the situation jumped off the wagon and quicker than it takes to relate it, had his coat off and gave the big brute all he wanted. I never saw that man afterwards but what I took my hat off to him.

But, to resume, Mr. Glover must have remained in Toronto two years as his advent here as a resident arose from the dreadful scourge of cholera which had broken out in that city. His wife became alarmed and insisted upon getting to some place less dangerous. Why they pitched on this locality I do not know. This fixes the date of his arrival in Bowmanville at 1830. He bought the lot on which the new post office now stands and resided there until he sold the property to the town and it was upon this lot they placed the town hall. When Wellers line of stages came into operation he drove for them several years. After he quit the road he acted as their local agent. At this time the steam boats carried a portion of the mails during the summer months and when he first became a contractor in Her Majesty's service it was to carry the mails to and from the port. He also took passengers there. After the Grand Trunk commenced running it superseded all the other methods that had been in use and he was fortunate enough to secure that contract also and this he continued to hold during his life time. Occasionally he had opposition in the buss line and this he did not readily brook. Many a funny encounter took place between him and the passengers who wanted to patronize the opposition. He had a rough voluble tongue and did not hesitate to use it no matter who the party happened to be. The first omnibus he brought into town created quite a furor. J. B. Spence who was an engineer on the Grand Trunk Railway, a fine looking fast Englishman took the driver's seat and ran it up and down the town stopping at all the hotels. It was chucked full of those who wanted to enjoy the fun and they soon got as full as the coach. They had a good old

fashioned spree over it. The old gentleman lived to be pretty well up in years but he had to pass in his checks and take the last journey as we all must do. I saw him shortly before his death, he lived in the place now owned by Robt. Young, V. S. His son William succeeded him in the business and to this day is the mail contractor. He also keeps a livery stable. So we have another rare occurrence to relate, the Glovers, father and son have had direct connection with this branch of His Majesty's service for seventy years and in no case has a bag been either stolen or lost. The only break in the chain was for four years when McMurry and Sanderoock got the job by tendering at a lower rate than the other.

Speaking of the cold, when Colonel Wicksteed was Inspector of the Kingston Division, he stepped off the stage coach one intensely bitter morning shortly after midnight; the fires were all out at Hindes' hotel opposite and my stove was cold instead of hot. He was nearly perished and his feet almost frozen. I hunted up a pair of good, heavy, home-made socks which he put on over his boots a d of which I am sure he felt the benefit before he reached his destination. I received them again in due time with a note of thanks. This recalls a speech I heard made by Laughlin Taylor on his trip to Palestine. He was agent for the Upper Canada Bible Society and when here had always large audiences. He stopped in the midst of an eloquent peroration to tell the audience about the socks his mother had made for him in her Highland home, and of how useful he found them in climbing mountains and walking over rocks on his journey. It almost brought tears to one's eyes to hear him so pathetically describe the dear old lady's solicitude for her darling boy. Who made mine I do not know, but I am inclined to think they did Mr. Wicksteed as good service as did those that called forth the melting eloquence of the celebrated orator.

It requires an imaginative conception to take in the wonderful changes of the public service since 1829 when the first post office was established. When I entered as assistant in 1845 it was a very small affair. My brother John had just put up the little brick store now in use by Mr. John Gilbert, opposite Mr. W. G. Glover's livery. At the south end a small space was partitioned off and there the postal business was carried on. Afterwards he put up a frame building next door, into which the office was removed.

The inside space would be about ten by twenty and the boxes and general outfit were of the commonest description. This will show how office accommodation stood in 1848. In 1850 changes were absolutely necessary. I rented from James Heal, sr., the present Grand Central premises and obtained a supply of the latest improved boxes then in use. They were made in Port Hope and cost three hundred dollars. The change was a vast improvement. It made quite a respectable place. I will not follow the removals but we have finally reached the highest stage of development. The present magnificent public building will be here for some future person to write about. We are largely indebted for it to Robt. Beith, Esq., ex-M.P. Looking at the correspondence, including the vast newspaper circulation, now handled through this channel, it is a marvel to what a height it has reached. Here I would put in a plea for those who are actively engaged in the work. The general public has little idea of the hardships many have to undergo. Take an office of this size. The regular hours are from seven o'clock a. m. to seven p. m., and in addition a mail is made up and despatched at nine p. m., and the western mail is received at eleven. Before it is assorted and the registered matter entered and put in the vault, the wee sma' hour has come. I wish some who are so ready to find fault had a few months' trial of it.

The P. M. and clerks are between the devil and the deep sea.—the Department on the one hand and the public on the other. They have to come in contact with all classes in the community. I do not suppose there is in Ontario a more kindly and pleasant people to deal with, but there are a few exceptions, and if any little irregularity occurs we get it hot and heavy from them. To handle hundreds of letters the work has to be done with great rapidity and owing perhaps to an illegible address or a mistake in the box, a letter sometimes gets misplaced. There is not time to wait and scrutinize every one. If this were done then the lobby would raise a storm. The public does not like to be kept waiting. Our mail clerks on the travelling post office are both expert and careful, but owing to the rush they have the same difficulty, one which arises principally from similarity of names. For instance, take Brownsville, Beamsville, Bowmanston and Bowmanville, New York. With a quick glance how easy to throw a letter in the wrong bag! The marvel is that so very

few go astray. Of late years the addition of the Savings Bank, Money Order and Postal Note branches have added much to the labor and responsibility. I hope the day is not far distant when at least fair remuneration will be given. If any deserve it, 'tis the present hard working servants of the public in the post office. Accidents will occur no matter in what business you are engaged. I am tempted to give an account of one which at the time caused me grave anxiety.

The old stove stood in the centre of the box-like room and I had been in the habit, when over-hauling the night mail, of throwing the canvas sack on it, the fire always being out. It so happened that my brother Tom, who was quite a kid, was rooming with me. A bright idea struck him and getting up before daylight, he made a blazing fire. Smelling something burning I awoke and rushed down stairs. Sure enough, it was too late! And as almost always happens the package with the most important letters being on the heated metal, they were burnt to a crisp. It took my breath away to decide what was to be done. I could make out from the remains of the less injured who they were for. One of the most important was for the Bank of Montreal, Mr. Simpson agent. I went over to him in fear and trembling and explained how it happened. Instead of breaking out into a rage, saying nasty things and threatening all kinds of penalties he smilingly said, "Don't worry about it. I will get duplicates of the drafts and documents." And this he did. Do you think I was likely to forget that and fail to do him a kindness in return if I had the chance? No, the king comes in the cadger's road sometimes and I repaid it with interest. Mr. Armour was also a victim. It goes without saying that he followed the same course. In these post office reminiscences I will give another little episode by way of showing the difficulties I labored under. When alone in charge, I was asked out one night and Tom declared he would stay awake and take in that two o'clock mail. His eyes waxed heavy and he could not resist the over-powering desire to slumber. When I reached home I found the stage had left half an hour earlier, the driver having failed to arouse him. Here was a situation! More important even than the mail we should have received was the one that should have gone out. Montreal was the principal wholesale centre and it took so long for letters to reach there that any failure to despatch

might be attended with bad results I ran up to a livery stable, then kept by Mr. McCutcheon, (now the Prower block) roused the men, got a saddled horse and left to overtake the stage, taking with me the bag and a key to unlock the leather one. I overtook Her Majesty's Mail this side of Newcastle and by the bright light of the silver moon made the exchange. The passengers must have thought it quite a novel and extraordinary proceeding.

The hotels in the early days played a most important part, adding to the comfort of those who were compelled to travel either for business or pleasure. Indeed without such accommodation it would have been utterly impossible to carry on any enterprise or industry requiring one to go a distance from home. There was a regular chain of them along the Kingston road, not farther apart than five miles. We had one between here and Newcastle and one five miles west. It was here that the dastardly and uncalled-for murder of Conant took place. It created great commotion, and I remember how severely the coroner's jury were criticized for bringing in, as they did, a verdict of justifiable homicide. It was during the rebellion, and more than likely the feeling against those who sympathized with that movement together with a desire to stand well with the government led to the unjust decision. The guilty wretch it is said, came to a bad end. He was carrying despatches to the Government at Toronto and rode up to this small tavern, I suppose, to get a drink. Poor Conant under the influence of liquor, staggered out of the door and innocently caught the braggart's bridle rein. He drew his sabre and split his head open. This *en passant*. None of these caravansaries had a better reputation or was more largely patronized than the one kept so long by Alphonso Hindes. Hotel-keeping as an occupation was not looked upon askance as is the case in these latter days. Reputable men owned and kept them. Among the first in this section was one opened and carried on for some time by a Mr. Bates whose male descendants were among our best townsmen. He died of the cholera in 1830. By an unusual vagary of this dreadful disease most on the road escaped excepting the landlords everyone of whom between Kingston and York, saving Mr. Hindes became its victim. Then we had the Posts and Heads of Pickering. I give these names to indicate the kind of persons who thought it no disgrace to

keep such places of entertainment. Minehost Mr. Hindes, was the right kind of individual to take charge of one. He did not drink himself and looked carefully after the whole establishment. His wife was a superior woman, a daughter of Sanford Martyn, Whitley township. They were both kind to the poor and many an unfortunate pilgrim got a good square meal free of charge. The place was clean and comfortable. The first building he occupied was of course, like all others, a small frame. It was burned down and afterwards a brick one arose from its ashes and was called "The Waverly." It was in full blast during all the palmy days before the era of railroads. Mr. Hindes was from Vermont and had all the originality and Yankee humour for which the Vermonters are celebrated. Mr. Weller of Cobourg was from the same place. They were intimate friends and the last visit Mr. Weller paid to Bowmanville was to see him. He was sick at the time with the illness which afterwards proved fatal. They were companions in boyhood. There were in the Hindes family four daughters and two sons. The former were all clever, handsome lasses. Only one, Harriet, is living. Of the sons Alphonso, Jr., of Oshawa, is still on deck, nearly the exact image of his father.

It was a hard position for those who had the management when everything was in so rudimentary a state, with no regular means of enforcing what rules there were to govern such houses. All kinds and conditions of humanity were frequenters. The free, unchallenged use of whiskey had its usual results and in spite of those who wanted order and decency, it was often a pandemonium. I saw fierce and bloody fights in the bar-room and gambling was a regular thing. On entering one of the upper rooms one night I found a party of decent citizens with their coats off, hard at it. Some made money thereby. A great many tales were told, some exaggerated; still, a lot of shackets changed hands. I think the worst feature in connection with the whole thing was, not the unruly conduct of the drunken debauchee, but the obscenity indulged in. Many of the guilty ones who would have scored to lie or steal did not hesitate to poison the air with oaths and filth. I say unhesitatingly that a man at the age of maturity who will deliberately throw this kind of pollution into the minds of the younger people is a wretch of the deepest dye. You may recover from any other kind of injury,

but the God-like power of memory fixes this for all time to come until the great enemy closes this mortal existence or at least while the brain continues to act.

The first barber shop was opened in a little hole dug out under the first hotel, occupied by Hindes. The professor of the tonorial art was a colored man named Smith. He was tall, straight and muscular, something of a pugilist, and up to all kinds of circus performances. He was here, off and on till well up in the sixties. The only other colored family resident at this time was called Campbell. He married one of the girls. Some years ago a son of his came back to the old place as a full fledged well educated preacher. He officiated in one of the Methodist churches and I am told, surprised the hearers by his eloquence. Another singular character was John Mabenny. He lusted about the drinking places and would do odd chores to obtain enough to gratify his inordinate love of liquor. He fell over the bridge and was killed.

It is quite a change from hotels to churches. As I am still lingering in the vicinity of the old school, the first place in which any religious service was held, I will take them up and if time and chance permit, come back to the former again. While material prosperity is a thing to be profoundly thankful for the unthinking majority is apt to forget that the religion taught by Christ underlies all true good fortune. The rules laid down to regulate the conduct and actions of his followers, if adopted and acted upon, lead to sobriety, honesty, industry and brotherly kindness. Are not those virtues the basis upon which good characters are built and worldly success attained? Take it only for the present life and it is most profitable. Include the Great Beyond and then all other interests fade into insignificance. What was the condition of the few inhabitants up to, say 1829? The majority had come from the Eastern States, a few from elsewhere across the line, and whatever had been their religious training, they were now left without any kind of help and instruction. Many of them lost whatever sympathy they may have had with a higher life. There was no place in which to worship and no clergyman to conduct a service. Absorbed in the anxiety of their secular calling, it was only to be expected that they would fall into a careless way of living. Sunday became a day on which to loaf and gossip in one another's houses, or to be

spent in pleasure. In summer the woods and streams were a never failing attraction. Fishing, shooting, playing cards and other games, occupied the hours. I can remember when those old habits still prevailed. When the increasing size of the little hamlet justified the effort, steps were taken to bring about a better state of things. After the school house was built it became a refuge for the itinerant Methodist ministers. They occasionally held meetings, and, when in the evenings the notice would read: "at early candle light" I am sure members of this body were among the first to break the fallow ground and call sinners to repentance. This whole country owes a debt which never can be paid to many a humble believer who undeterred by the indifference or it may have been the active opposition of those they were trying to save, persevered in preaching the glad tidings of a living, risen Saviour. The denominational cleavages were more accentuated than now. Presbyterians looked upon Methodists as a sect preaching strange doctrines, and this feeling was fully reciprocated. This remark applies equally to all the other denominations. As the village expanded by the influx of English, Scotch and Irish, who came from lands blessed with religious privileges and who deplored the want of them here, very early efforts were made to organize themselves into congregations, uniting with the particular church in which they had been brought up. The first necessity was the erection of houses in which the Bible could be taught, prayer and praise offered to the Great Father of all, and where people would be led to love and adore Him. I am at sea as to dates but I fancy our Methodist brethren were the first to build. A church was in existence on the hill about 1840. It was quite large and, for the time, quite an imposing chapel. I went to Sunday school there. My teacher was Charles Brown. Some yet on this side of the boundary line, may recall him. He died, at about middle age. As I was not an attendant at the church, I cannot call up the ministers who officiated. Among the first was Mr. Madden, and in the apostolic succession their pulpit has been filled by many able and devoted ministers. The town having extended eastwards, they turned with the tide and moved into new quarters on the site of the present large, imposing building. This denomination has spread out its branches since the first seedling was



planted in the old place of meeting until now it covers three fourths at least of the religious soil in this place and the surrounding township of Darlington.

The Congregationalists were indeed among the pioneers in the onward movement. They had a place of worship as far back as I can recollect. The first preacher was a Mr. Meichim, a well bred gentleman. He was from refined stock in England. A though I recollect him well I was too young to know anything about his career. I mentioned before, in another connection that he had built what was a fine residence next to the Bigelows on the western hill. How long he remained with the people here I do not know. It is difficult to get accurate information as to occurrences so far back. Rev. John Climie became the minister in about '47. His arrival to take charge here was a most important event and fraught with abiding good to the people. He was a Scotchman, but I do not know from what part of that famous land he came. His wife, though, was from Glasgow. She knew my mother in that city. He was a most indefatigable worker, a good speaker, well endowed with power, both of brain and body. I do not think he had many extra advantages in the way of higher education, but he was so constituted that he used every opportunity within reach to improve the gift he had. The awful effect of the widespread use of intoxicants was being seen on every hand. The best of homes and the lowest stratum of humanity were suffering alike. This octopus stretched out its arms, embracing many of our most promising youths. Enniskillen, a small village north was a fair sample of many similar places. Dozens of men in the neighborhood, including both old and young who would otherwise have been useful members of society got into its tentacles and were crushed out of all semblance of respectability. While even now great harm arises from the consumption of liquor the evil cannot for a moment be compared with what it was at the time to which I refer. There was no restriction as to its sale, and no kind of legal machinery to carry out what little attempt had been made by legislation to bring the traffic under some kind of control. It permeated nearly all domestic life. Scarcely a gathering of any description took place at which it was not freely imbibed. Some however were beginning to see that unless something was done to stop the incoming ocean of evil, the demoralization arising from this curse would

overwhelm the whole community. The neighboring States were suffering to as great an extent from the same cause. Aroused to the danger they commenced agitating for greater restriction in the public sale and for its discontinuance in the family circle. The wave of this controversy struck Canada. The Sons of Temperance were spreading rapidly over the whole continent and a Division was opened here in 1847. Rev. Mr. Climie took up the cause and fought most heroically against the accursed evil. At all times he was at the post of duty: on the platform, in the pulpit and in his private endeavors with his fellow citizens, he advocated total abstinence. In season and out of season his voice and influence were used to further the cause; and what a foe he had to meet! The power and wealth of those concerned! It touched the pecuniary interest of all engaged in its manufacture and sale. They had for years looked on it as a legitimate source of gain. Like the men of Ephesus, their craft was endangered. They fought like lions against any change interfering with their trade. Then hundreds were totally indifferent. The moderate drinkers did not see any special harm in its use. The truth had not yet dawned on the intelligence of the people, that drinking was not merely a habit to be abandoned at will, but that whiskey was a deadly poison if used to any great extent, producing by its actions on the nerve centres a complicated form of disorder which resulted in both physical and moral paralysis. He struck to his colors under all adverse surroundings. Abused, maligned, once assaulted, he struggled on. If any worker in the temperance cause deserved a memorial of some kind to perpetuate his memory, it was John Climie. Then how unselfish he was; at no time did he get more than a bare living. I had a great deal of intercourse with him and found him ever pleasant and agreeable. I have a book he gave me which I highly prize. The inscription reads, "From the Rev. J. Climie, a small recognition of official politeness, 1857."

His son, William, played an important part in the events of his time. He edited with fairness and ability, a newspaper in the interest of the Reform party to which he adhered. He was a true man in the widest sense of that term. His early demise caused deepest regret to hundreds in West Durham to whom he had endeared himself by many ties. The only descendant living in Bowman-

vile is Miss Climie, of Stott & Jury.

In referring before to this subject I wrote that I did not think the effect was as great from the universal use of liquor as might be thought. Those remarks applied to a much earlier period. Whether people had become constitutionally weaker, or whether it was now more excessively indulged in I cannot say. One thing is sure, from what I myself saw as a youth,—the statements are not too strong. Having looked on that, now look on this. Through the efforts of those earnest men who fought such a gallant battle, there is no place where it is legally sold to-day in Darlington, Carke, and Cartwright. The Rev. I. M. Reike followed Mr. Climie in the pastorate. He was of Scottish parentage, brought up in England. He was all that could be desired and magnified his office. I have not space to go farther down in time and must leave for the present more recent occurrences.

In the cosmopolitan population there was a small number of Presbyterians who united together and formed the root from which the present congregation sprang. In 1834 a committee was appointed to canvas for subscriptions with a view to building at as early a date as possible but it was not until March 26, 1842, that the whole was brought to completion and the place fully paid for. It stood on one of the most central and sightly places in the village. The Disciples church is now on nearly the exact spot. Many a worker at present engaged in the same good undertaking may think he has an arduous task but he does not know the A. B. C. of what the leaders in those remote times had to undergo. The subscription list was a curiosity. Five pounds was the largest sum given by any individual, other amounts were from two pounds to a shilling and the list included contributors from Pickering to Cobourg. Considering the scarcity of money and the hard fight many were making in this new country it was a liberal showing. Troublous times were soon to overtake the little band which followed the teaching of John Knox. The disruption came in 1842-43 and divided forces and resources. Both parties claimed the church property. Before the thing was finally settled and while it was in possession of the Free Church, the Rev. Mr. Steele was called and inducted in 1845. In the meantime they were ejected at the instance of C. Bowman, for the property had reverted to him, the trustees having failed to carry

out the provisions of the deed. Mr. Steele resigned in 1849.

The Free Church party, although in a large majority, could not make any compromise and were compelled to build a new place in which to worship. They were not to be defeated and went at it with energy, many making great sacrifices. The result however was that they were enabled to call a minister and when the new building was ready for occupation in 1851, John Smith, the one chosen, took possession of the pulpit. For financial reasons they had united with Enniskillen and for 25 years Mr. Smith did good and faithful service in the cause of his Master. He took up the temperance reform and was a powerful accession to the ranks already in the field. He was found in the firing line at every point in the contest. He was popular with all the different battalions in this war against the mighty evil. He was from the Emerald Isle and endowed like many of his country men with an eloquent witty tongue. Many a meeting was aroused to enthusiasm by his burning, earnest appeals. He left us in 1876 and spent the rest of his days in Toronto, where he died in the harness. His memory is cherished yet by some who knew him. His good works, both in the church and in this great reform followed him.

The Episcopalians were also in active work in the early history of Bowmanville. Their first building was a frame one, but afterwards one of brick was erected. This was remodelled about 1852 and is the church at present in use. It has been continuously occupied since the first sermon was preached within its walls. Many a tempestuous hour it has experienced, but, like the great church of the home land, it is made of sound and staunch material. Dissenters think her in many things too conservative, but I am sure all must feel deep sympathy with the heroic body of Christians who have done such noble service for our common Lord. The Rev. I. S. Kennedy was the Rector during my boyhood, and a most lovable man he was. He did not side with the democratic element. The many political changes arising from responsible government he strongly opposed. He was an out-and-out Conservative and took an active part in those questions that were the subject of controversy and discussion, but in all the practical duties of a Christian minister he was not wanting. Kind and most generous to the poor he was a cultured Christian gentleman. He was appointed secretary of the Church

Association and went to Toronto. There was a pathetic ending to his life. He had received a letter from England when a resident here. Either the writer had small pox at the time or else the letter had passed through the hands of some one having the infection. Years afterwards, when looking over some old letters he handed it caught the dread disease and died from it. A few words about his successor, the Rev. A. McNab, D. D., who for so long held the rectorship. He was born near Belleville, was educated for the Methodist ministry, and was for some time Principal of Victoria College, Cobourg. Owing to changes in his theological views he went over to the Church of England and was appointed to the charge here. The residence was at the Wilmot's old church, Clarke. After the separation of Darlington and Clarke for ecclesiastical purposes he lived here and built the fine house now owned by Mrs. McConachie, Concession St. He was long a remarkable figure in our midst, perhaps the best looking man in the place, very sociable and unfailing in his attendance upon the poor and suffering of his congregation. As a personal friend I found him true and faithful to the last. His son Alexander is a well-known preacher and lecturer in Toronto.

The Disciples, as they were then called came into existence as an organized sect at an early date, having accepted the teaching of Campbell, then at the height of his fame. He certainly was one of the keenest controversialists of the age. Among those who indorsed his views were the late Senator Simpson and Charles Lester. They, with others worked with persevering energy and laid the first stones in the foundation of this new, and at that time, novel superstructure. Its infant struggles were carefully fostered and now there is a flourishing congregation and a beautiful church. Charles Lester is still an exponent of the views he then held and has through a long life been an example of what a true disciple of the great Teacher should be. May his bow remain unstrung for some time to come!

The Bible Christians, a branch of the Methodists, at the early date I am writing about had a separate corporate existence, and as large numbers came here from Cornwall and Devonshire England, which was the home of the sect, it was only to be supposed that they wanted a union with their co-religionists, in order that their peculiar tenets should be taught and observed. They were numerous among

the arrivals early in the forties and many of the inhabitants here and in Darlington claimed allegiance to them, ranking among the most intelligent and well-to-do of the population. They soon made arrangements to have some of their own preachers to work in this promising field. They labored abundantly and finally built a large edifice now occupied as an evaporator. One of their most prominent men was J. Hicks Eynon. He threw himself into the work and worked unceasingly. His wife also took an active part. They lived for a time in a small frame house near Mr. Thos Hoar's, and often she could be heard out on the street when they were having a prayer meeting. They were not ashamed of the gospel they believed. They were long called "rangers." I suppose from the earnest way in which they taught and preached. No man was better known throughout all this region than Father Eynon. He had great personal influence with the adherents. He drew up their wills and was looked up to for advice in temporal as well as religious matters. He lived to be an old man and spent the evening of his life at Bethesda. Amongst his coadjutors were many strong men. Jacob Gale, father of Mr. James Gale, editor of The News, was a workman who needed not to be ashamed. Our friend, the editor, must have breathed a religious atmosphere for he served his apprenticeship in the office of the Observer, then the organ of the body under the care of the late well-known Rev. Oephas Barker. Another was the Rev. Paul Robbins who after his retirement lived here and died in the midst of his numerous friends. His son now holds a prominent position in McGill Normal School, Montreal. The last name I will take time to mention is that of one who has been highly honored in the ministry, Rev. Wm. Jolliffe now over eighty years of age whose praise is in all the churches. In the after glow of the setting sun his powers are still such as to enable him to expound the great doctrines of the Christian faith as well as in the earlier years of his life. Surely it can be said of any man that he has fought a good fight and has kept the faith and will wear the crown. It can be said of him. The Bible Christians wisely entered into the union and lost their distinctive badge.

The Roman Catholics have still the small brick church which they first occupied. They have never had sufficient strength to have a priest of their own. They have the occasional ministrations

of the Port Hope Father who comes in cases of emergency.

The Primitive Methodists who had also seceded from the parent body, erected a church and had many capable men. The late George Haines Esq. was a leading member and loyally supported the determined effort they were making for equal representation in the courts of the church. There were also associated with them the late John Higginbotham who officiated as local preacher, and my old school fellow, locally known as "The Wandering Bo." Thos Hoar who never puts his hand to anything that he does not do with all his might. Among the clergymen who took a first place were the Rev Mr. Nattress, Rev Mr Goodman, Messrs Hughan and Dyke. They were zealous promoters of the good cause and differed from their brethren only in matters of church government. They too were absorbed in the great amalgamation which now makes a compact army fighting under the Methodist flag better able to carry on aggressive work against the evil surrounding them and to positive service in helping to evangelize the world, than if they remained separated as they were.

By a lapse of memory I had forgotten to mention two branches of the numerous Presbyterian family that had active congregations in the forties. There was quite a number of members who retained their connection with the church of Scotland and being wealthy they were enabled though not numerically strong to maintain a minister. They called the late Professor McKerress, who at that time was quite young, just a student from college and he ministered to them for many years. His pastorate here was a great success, beloved by his own flock and held in the highest esteem by the community. It was inevitable that one of his talents, scholarship and industry could not remain hidden in such a small sphere of labour. He was appointed to a Professorship in Queen's College, Kingston. His course there was a distinguished one. Sad to say he died quite young in years but left a blessed memory behind him and which is still living in the minds and hearts of those who he helped to train for the ministry. The Rev Adam Spencer succeeded him in Bowmanville. He was a scholarly good preacher. He was here many years and was suddenly called to his reward. The congregation came into the union and most of the membership united with St. Paul's, Bowmanville. There were a few residing in

the northern part of Darlington and some in Bowmanville who had been brought up in the united Presbyterian branch of this much divided church. They united their strength and formed congregations at Enniskillen and Bowmanville. The late Rev Alexander Kennedy became their minister. He lived at Hampton and for some years they kept together while he had charge, but finding the work uphill he resigned and the congregations dissolved. Mr Kennedy was a prince in Israel, few indeed possessed his ability. It would take a big space to delineate at any length his manifold gifts and graces. Benevolent, his whole means were devoted to the good of others, Verily he has his reward.

I will now refer to two laymen, one a Presbyterian the other a Methodist, both of whom had much to do with the religious movements of the early times. The late John McLaughlin was a member of the first named body. He lived near Tyrone and was indefatigable in his effort to keep the congregation together after it was established at Enniskillen. He gave liberally of his time and means for that purpose, was for years a leading elder and was looked up to by the membership and held in the greatest respect. He was in the sphere of this influence a most useful citizen, well educated and well informed, an original thinker and thoroughly independent in his opinions. He was from the north of Ireland and like most of his countrymen a strong protestant. After a successful life he died a very old man, retaining to the last the goodwill and esteem of the whole community. I may put in print one little item showing the character of the man. He was at one time jointly with the late James McClellan, Bowmanville, appointed Census Commissioner for the township. They resolved at whatever place they were entertained over night they would have family worship. They adhered to the resolution. It wanted moral courage thus to avow their principles. Both were the kind of men to act on their convictions. He left behind him a family of rare talents. The late Jas. W. McLaughlin, M. D., who so long represented West Durham in the Ontario Legislature; Robert McLaughlin, the extensive manufacturer, Oshawa, President of the McLaughlin carriage Company; William, who remained on the home farm and died recently and John W. Jr., a prominent member of the Darlington Township Council, living at Haydon.

I suppose most people outside of the

Celestial Empire, look upon the worship of their ancestors by the Chinese as a foolish superstition. Is it so? I think not. They only recognize the wonderful and terrible law of heredity, understanding that both virtue and vice are transmissible moral qualities descending often from father to son, hence the social structure of their civilization is largely based on this great fact. When a member of a family does anything to bring disgrace on himself, the whole household suffers as well. The same law applies to the village of which he may be a resident. Both are proscribed and shut out from intercourse with their neighbors. No wonder then that every effort is made to train and guard the growing youth in such a way that no stain shall rest on them or those from whom they are descended, the great controlling motive being that when they shall pass away their lives in turn should have been such as to command the same veneration and worship. Why should not we cultivate a pride in our forefathers many of whom struggled under great difficulties with high aims in the earnest endeavor to elevate humanity.

Michael Cryderman was prominent in helping to build up the expanding trade of the place; he also took great interest in the municipal and religious events of the time. He was the grandfather of our enterprising townsman Mr. H. J. Cryderman, partner in the large dry goods house of Couch, Johnston & Cryderman. He came to Darlington in 1825, having first lived some two years near the present city of London, Ontario. He was of U. E. Loyalist extraction hailing from Napanee. I am told that he exchanged a valuable estate in Westminster township for the Ralph Harnden farm, west of the town of Bowmanville, upon which he lived for some time. It is now owned by Mrs. Harnden. This farm he afterwards exchanged for the fine lands upon which he finally took up his abode and where the family were raised, north-westward of the pretty village of Hampton. He was the first local preacher in the township. His parish extended from Colborne to Pickering. How the spirit of the Master must have taken possession of his whole nature. Without any remuneration for his services he voluntarily endured the fatigue of long journeys over, at times, execrable roads, to preach the evangel and give aid and comfort to some poor suffering, dying creature, pointing them onwards and upwards to the eternal rest of the heavenly home. I am told that he kept a diary

and from it, the fact is gathered that he attended two hundred funerals, preaching on each occasion.

I remember the first time I saw the late Mr. Cryderman. He was officiating in the old school house, holding a service over the remains of a Darlington farmer who had committed suicide. His next neighbor on the east from where he lived, on the Kingston road was Solomon Tyler, who held the same religious belief. They with their wives and some others formed a small class meeting for mutual help and edification—the first I presume in Darlington. I remember the old gentleman (Mr. Tyler) well. He was eccentric but a thoroughly good pious man. He took a religious newspaper and many a time I handed it out to him. He never failed in coming for it weekly. He was the grandfather of Clarke Tyler and the two other brothers Philip and Jared, who are still living in the town and township.

Returning to the Crydermans, James Cryderman is still living enjoying excellent health with his daughter in Oshawa, and Marshall is on the homestead. The former wrote me sometime ago recalling an incident in his father's life and which I also knew, having heard it frequently spoken of. I repeat it as it shows vividly to what extremes political strife was carried in those early days. At an election held for the then county, I have forgotten its limits, it included a large area. The polling took place at Peterboro. Mr. Cryderman was attacked by some of the rougher element and would in all likelihood have been killed. As it was he was badly injured. Had not my father gone to his help and rescue they at the time were on opposite sides in the contest. My Governor being a Conservative and Mr. Cryderman advocating Reform. I am not sure who the candidates were but think Mr. Fothergill, the gentleman who in 1831 compiled the first Almanac that was gotten up in the Province was one. It was a valuable compendium of useful information. I have a copy of it and so has Mr. W. E. Poliard of Darlington. He was a Liberal in politics and was closely related to Mrs. W. J. McMurtry, of Toronto.

I might mention as a matter of interest to the relatives that Mr. Cryderman was one of the first Commissioners appointed by the Government to manage the affairs of the township. Two of the grandsons graduated from my office. Norman Cryderman, son of Mr. James Cryderman, Oshawa, is now in the employment of the C. P. R. Railway, being station agent

at Elkhorra N. W. T. He is doing well and is in the way of promotion. Manly, son of the late Michael Cryderman, holds the responsible position of Deputy Postmaster at Regina, the largest town in the new Province of Saskatchewan. He has become an expert hand and must from his character and energy rise to a higher position in the service. They are both worthy of success.

How changed conditions are since 1838! Any one lucky enough to own a mill site on our small streams was supposed to be rich. At that time it was a valuable asset. The manufacture of flour was equal to a gold mine. Judging by the money that flowed into the coffers of those engaged in it. Large fortunes were made all over the country by those who followed that occupation.

Wheat was the great grain crop. It was very much here then as it is now in the great North-West—wheat was on the brain and notwithstanding the limited quantity of land under cultivation, an enormous crop was annually raised. Fall sowing was universally practised in the country with wonderful results. There was an acre of it sown in the village near where Thomas Brown lived. He was a leading mechanic and made money at his trade. Many of the buildings he put up are still standing and in use. Mr. Thos. Short owns one of them. There was produced from this patch of good marketable grain sixty bushels. This is no fish story, but a fact. As the axe wielded by willing lusty men made large and larger inroads on the forest, the acreage brought under cultivation stretched out with ever increasing breadth over Clarke, Cartwright and Manvers township. The farmers pushed this branch to such an extent that the surplus they were enabled to sell was a source of untold wealth to them. This was shown by the removal of log barns and houses and in the substitution of good ones of wood brick or stone.

The increase of the population kept pace with the general improvements going on. Bowmanville also sprang in leaps and bounds into a main centre where millions of bushels of this cereal was handled. Those who were engaged in the commerce and trade of the village were men of good standing, having such a reputation as to bring customers from long distances to get their supplies. How it came about is impossible to explain. Was it the inevitable that seems to controvert our destiny which led Mr. John Brown who was born and raised in one of the West India Islands to leave that land of

sunshine and tropical luxuriance to seek a cooler climate? The "Lady of the Snows" was his choice and he came to Canada deciding upon this pretty village as a spot in which to try his fortune. He opened a general store on the lot upon which the brick block stands now owned by Mr. David Davis, boot and shoe merchant, and Mr. C. M. Cawker & Son, butchers. It was a frame structure endways to the street on the west side of it. A dwelling house some distance back was also put up on the east of it. He soon made a good connection with the purchasing public and for quite a time he sold large quantities of goods. Had he been contented with fair success his future might have been a happier one. Ambitious to make a large fortune he went into what seemed the readiest and surest means of attaining that end—milling. He bought the site where the electric power house is now situated, north west part of town and reclaimed it from the state of nature in which it then was. The operations involved in the movement were carried on with great vigor, and necessarily very large amounts of money were spent by him before he got the dam built, the mill up and running a road had also to be constructed and other heavy expenses incurred. It was a big undertaking and only a man with a buoyant disposition would have attempted it. The ground plot which was necessary to carry out the scheme had to be cleared and the stumps removed. Financial troubles soon overtook him. He did not readily succumb sticking to it as long as he possibly could but at last was compelled to strike his colours. He was a heavy creditor of the then leading wholesale establishment of Gillespie Moffat & Co., Montreal, to whom he made an assignment. He was a most extraordinary fellow, nothing could daunt him. After the failure he for some time drove a peddling wagon up and down the country selling every variety of stuff. During the boom in Winnipeg he turned up there as a speculator in real estate and made money. His two daughters are now living. They are in affluent circumstances, denizens of that great city of the West. Another man becomes identified with the early business of the place through him. Nathaniel Wilson father of Mrs. Duncan Beith, was taken into his employment and had the main charge for some time. He came from near the village of Grafton, Northumberland County, and was a fine bright aspirant for success. He opened up a shop in the same line

and for years did a thriving trade. He was by nature hopeful and took a large outlook believing in the future possibilities of the country. After giving for a time his attention to property he owned in Port Hope, he turned back again to a branch of his former occupation and had just gotten a factory running in Toronto where he was making up white goods for the wholesale houses, when the last call came. It met him early in life. Mrs. Wilson is occasionally a resident in Bowmanville and enjoys good health, spending her time among her daughters who are all married. Her two sons have taken fine positions in this country. Frank Wilson, the eldest has been since boyhood in the employment of the Hudson Bay Company and will soon be chief factor. Robert Wilson was here last summer with some celebrated Indian Chiefs from the North West. He is doing a fine work for the Government in looking after those aborigines who are still children of the state.

The word circumstance crops up so often I am tempted to make a short comment on its meaning. The dictionary says it is something attendant on another thing of a similar kind. That events we describe as circumstantial are forged in a celestial crucible and thrown out indiscriminately on the world at large bringing disaster to one and prosperity to another is a hard thing to accept as a principle of belief. I am fully aware that in discussing it I am walking on thin ice and would not like to break through myself or cause anyone else to do so, as the cold chilling water of doubt lies very near the surface. That there is a special Providence over God's children is clearly and distinctly enunciated by the great Teacher. This doctrine appeals to our reason and sense of right, still when incidents come so systematically out of which others evolve seemingly according to the natural order of cause and effect it makes it hard for us at all times to exercise full faith in the constant oversight of the Heavenly Father.

There can be no doubt as to the Christian life of James I. Steele to whom I am about to refer. After the failure of Mr. Brown, the property was made over to the Montreal firm already alluded to. Looking at it purely from the human side, if this change in the proprietorship had not taken place, how different might have been the trend of his after life. He was chosen as the most suitable person to do the work and was sent to Bowmanville to look after their interests and keep

the business together till a sale of it could be made. I cannot say how long it was in his custody. When it did pass into other hands he decided to resume his former connection with the dry goods trade and started here. It is seldom that anyone bred to the wholesale where goods are sold in large quantities, can come down to the smaller operations involved in selling by retail. On the other side, it works directly the other way. Some of the most prosperous men in the Dominion have built up and now control great establishments starting from small beginnings, perhaps commencing their efforts in some obscure country village. Mr. Steele first opened up in a building then owned by Jno. D. Fee, a person who was mixed up largely with the interests of the town in the fifties. I think he pulled down the old frame which Mr. Brown had previously occupied. The business did not grow as he desired; indeed, he was not cut out for such a calling. Without question he was one of the most straight and upright men I ever knew. It would be impossible for him to descend to anything mean or tricky. In all matters connected with his dealings with others he was fair and liberal. Firm as a rock in holding to and advocating what he thought to be right in private and in public life. He moved down into the old Bowman brick stand, the late Allan Lockhart being then the lessee of the grist mill. It was out of the way for the general public and after a short trial he gave it up, eventually closing his connection with that branch of trade when living in one of our western towns to which he had removed with hope of getting on more rapidly than he had done in Bowmanville. His tastes inclined more to an outdoor life and he determined to change his occupation for one more congenial. British Columbia as a new field for enterprise had been opened up to a certain extent and thither he went, commencing a small ranch. His idea was to raise an improved grade of cattle. He took quite a number of thoroughbreds out with him and no doubt he was among the first to introduce such new strains of stock as to largely enhance the value of their herds now and then in existence. He took two of his brothers with him, William and Thomas.

The former I believe is still carrying on the business that was founded by them. James Steele was the eldest member of the family which was quite large. Through the death of his father and the changed circumstances consequent upon

p. 45-6 follow p. 36  
(unbound)

it, a great responsibility was thrown on his shoulders and nobly he met the issue. Unselfish he was willing to make any sacrifice for their comfort. He was in my estimation the beau ideal of a strong, able, good man. Their father was a resident of Northumberland county. He was well up in public affairs taking much interest in the municipal council of the United Counties. He had quite a potent turn of mind and sometimes wielded a caustic pen. His knowledge of municipal law and political matters was extensive. One of his sons, John, was in the Bowmanville branch of the bank of Montreal. He was a good official and well liked by the customers of the bank and loved by his intimate associates. He afterwards was in business at Oshawa being in partnership with his brother, Mr. R. C. Steele, usually known as Clark, in the grocery trade, the firm being known as Steele Bros. He died comparatively young. Mr. R. C. Steele has by his skill and pluck become one of the prominent men in the city of Toronto, being at the head of the well established house of Steele, Briggs & Co., the great sized firm commanding a trade all over the Dominion. No friend of my younger days do I recall with greater pleasure, at the same time sorrow at his early demise, than James I. Steele.

Another link in the wonderful chain of circumstances evolving from Mr. John Brown's attempt to run a mill emerges in the arrival in Bowmanville in 1859, of W. R. Brock, who was born in the Royal City of Guelph in 1836. His father was an Englishman of fine attainments and was not long in this rising town before he took a high position in the business and social life of the place. He was a pioneer in that section of Ontario. Unfortunately he was cut down by an accident in the vigor of his manhood when out shooting on the river near his home. He was killed through some mischance in handling the weapon he used. He only lived long enough to make a will and say farewell to the dear ones composing the family circle. This changed the course of the stream on which Mr. W. R. Brock had started on the voyage of his life. His father having a desire that he should follow one of the learned professions, the law was chosen as the one most suitable and the one most in accordance with his own desire. He was at the time a student in the office of Ferguson Blair, one of the first Barristers practising in that city, but in consequence of this dreadful calamity,

he found it would be in the interest of the other members of the family to change his plans. He did so and abandoned his prospects of becoming a follower of Blackstone. Turning his attention to commercial pursuits, his first effort in that line was in his native town. After his marriage the youthful pair removed to Toronto, he having taken a place in the dry goods house of Scott & Laidlaw. While in their employ he met James T. Steele who was on the lookout for a suitable assistant, having a knowledge of that branch of trade. An arrangement was entered into by them, he accepting the offer. So it happened that for some four years he entered into and became an important factor in the rapidly increasing business of this place.

Notwithstanding Mr. W. R. Brock's short connection with Bowmanville I am fain to associate him with the other West Durhams who have gone out from this famous county and are benefiting many portions of the Dominion and United States as well, numbers of whom are swelling the ranks of the industrious successful workers in every branch of the industrial world. Mr. Brock never was what might be called robust, yet possessing a marvellous constitution, both wiry and enduring, he has outlived hundreds of his compeers who seemed to have ten chances to his one of a long life. Being restlessly energetic, having a large mental equipment, he was not long here before he became recognized as one who would make the best of the present world. He had a singular power to rapidly analyze and size up correctly any business problem. Ever on the lookout and quick to take advantage of any opening opportunity, he could not but get on with the highest sense of honor and generous beyond measure he rapidly gained an entrance into the confidence of the general community. I cannot more properly describe him than by using the word intense. Whatever he put his hand to do he threw his whole soul into it. Fired with a praiseworthy ambition to make a high mark in his future career and to catch Dame Fortune's golden smiles, he assiduously waited upon her; even when working for others he did it with the same untiring energy and fidelity as he afterwards did for himself. He could not act the part of a time-server.

I have no doubt very many throughout this section remember him well. Though only living here a short time he got to be widely known among all classes of



people in Darlington and the adjoining townships. A good many of the farmers in Mariposa—a township which was even at that early date a storehouse of wealth—came here during the winter season to sell their grain and purchase what they might require of different kinds of stores. Leaving home in the morning they would arrive here in the evening, transact their business and start back the next day. Port Perry and Lindsay were not long in becoming alive to the necessity of counteracting this tendency on the part of the citizens of that township to come so far to do their trading. Hence a keen competition arose. They determining to control the commerce of this rich section that lay at their own doors. Our merchants had no other way of meeting the exigency that arose then by sending out men to contest it on their own ground. Large quantities of goods were regularly sent there and disposed of an immense amount of wheat was purchased at a good price giving a great momentum to all kinds of trade. This grain was teamed out to the front, supplying our grist mills with material with which to carry on the manufacture of flour. Large numbers were employed in this way at good wages for themselves and team. It was no doubt a hard way to 'raise the wind' but they did not seem to mind it. Mr. Brock took part in the work, representing his employer out there in that new and roughemporium. Many a hard drive he took in reaching the scene of operations. It was necessary for him to leave at 4 a. m. to enable him to get out in time. It was no joke to face the storms and cold of such a long, tedious drive and many a time in crossing Lake Scugog they encountered high gales and intense cold, nearly as bad as a blizzard in the north-west. But worst of all was the wretched accommodations that existed in the shape of a house of entertainment. It was no Delmonico. Fortunately they were a merry lot of young fellows who were compelled to stay in the caravansary. The late Charles Fisher, John Murdoch and many others made things lively at Hoover's, Mr. Brock himself being a good hand at the game. I have heard some of them relate with great gusto their adventures in that notorious spot. Mr. George Kerr, who is at present the agent of the Western Bank in the interesting village of Pickering, bought grain out there for the late John Burk, used to tell a good one about a toothsome dish he got at Mallory's sheban shop

which he kept at Caesarea and which they were obliged to patronise for meals in going to and fro; he dubbed, it resur-rection pie. He declared that a drawer in the kitchen table was used as a receptacle in which all kinds of odds and ends that would accumulate during the week were deposited occasional bits of yarn, etc., not coming amiss. This material by the deft constructive genius of the cook was made into a pasty which frequently adorned the table 'dote on Saturday.

Mr. Brock's vision of the future expansion of the Province of Ontario was correct. No pent up Utica contracted his sight, and if not the whole continent at least the wide, long and fertile field of Ontario loomed up before him as a grand opening for business enterprise. With unbounded faith in it and himself he could not be held in leash by his then environments, and when the time came he moved into a larger sphere in which to exercise his great business talents. He went to Montreal and through the kindness of our venerable friend and citizen Mr. Thos. Paterson and the good offices of the late James Dakers, Esq., then Secretary of the Montreal Telegraph Company, he obtained a situation with the firm of Ogilvy & Co. He travelled for them for some years and in this, as in all else to which he put his hand, he brought to bear his untiring and wonderful discrimination. It soon told in a rapid extension of their trade. They opened a branch in Toronto under his management. His subsequent career in that city is a matter, not of local, but of provincial interest, and when the history of Ontario is written he will occupy a prominent place in it.

It is generally look upon as *infra dig* to say anything laudatory of a man during his lifetime. I do not myself sympathize with that view, holding the belief that if a man's course of action has been such as to become a fitting example for others in the race, it should be held up as a stimulating force in helping them to win the prize. I need not trace the different changes of the business with which Mr. Brock's name has been identified. Suffice it to say, he is now one of the millionaires of Toronto, the rich, flourishing metropolis of the Province. But what I esteem of far more importance is the vast amount of good that he has done and is now doing for others. If it is true that the man who

plants a tree is to some extent a patriot, the same axiom applies with equal force to other spheres. His services have been very valuable to the country generally in helping to originate and carry on the many manufacturing industries now in operation and which give large numbers of the working population employment. Indeed he was among the very first to encourage the making of woollen tweeds and fabrics of a similar kind. He was identified with the Waterloo Mills soon after they were started and no doubt to his management they owe their prosperity. In this age of combination when such large amounts of money are invested in chartered companies of all kinds, they being managed and controlled by boards of directors, it is of vital importance that those placed in charge of such grave trusts should be men of high character. It has too often turned out that many of them were mere figure-heads, only seeking the emoluments of the office. I am glad to see by a statement latterly published in the News, that Mr. Brock is associated with a large number of those corporations such as banks, loan companies, etc. I know he will not consent to occupy any place of responsibility unless he can give it full attention and where the savings of thousands of people embracing all ranks and conditions are concerned, it is of supreme moment that the very best men attainable should be gotten to take charge of such institutions. It must be a matter of gratification to the shareholders to have one of his long and wide experience to help in safe-guarding their funds.

Mr. Brock has not failed in passing through this scene of anxiety and labor of which he has had his full share to cultivate the higher side of his nature, finding time in the midst of all his manifold cares to travel extensively. He has spent months at a time in England, France Italy and other European countries, once visiting the oldest city in the world, Damascus. I have heard him say that he never returned from those extended trips that he did not, on crossing the boundary of Ontario, bow his head with reverent gratitude to the Disposer of all human events, for as much as he was born in Canada, a son of Ontario and a resident of no mean city.

To Bowmanville and its environs his affections still cling. He says himself in

a note I had from him recently that his memory fondly goes back to this place and the happy time he spent in our lovely little town. It comes to him as a delightful dream. The friendships he formed are a sacred tie that binds him to West Durham. In politics he is an ultra Conservative, at the same time tolerant to those who differ from him. My knowledge of him is thorough, arising from an intimacy of over half a century. We are brother-in laws.

Referring again to the flour mill. It was disposed of by the Montreal House to James McDougall, the uncle of the late John McDougall and his two brothers Robert and David, who are still denizens of this town. He was a wealthy man and was living at the time in that city. He sent his brother George to take charge of it and manage the business. For many years he did so with success. He was very quiet and unassuming. He at last made up his mind to leave the country altogether and went to one of the Sandwich Islands. At that time very little was known about them and to get there was quite an arduous undertaking. I am told that he died only a few years ago. James McDougall was succeeded in the affairs of the mill by his nephew, Mr. John McDougall, who built up by his energy and close attention a large trade. Many thousands of dollars changed hands during the McDougall regime. Owing to the alteration in the kind of crops that was found suitable to the capabilities of the land there was a serious lessened production of wheat. This made milling unprofitable and he also abandoned it. The property was sold to a Mr. Stevens who lived near the Whitby boundary. It was during the time that he was the owner that it was burned down and the whole establishment wiped out. John and David went into the produce trade. They were engaged in it for some time afterwards. At last this firm dissolved and their long connection with this traffic ceased. Mr. John McDougall was appointed clerk of the Division Court and Secretary Treasurer of the High School Board, both of which positions he filled to the utmost satisfaction of all concerned. His sudden and untimely death came as a great shock as he was so well known. He passed into the unknown grieved for by large numbers of his neighbors, acquaintances and friends.

No class of the people do I more highly respect than those who have made a name for themselves as a result of their own

unaided efforts. In this comparatively new country by far the largest number of those who have reached a high level among their fellow competitors had been born not with the proverbial silver spoon in their mouth but the chances are that nine out of every ten had only a pewter one with which they were fed. In the old land things are mightily different from what they are here. The lines which divide the masses are very distinctly drawn. My remarks do not refer to the great aristocracy with whom riches have been hereditary for ages but to those in middle rank who for the last two hundred years have grown to be such a powerful quantum in every kind of activity permeating through and through the social domestic and national life of England. Many children who have been reared in homes with a super abundance of this world's goods have been judiciously trained by those in trust with their early education so as to balance the good that can be done and also to eschew the dangers incident to superfluous wealth and have learned how to use and not abuse the vast advantages of having rich parents. I suppose familiarity with their surroundings, having every luxury that could be obtained, has led them to take the pleasant side of things with moderation.

On this side of the Atlantic, at least in Canada, it is not so. I am persuaded that in the majority of cases where a great amount of means has been inherited it has proved not a blessing but very often a curse to the recipients. I heard a gentleman who now is at the top of the financial ladder, say, many years ago that his herculean efforts were made largely with a view of saving his sons from the hard work and anxiety he underwent in his earlier years, evidently overlooking the fact that the necessity for exertion on his part had called the latent forces which kind Nature had bestowed upon him into active exercise and to which he owed his very prosperous career. A young fellow can hardly be blamed who grows up without any higher ideal of life than what he can get out of it in the shape of sensuous pleasures, knowing that he is under no necessity to bother about the ways and means by which to live. The German rule of even the Royal family being compelled to learn a trade of some kind gives that nation an object lesson which the commonalty has not been slow to learn, and which is making them today one of the foremost progressive people in Europe. Of course, in towns of the size of Bow-

manville it is impossible for any one to make a very large fortune. The happy medium though, thank God, is attainable, neither poverty nor riches, and this is the fortunate lot of the vast majority.

I was discussing this question quite recently with my friend Dr. John Hoskin, K. C., of Toronto and perhaps no man in that city has had an equal opportunity by direct observation of arriving at a correct conclusion and he readily agrees with me in thinking that in very many cases riches had proved a bane to families brought up having too much money at their disposal. He named many a young fellow who should have been an ornament to society and useful in helping the betterment of others whose existence had become a menace to society and a bitter pill to those who had a right to look for better things from those of their own blood.

I want now to give an instance or two to show what stage can be reached by any young man who has the right stuff in him independent of unfruitful circumstances. During the McDougall occupancy William Scott was one of the millers. He came from the "land of cakes and brither Scots." He was God fearing, careful and industrious. He added little to little while working at his trade until he had accumulated sufficient to buy a farm. He invested in one on the tenth concession of Darlington and afterwards prospered in that calling. Alad William Scott, Jr., growing up under those rural surroundings, on reaching the age when naturally he would take an outlook for the future, determined to use the native talents he had and make a name for himself in this land of progress. He with dauntless pluck devoted his mind to study with the result that he is now the principal of the Normal School, Toronto. I had the honour of being asked to meet the Durham Old Boys Association at his house in the city to spend an evening with them. The spacious rooms were filled with a happy lot of guests renewing old acquaintanceship and recalling the many happy days spent in West Durham. A most enjoyable evening was passed and most generously were we entertained. The hostess is a daughter of the late highly esteemed John Hughes, than whom no one was better and more favorably known in all this region. Her brothers are James L. Hughes, Inspector of Public Schools, Toronto. My old friend Colonel Samuel, M. P. for North Victoria and who was for some time a resident of Bowmanville, during which period I got

to know him intimately. Colonel John who is now Reeve of the township of Clarke and William in the service of the Dominion Government at Kingston. They were a born and bred in Darlington and I have no doubt they look upon it as an honor to claim West Durham as the place of their nativity. I know that many of the old friends and neighbors who knew them in their youthful days have followed them in their different conspicuous stations in life with interest and feel that they in turn are honored in their useful and prominent careers. They inherited strong physical constitutions and well developed brains. These qualities combined with the excellent training they got from their father who was a teacher have made them what they are. I know of no other instance within the range of my observation where four sons of the same parentage have occupied as large a space in the public eye for so many years. When the future annalist records the doings of the men who have aided much in building up our fair Dominion, he will have some bright interesting things to say of the Hughes family.

Two men among the pioneers came from England about 1835 and settled in this (the then) little but rising hamlet. Coming to this land of promise, looking out to better their circumstances, both of them knew that man was made to toil, having learned this hard gnarled fact in the school of experience, working by the day to obtain an honest livelihood. They were James and Richard Tilley. One son in each family had the desire and resolute will to raise themselves into the front rank in some part of the country's work, leaving the world better for their having lived in it. By severe study and perseverance they reached their high aims and for years have been doing good service in the great Educational interests of Ontario. Mr. John J. Tilley is Provincial Inspector of Model Schools residing in Toronto, holding an honored position among the first educationists in that city. Mr. W. E. Tilley M. A. Ph. D. has been for many years Inspector of Public Schools for Durham County. His excellent efforts to aid and help the growing youths in our rural population with encouraging advice and counsel has made him recognized as a most useful employee of the Counties' Council with whom the appointment rests. He has three sons who have all taken prominent positions in their varied callings—Dr. Albert S. Tilley, who has had the good taste and good sense to make this, his

native burgh, his permanent home, where a large and growing practice bears testimony to his professional skill. Mr. William Norman Tilley, of the law firm, Thompson, Tilley & Johnston, Toronto, is a rising man. A fellow practitioner at the Bar in that city has often told me that among the younger barristers in practice Mr. Tilley was sure to take a prominent place and this gentleman's opinion is valuable on any question when he expresses it and the view he held is borne out by the increasing importance of his position in the noted firm of which he is a member. There are great possibilities for him in the future. The last of the three, Herbert R. Tilley, is manager for the Confederation Life Insurance Company in Kingston, Jamaica, W. I.

Prosperous gales blew the Heals across the Atlantic good and early. They were all of them from the west of England. They made their debut here in 1832 and some one of the name has trod our streets and paid taxes here ever since, from the latter of which there is no earthly escape. Taxes here are taxes. I do not grumble about what the Irishman calls cess but the excess is what bothers me. We cannot have all the municipal luxuries without paying the piper and if they were only kept within proper bounds one would not care. I am not far astray in stating that if you take into consideration the high valuation placed on real estate, at twenty seven mills on the dollar, there is no place in Canada of equal size with a higher assessment. Have we had full value for all the large sums spent? this is a moot question. Well I hope so, at any rate I am not going to write about municipal doings. The old gentleman, James Heal, senior, was in my boyhood one of the first men in the village. There was no doubt as to his having had those two prime qualities of push and frugality. He was at one period, apart from what was owned by the late C. Bowman, the largest holder of town lots and was among the first who put up decent houses for renting purposes. They were of course frame structures. The remains of one which is a fair sample of the rest, is still standing as it was originally put up, on Church street near the Town Hall. Age has played havoc with it. Don't judge by present appearance, just remember when it came first into existence, it was a most desirable first class dwelling and many good tenants have lived under its roof. There were also some of them on

King street, however Church street seemed his favorite locality and was dotted over with them. The family dwelling which is still a comfortable and respectable looking house, is now in the occupancy of Dr. Potter. As time revolved and brick came to be used, he put up among others, The Grand Central; at that time the word Grand fairly applied to it. The old people descended from a much better grade than the usual emigre. I mean they were better educated and had been accustomed to better society than they found in their new forest home for literally such it was. The late Colonel Cubitt used often to speak of it, as reaching over that portion of the village now intersected by Beech Avenue, a bear was shot there after he came to Darlington Mrs Heal's bearing was such, she having that something about her not easily described, which bespoke the lady. I had a good deal to do with the senior Heal. He wanted all that was coming to him, at the same time he did not ask a cent beyond it, strictly just and honest in his dealings. I took a lease from him of the premises now used by Mr. Fred J. Manning and was there for five years moving in, in 1853. The rental was three hundred dollars per annum. This shows, judging from the revenue arising from it as an investment that house property was more valuable than it is to day. I think the present occupant must by this time have acquired a special affection for this particular spot, for during the time I was a tenant of Mr. Heal's, his father and mother abode in a house adjoining it to the south and splendid neighbors they were; and I will wager a dime that whoever are fortunate enough to live near them, will receive the same considerate kindness at their hands as I did at the time. There were three sons in the household, Samuel James and John. They were widely different in their looks character and disposition. In one thing they most cordially agreed, that was in their political faith, all being uncompromising Conservatives. It was at one of the elections for the local house when Mr. Reid, of Clarke, came off victorious that James actually wept for joy. Samuel is still living, one of the oldest if not the oldest resident of this favored place and at the age of 85 is taking daily his part in the duties of his position. Few men have passed a long life time in the same place without running against some one who became antagonistic. I never heard his name unfavorably mentioned

and never knew him mixed up with anything mean or unseemly. It can be said with all credibility, he is one of our citizens to whom can be applied the all embracing and comprehensive words, without guile. He has not passed through this vale of tears without his own share of trial. The first Mrs. Heal was a sister of the late George Haines Esq. After being many years a widower he married a daughter of the late Dr. Rose, of Newcastle, but late again left him without that best companionship of all and in recent years he has made his home with his daughter, Mrs. Murdoff. Two of his sons are filling up the passing time being usefully engaged, Chas. following his father's occupation, that of builder and contractor, Fred is in the employ of F. A. Haddv. John differed as much from his brother Samuel as day is from night. He was a tailor by trade and had his shop and dwelling on the lot where the Big 20 now stands, and over which extensive business done there, Mr. Wesley Allin presides as the guardian spirit. If Wes would only bring another angel into service, as nice as the one he has, Miss Bella they would be a trio hard to match for any kind of business. It stood quite a distance off the street a single plank walk leading to the door. At the gate stood a post on the top of which was a sign bearing the quaint legend on it. Tailor from London. We young fry looked upon that piece as almost fabulous and anyone coming from such a wonderland could make garments fit for royalty. I think he had sporting tendencies. I know he had a fighting canine. If you doubt this ask Malcolm McTavish, I always fall back on him when I get stuck in stories of the olden time. I do not know if Malcolm was innocent or not, for like most of us he was no saint; somehow he aroused the ire of the enemy and ran with all his might to get out of danger but he failed to reach a place of safety and neither you nor I gentle reader, if there be such, ever saw a more dreadful wound from such a cause. It was a long time before the Master was able to play foot ball or any similar game. His brother, Captain Hugh McTavish, was here on a visit. The stalwart got his Highland blood aroused and the doggoned dog paid the penalty. I am rambing somewhat. He eventually caught the British Columbia fever and went to that then remote part of the Dominion Mr. Thos. Hoar, the wandering pilgrim, keeps a close track of the Bowmanville crowd who have

scattered over creation, tells me that he had acquired a competency during his life. Let me here mention a little thing but worth while relating. He was once, during the day time while out in his yard attacked by a huge rat and badly bitten. Now for James, the celebrity of them all. As a young man he was chock full of mischief, a ready head centre when any kind of deviltry was to be carried out. He was a ringleader in the charrivaring which so largely prevailed at that lawless period. It was largely through an escapade of his that this wretched custom was broken up.

The Quirs, another name closely identified with the early records of the village, lived on the lot where Mr Murdoch now has his seed store. He occupies the rooms which once formed part of the original house, they being removed from where they then stood. One of the daughters was married; I have forgotten which and on the refusal of the groom to submit to the customary penalty the edict to compel submission was issued by the gang and a determined effort made to enforce it. During the foray a gun was fired off, the contents of which passed through the door and either wounded some of the inmates or came so near doing so that the leaders called a halt. Whether my friend James was the party who actually handled the gun or not, I cannot say, though he had to and did bear the brunt of it, the accusation being made against him as the guilty party. In due course the mighty arm of the law was raised and came down with sledgehammer force. If I remember rightly, he was retired for some time from active labour. He was among the first who took up arms at the time of the rebellion in defence of the country. He shouldered his musket and marched with the other volunteers to Toronto. He was one of the kind out of which good soldiers are made,—no flinching in face of danger. The material out of which he was built was good fighting stuff. When the California gold fever broke out and spread so widely, in 1849, he took the disease and went out there in search of the precious metal. It tried a man's hope and grit to take the dreadful journey around Cape Horn. He did it and reached the diggings in safety. After three years' trial, as it did not pan out as he anticipated, he returned home and stayed here for some time, but his former migration had left some of its effects in his blood. He got restless and resolved once more to

try his luck under our own flag, and British Columbia became the centre of attraction. After fourteen years spent in the almost fruitless search, he bid farewell to the golden prospects and came home to end his days, as he did in peace and comfort. He had a mania for gardening in all its branches; Flowers were his especial hobby. As I am writing this oleander (which we highly prize, that he so kindly brought to the house) is fronting me in the window, a constant reminder of him and his love for those inanimate but living testimonies of God's love for us and them. The two daughters both married. I like to recall an incident in this connection, as it shows that down in nearly every human heart there is a spark of the Divine Spirit of forgiveness and sympathy. Hannah, married a Mr. Eck, of Oshawa. They had an only daughter whom they sent to be educated at the Ladies' College, in Whitby. To be near her they moved into its immediate neighborhood. I happened to be in that town on business and heard that Mrs. Eck was seriously ill, I went to see her. Let me explain briefly the result of that visit. When James returned from his last adventure in the west he somehow got it into his mind that he had not been fairly dealt with in the division of his father's estate and blamed his sister, believing that she had influenced the old gentleman in making disposition of it. In the course of a conversation with her, she spoke strongly, expressing what a source of grief the estrangement had been to her, saying he was her especial favorite and it would be a great consolation to her if a reconciliation could be made. Immediately on my return I took the first opportunity to interview him and related the conversation verbatim. "Did she want to see me," he said, so earnestly I said "Yes, lose no time, the sands are sinking." He, accompanied by Mrs. Eck, went up the very next day and I knew it was a source of great comfort to them both. With all his brusqueness of manner there lay under it a good, kind, generous heart. Mrs. Eck and one daughter are still residing here. The only son William, is in business in New York City. He comes frequently to see them. He does not, like some, forget his mother. A mother's heart is the one casket that holds to the end, boundless love and affection. "Boys guard it carefully."

A friend wrote the Editor of THE STATESMAN some time ago and in the letter alluded to those reminiscences that I have been serying up for future use. Old clothes was the text Carlyle took upon which he preached his famous sermon Sarter re Sartis. In this case I am not going to confine myself a together to the old but will try my hand at a new style of garment. He has evidently been reading what I have already written and says with interest noting that I have paid a good deal of attention to the English and Scotch and he wants to know where the Irish come in. Why, my friend, they are everywhere present like the heavens on a clear frosty night, spangled with glistening stars so the dome of the great empire over which King Edward reigns with such unparrelled lustre there are constellations of them in every walk of life giving light and leading all over Canada and the United States. One could not even fancy to get on without them.

An Irish grievance has been the steam engine of politics in Great Britain keeping the atmosphere purified and the country free from the blight of indifference and stagnation. I can remember the burning eloquence of Dan O'Connell raising a flow of sympathy for his suffering countrymen reaching out to this new land and although time had not laid his heavy weight on my youthful spirits, I was up in thought if not in arms to do valiant things for the supposed downtrodden Isle of the Saints.

The House of Commons has for the last hundred years reverberated with streams of fiery denunciation against the perfidious Saxon. The burning eloquence of such men as Fergus O'Connor, Smith C. Brien, and others of that ilk are still echoing down the corridors of time and will I suppose continue to do so till the last man stands on London bridge and witnesses the dying struggles of this now mighty nation. No people on earth have produced greater orators in the forum, courts of law and the pulpit, than of the Emerald Isle. Such names as Edmund Burk, Parnell and in the present day our own Hon. Edward Blake, M. P. will not soon die out. The latter still advocates Home rule, aiding the movement by his wonderful insight into the perplexing problem. I myself believe in its justice. It will surely come, Tom Moore says in mournful strains what he thought was the passing glory of his country and did much in the sweet

songs about Erin to raise into wider channels their native love and enthusiasm for Ireland.

'The harp that once through "Tara's Halls"

The soul of music shed  
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls  
As if its soul had fled.

Was he right or was this an airy flight of imagination? The old instrument may have lost its strings but the living Irishman has not nor ever will his love for the music that has entered into his soul from the cradle, upon which he was nursed at his mother's knee. Start up "The battle of the Boyne" or "Croppies Lie Down," and you'll find them as ready to dance the Orange jig, or, "Wearing of The Green," hornpipe, as ever they were at Donny brook fair. Forget the Irish? Not much!

The grandmother of my children was bred and born in the ancient town of Marysboro, Queen's county, the ancestral home of the late Dr. George H. Lowe, and the Welsh family, one member of the latter, Miss Mary Julia lived till May of this year in the Waittam Cottage, revered and loved by her many old pupils whom she educated not only in pure English but also taught them how after they left her care, so to demean themselves as to do credit to her training, fitting them to adorn as gentlewomen any station in society in which they might move. The dearest memories of my past are associated with many who first saw light in that wonderous Isle so famed in song and story.

There came to the shore of Ontario not exiles of Erin but a lively lot from the county of Tyrone, their tongues tinged with the melodious notes of the language of that Protestant county, the McClungs who arrived at an early period. I cannot give the date. The wife and mother was a sister of old Mr Grey they having preceded them in the voyage of discovery. The string, the end of which was placed in the soil of Darlington by some unseen power leading them to what is now quite a little village. They were exceptionally fine emigrants, well educated and must have moved in good society in the home land. The Irish are great believers in the kind of blood they may have inherited. There was no bad drop in them. The father died in Bowmanville at the Evergreens during the time his son-in-law James McFeters lived there. James Grey, a son, spent a long life in the ministry of the Methodist

church holding for several years an important position in connection with the work of the conference. John was a merchant and post master and did a large flourishing business at Tyrone where they located. His son again is the agent of the Standard Bank at Harriston and shows the peculiar qualities of his ancestors. He is a success. Thomas Bingham, our big Insurance agent, served his time with Mr. Grey and like all Irishmen had any amount of fun in his composition. I dare not mention some of his pranks. He assisted in the post office and occasionally sent us some peculiar missives. He didn't always pay postage on his correspondence with us. I put this in to remind uncle Tom that I have not forgotten his having made up the mails for Bowmanville at that point.

Collecting taxes about 1846, my vocation called me to make the acquaintance of the McClungs. The farm was on the north side of the concession line. In a field not far from the house I saw a booby driving a yoke of oxen attached to a pair of harrows. As it was in the Fall he must have been putting in wheat. I hailed him when he stopped the team and I went over to where he was. It was then that I first saw John McClung. How is it that boys of the same age so quickly strike up an acquaintance? After a few minutes' conversation we became friendly and for all the long space of time since then, with only one short misunderstanding, we continued on terms of friendship. He asked me to stay over night which I gladly did. I wonder if Shakespeare ever slept on a clean, fresh straw pallet. Also it might have inspired his immortal lines on balm sleep. No downy couch could have given any better repose to a tired boy. Hospitality, what a great Christian virtue it is, and I affirm that in my experience no race or nationality have this quality developed to the same extent as those who come from Ireland.

John McClung afterwards came to Bowmanville to learn storekeeping. I am not quite sure but think he started with a Mr. Crawford on the place where John McMurtry's West End department store now stands. A man named Fanny Gustin had in my earliest recollection a wagon shop first on it. The former gentleman was from the north of Ireland, a fairly good merchant. He understood his business well and got along in good style. Like hundreds of others he could not withstand the temptations arising from prosperity. His head became greatly enlarged. Not satisfied with the

small dwelling he had over the shop he took the necessary money out of the business and built the brick dwelling where James Elliott at present resides. He soon found himself financially handicapped and was compelled to throw up the sponge. After doing so he went west. He was a Presbyterian and was a regular attendant at their services.

Next John turned up as a clerk with the late James McFesters, Bowmanville's first Mayor, who was related to the McClung's by marriage. During the first summer of his apprenticeship his new master kept and drove a fine matched team of horses. He took a great shine to them and in the early summer mornings would ride them down to the creek for water. I used to join him with the nag we owned and many a race we had in going to and fro. It was great sport for us there being a large deep hole at the mouth of the raceway, we rode them in helter skelter. It was then I first learned how well a horse can swim. On one occasion poor John came badly to grief. He took a notion one day to improve the looks of the admired pair and on his own responsibility cut their tails square off and pretty short at that. This did not meet the approval of the senior warden and Jack caught scissors! I can see him now telling me how badly he had been abused and vowing to cut the acquaintance of his unappreciative uncle.

John's next move was to Newcastle. A Mr. Short was the moving spirit in that somewhat notorious locality. He was also in the same line of business. How long he remained there I cannot say. He next appears and comes up smiling, neatly gotten up, serving customers in the establishment of Bowman & Company. During this time the usual thing happened. He fell head over heels in love. The fair object of his devotion was a beautiful girl. He lavished a wealth of affection upon her and when the intimacy was broken off he felt it so keenly that I had to try and comfort him. They say you must suffer yourself before you can thoroughly sympathize with another who suffers from the same cause. Well, I won't explain but I did the best I could to try to cheer him up under such trying circumstances. He survived the shock. At a maturer age Cupid shot the fatal arrow. This time the immortal, a daughter of the late Jesse VanCamp. (By the way this family who settled on the Lake shore near the beginning of the century are deserving a large place in any account of Darlington that may be written.) She



became his wife and when they lived at Rathskamory, the present home of Arthur E. McLaughlin, Barrister, we got to know her well. She was a lady by every instinct of her nature, goodly to look upon and made a partner who helped him through all the changing phases of his lot, which were numerous, sharing prosperity with adversity.

Thomas McClung, an elder brother, came about this time into the same establishment as a fellow clerk. He was brimming over with original Irish wit. It seemed to well out as water from a living spring. Possessing a genial address, he made a fine salesman and could dispose of more goods than any man among them. He was shrewd, watchful, and knew how to catch the innocent fly in the toils of a dry goods encounter. Manly and strong when it was necessary to use physical force or when his Irish got the ascendancy the object of his resentment had to stand firm under. The brothers combined their resources after leaving the Bowman employ and formed the well-known dry goods house of McClung Bros.

James McClung sometime afterwards came into the firm. This undertaking flourished at a great rate. Their business connection widened to such an extent that the townships of Cartwright, Manners, Carke and Darlington and the regions beyond, paid them tribute. Things went on swimmingly and it looked as if there would be no end to their prosperity. There came at last a fly that spoiled the pot of ointment. The accumulation of unused capital had increased to such an extent (John told me himself they had \$40,000 lying in the bank at a low rate of interest) tempted them to undertake some new line of operations. An unlucky star or some other potent influence suggested a large foundry. They knew nothing about such a business and with the usual result in such cases, they came badly to grief. George Shaw, a brother in law, owned the charming farm 'Wheatlands,' east of this town, now the property of our genial and outspoken friend Cornelius (Neil) Osborne, of whom it may fittingly be said that no farmer in Darlington has appreciated more highly the value of education, for he has given all his children a high school course, his daughter Pearl having taken high standing as a student passing into the University with honors where she still is prosecuting her studies and where she is each year adding to her laurels. Mr. Shaw united with the McClungs in

the enterprise and lost his means too.

It would be most interesting if one had time if only in the outline to rehearse the doings of Mr. Shaw's people. The first Mr. Shaw who came to Darlington owned large tracts of land in which were included the farms of the Braggs. It has all passed into other ownerships, George Shaw is still living. His sons have gotten on famously in Toronto I am very glad to hear. The father was well liked in Bowmanville.

Mr. Thomas McClung paid us a visit a year ago last summer. He reminded me of one of those old pine trees you sometimes see straight as an arrow, but showing the signs of the many tempests and storms of sleet and rain and all kinds of weather they have had to encounter since they were saplings, but still showing signs of vitality in the remaining green branches on the top. So with him; he looks as if there was strength enough to be able for some time to come to stand many a gale, notwithstanding the fact that he does show the effects of the storms through which he has passed. It was indeed a very great pleasure to many an old Durhamite to see him looking so fresh and so full of activity. His residence under the sunshine of California seems to agree with him and the same remark applies to Mrs. McClung who accompanied him on his trip to the old homeland. Mrs. John McClung and the two daughters are, I understand, in California. Little did John and I dream when building our youthful castles in the air that he would die under the Southern Cross and that his remains would lie on the shore of the Pacific Ocean, there to await the last summons.

Mr. William McClung settled also near Tyrone about the same time, as his brother. He bought a farm adjoining and carried it on for many years. A sad accident occurred during the time he occupied it. One summer evening a daughter was out in the yard attending to something that called her out of the house. There was no sign of any storm pending in the sky. Suddenly there was a flash of what we call sheet lightning and she was struck by it and fell a corpse. It was a most singular fatality and in this part of the country unheard of. William McClung, Junior, came to Bowmanville and opened up a carriage shop on the site of the present Durham Rubber Company's factory. He did a large flourishing business in that line for many years. I think he was the brainiest one of the whole lot. He was very optimistic

and full of hope. He saw an opening in the foundry business and went into it on a limited scale. The lack of means prevented him from making it what his ambitions pointed to and he at last sold it out. He was a member of the Methodist church and took a deep interest in all its affairs. The Sunday School had a particular attraction for him and many an hour he spent in teaching any class that was committed to his care. There is no doubt but that many a scholar was helped to a better understanding of the Bible through his efforts. He was a close student himself and they got the benefit of his earnest study of the Book which was unceasing. He has been invalided for some years. He has three fine sons: Richard H. is a druggist at Gananoque, Ont. Fred. W. is also in the same line in New York City and Charles A. is at Phoenix, B. C. Like the vast majority of Bowmanville youths, they are a credit to those from whom they sprung and the town wherein they were born. William's brother James is in the North-West. He studied for the ministry and has been spending his life in that the best of all callings, preaching and teaching the gospel of good tidings to his fellow men. His connection is with the Canada Methodist church.

In the year 1857 a sailing vessel put out from her moorings at the port of Plymouth, Devonshire, England, her prow directed towards the stormy Atlantic whose winds and waves she would have to encounter before reaching the Western world which was her destination. A modest youth, sixteen years of age, stood on the deck, his whole soul beating with anxious hope and oppressed with dreadful fears. The future with all its probabilities and possibilities was an unknown quantity. He was a fledgling from the parent nest, and the last farewell had been said to those dear ones at home. As the vessel moved gently out under the influence of a favoring breeze, this stripling saw the Hoe and adjoining shores of his loved and native land slowly disappearing from sight. Imagine how his heart ached and how hard to bear the separation from all he loved; and if so to him, full of high hopes, the rich warm blood of a healthy youth flowing through his veins, how must it have fared with the mother who bore him, as her eye took a last look on her child on whom she had bestowed the best of her life? Her heartstrings were stretched to their utmost tension. How could she have borne up under the trial

without their giving way altogether but for Hope, that blessed word, which springs exulting on triumphant wing, reaching out with joy and anticipation to the time when parting shall be no more.

Scientists, agnostics and unbelievers try to make us believe that death ends all, but such a doctrine is repudiated by the natural longings of our own nature. Can it be possible that there is no compensation for the ills we suffer here? A wound in the body will be healed under proper circumstances; is there no healing for the wounded spirit? Yes, there is balm in Gilead and how sweet to sundered friends the declaration comes: 'I am the resurrection and the life' and that 'where I am, there ye shall be also'.

It must not be forgotten that at that time and for two or three decades before it, the emigrant had to face a widely different condition of things than what he has to do to day. There were no cable telegrams and before written communications could pass to and fro, your friends might be all dead and buried.

The lad who thus launched out his feeble bark on the great ocean of future effort, was William Browning Couch. He reached Bowmanville in due time and after resting here a few months he went to live in the peaceful little village of Hampton, in Darlington. One would have thought he made a great mistake in spending four years of that period of his life in such a quiet surroundings. Far from it. It was a great blessing to him. Far from the "maddening crowd," he had leisure to apply himself to the improvement of his education which under the conditions at home had made it impossible for him to acquire more than an introduction to the world of letters. He assiduously devoted himself to this noble object and with his retentive memory and mathematical cast of mind, he made rapid progress, adding one grain to another, so that when he came again to Bowmanville his cup was fairly full. This did not satisfy his longing for higher attainments. He did what very few have the sense and courage to do after reaching to years of maturity. He went to Governor Loscombe and took private lessons, and with his help delved into a higher strata of intellectual culture.

I must pause here to write a few words about Mr. Loscombe. He was an employe of the Grand Trunk Railway con-

tractors and remained in the office until after the completion of the road, having in the meantime brought his family here. (Of the four sons who were members of it, Robert Russell Loscombe was the only one who became permanently identified with Bowmanville. The others removed into different parts of the Dominion, filling useful and responsible positions.) He was an outstanding personage and would have in any community become a conspicuous figure. He had previous to coming here, taught a classical academy near Niagara Falls and this he did with great success. There being an opening here for a similar school, he undertook to teach one, and numbers of the young men who are now in middle life, some of whom are scattered over Ontario and elsewhere, got a training in classical lore under his tuition. His methods took after those adopted at the famous Rugby Institute in England. Physical exercise and all plans calculated to bring out the manly virtues, were enforced with rigid scrupulousity. Hearing so much about him at the time, I became quite impressed about the value of the means he used to make courageous, intelligent citizens of those under his care. I know some of them who like to recall him and the school where he so thoroughly drilled them in the humanities. If the present generation of scholars were subjected to the same kind of treatment, I think they would learn to be more respectful to their elders and superiors. He tried with all his might to make them gentlemen as well as scholars.

Mr. Couch entered into the McClung Company's store as a junior hand. He served them during the long period of 17 years, with unflinching fidelity. By giving strict attention to the business he got a thorough knowledge of it in all its details, such as the value of goods, how to buy and how to sell, and notwithstanding all the close attention he gave to it, he still found time to pluck many of the beautiful flowers of literature which lay so profusely scattered all along his pathway. He did not ignore the importance of outdoor sports, which are within legitimate bounds necessary for the full development of an all round specimen of the race.

I have been told that when in Hampton Mr. Couch often engaged with the other boys in the common games then in vogue and could hold his own in any feats of

strength which were called out by the play. He was an adept at Cornish wrestling and generally floored his antagonist.

I do not intend to write a homily on on the subject of recreation; but I feel like entering a protest against the prevailing waste of time, when the golden hours which are so often wasted in useless games under the specious pretext of being used to rejuvenate the wasted energy of the players, supposed to require it by the hard labour they undergo in the work-a-day world. I have no quarrel with games of amusement at proper times. They have a legitimate place in our lives, but when it comes to every spare moment being devoted to this, I think it time to ask the devotees is it worth the while of intelligent immortal beings to give it such a large place in their rapidly passing moments? I have often mentally surveyed the ground and am pained to see so many of our youths and others entering middle life so carried away by this alluring practice. Could they realize the genuine pleasure arising from a well-cultivated mind which opens up such unbounded fields for growth in what is the best part of our being, they would do what the subject of my sketch did, reverse the order and place mental cultivation first and give the other a subordinate place.

The severe application given by Mr. Couch has enabled him to read and digest some of our best authors in prose and poetry, the fruit of which was exemplified in the delightful lecture he recently gave on Tennyson in the High School Assembly Room. It was listened to with great attention by a large intelligent appreciative audience.

Related as Mr. Couch is to the great poet Browning the probability is he inherits his literary taste. He is a wide reader of good books. I think the highest compliment that could be paid from one man to another is when a parent can point out to a youth such a character and such a course as his as a fitting example to follow and I am sure this can be safely done by any father or mother who wishes the child to adopt a high ideal. When he first came to Bowmanville, by some law of attraction, Mr. Couch and the writer became intimate and many a confidence has been exchanged since. A reliable friend is a person to be prized

and this I have found him to be without any variation. In thirty years we have been associated with the School Board and have worked in the greatest harmony. He is not a dogmatist but is always willing to give due consideration to the opinion of others. Mr. Couch takes an abiding interest in the Public Library over which he is the President but this to him is a labour of love.

When the right time came Mr. Couch left the McClunges and launched out in business, in association with Jas. A. Johnston and J. H. Cryderman. They founded the present extensive dry goods house which bears their names and which stands second to none in extent of its trade in the county. Their motto has been (and I think this applies to our business men generally) "Fair dealing, honest prices and good value." As years go by my hope is that the subject of this sketch may grow in power to enjoy the fruits of the seed he sowed so early under such adverse circumstances.

A matter most difficult of solution and settlement lay immediately before the citizens and called for prompt action. This was the question of better facilities for transporting merchandise for sale as well as to bring from other places the supplies required for the use of the settlement. All goods not brought by water during the summer had to be teamed during the winter from Toronto. That city was gradually becoming the centre of distribution for quite a large section of the Province. However, Montreal being the entrepot of Navigation, the larger portion of the merchants in Ontario resorted there to get what they required in the way of stock to supply their customers. They went in large numbers in the fall of the year for this purpose. They had to provide for the long winter months and until the opening of navigation in the spring and here again the man with money had the advantage. It took capital to operate any fairly large concern in the face of the length of time to realize from sales and to re-purchase, but the lucky man who had it took full advantage of the circumstances and the consumer had to pay a big interest, in the way of increased charges on what they bought. Human Nature is about the same at all times and number one was as closely looked after as now. I know from what I saw a late as 1848 that fifty per cent was about the usual amount added to the cost and on

many special things a higher rate. There is no doubt but the people were under a heavy burden of taxation. The local roads through the township were a fright. There were portions of them during the rainy season that were almost impassable and then the farmers had a mighty hard time to come to the village for the purpose of trading. Only those who had to battle with the mud and mire can duly appreciate the change to comparatively good roads. I remember coming through the swamp on the Tyrone road passing by the farm of my good friend Mr. Edward Rutledge, late in the fall of the year, on horse-back, being nearly submerged, the poor horse being twice mired.

In passing I would make a short reference to the Rutledge family. They have lived on this particular farm since a very early period. The father was from the north of Ireland, a quiet intelligent citizen. Of the sons other than Edward, Col. James Rutledge, barrister, lives at Whitby and John not far from where he was brought up near Salem in Darlington.

About 1846 an important onward movement was made. The government of the day passed a bill which was known as the municipal Loan Fund Act, by which municipalities were enabled to borrow money at a low rate of interest, for the purpose of improving the roads through their different townships. The counties of Northumberland and Durham took advantage of the opportunity and went largely into the making of excellent macadamized ones. They were constructed on the leading thoroughfares in this section from Clarke to Whitby and from Bowmanville to Casarea. After the abolition of toll gates they were handed over to local control. It is a matter of regret that the township councils interested did not keep them in proper repair. This they could easily have done. For years they were a great comfort to those who had to use them either for business or pleasure. The trade of Cartwright was retained for us largely on account of the enterprise shown in this connection by Bowmanville.

How very little do the present population know what hardships we had to encounter when compelled to take a long journey by land. Even to reach Toronto required faith and courage. The merchants of that day had nothing to fear from competition with such places as Eaton's. All you want now is sufficient of the where-with-all. You step into a luxurious car comfortably seated and beated to a proper degree. After a

pleasant ride of two hours you step off into a street car and in a few minutes reach your destination. Contrast that with the following. The first time I went to Toronto I was a youth about 15 years of age. I started early in the morning, my conveyance a horse and cutter. There had been no indication of rough weather, it looked as if I would have a clear bright day. Before I reached Skaes' Corners, now Oshawa it came on a towering north-west storm accompanied with snow. It looked as if the demon of the north had been let loose piling up the beautiful into great drifts. I plodded on at a slow pace, time and again I upset tumbling out into the snow half frozen. I had to gather up the robes and face it again. It was pretty well on in the afternoon before I reached the hotel kept by Hood of Pickering. You may put it down that I enjoyed the meal I got there. It was quite a noted stopping place "No man can tether time or tide." I had again to face the storm. I fought on, reaching the Don river at about ten p. m. The bridge over this stream had been carried away in the fall by a flood. To meet the necessity arising from this accident the authorities had strung two cables across the river upon which planks were placed. This constituted the roadway over. The wind had completely obliterated the track. I had not passed or met a soul on the way for miles this side of it. There was not a house in sight. It looked as if I must perish from exposure. All at once I found myself on the bank, a few feet farther would have precipitated all over onto the ice below. The instinct of the horse saved this disaster. I got out took the bridle rein and at last struck the bridge. On passing over the weight of the horse caused the water to gush up between crevices of the flooring. If ever a poor beggar was glad it was I when I saw the street lamps which held the light of hope for rest and sleep.

In 1828 the absolute necessity for utilizing the great waterways by the Lake and the St. Lawrence forced itself on the attention of the villagers and became the one important subject of discussion, resulting in an application for a charter, which was granted. The leading spirits of the movement then met at Hinde's tavern in May 1830 and a company was formed called the Port Darlington Harbor Company with the following officers: H. S. Reid, President; John Simpson, Treasurer; John Smart, Secretary. The shares were £10 each. They had no great

difficulty in floating them. The necessary funds were speedily forthcoming and building operations were soon undertaken and inside of two years things had made such progress that vessels could load and unload at the pier which had been partly finished. This was a most important departure from the old order of things thus opening up the markets to ports on and across Lake Ontario as well as to Montreal. This naturally gave a great impetus to the commerce and trade of the place. Up to the opening of the Grand Trunk Railway the port became the centre of an ever increasing volume of business and the large quantity of merchandise that found its way over the wharf soon made a great addition to their available funds. The charges were high in comparison with what they are now. It was not long before they were able out of the surplus earnings to pay a dividend on the capital stock. The shares rapidly increased in value and were sold at a large premium when they were disposed of. One source of revenue arose from the purchase of cordwood large quantities of which were gotten from the farmers and re-sold by the Company to passing steam boats. They made a handsome profit in handling it. The laboring men who re-piled it on the wharf in a convenient place for putting it on board became such adepts at it that a cord before it reached the stoke hole on the boat had grown to a cord and a half or somewhere near it.

Everything went on with great acclaim and for many years the holders of the stock felt that they had an unfailling spring from which the gold would continue to flow. Unfortunately, the Directors did not see as far ahead as they might have done. Some evil influence struck them and visions of a future Liverpool distorted their sight. They went into an elaborate scheme to enlarge the docks, open up the inlet to the marsh so that vessels could get entrance to it. They also increased the storage accommodation, etc. But the opening of the Grand Trunk Railway knocked the bottom out of all their speculations and so dry docked the enterprise that it has never floated to any extent since.

Port Darlington was for years a great centre of attraction during the summer. Many resorted there to get the invigorating breezes from the lake during the heated term. Picnic parties and pleasure seekers of all kinds assembling in such numbers gave it quite a lively appearance

There was a good hotel and the arrival of the steam boats was quite an attraction. What a change has come over the scene! Were it not for the large number of handsome cottages that have been erected as summer residences by our hustling citizens, a sign board might be put up with the words, "Its glory has departed," written on it. The first wharfinger that held the fort was Wm Mitchell who got £30 a year salary. He also kept the hotel and was the first landing waiter at the Port. He was a Highland Scotchman a hearty whole souled individual. After he resigned John Milne succeeded him in 1847 at an increased salary of £50. This gentleman deserves and must have a chapter to himself when the time comes.

The change that took place all over Ontario and Quebec between 1848 and 1855 was something marvelous. This is not too strong a term to use and it applies with full force to this particular section. Thousands of acres more of land was yearly brought under cultivation. The sound of the axe was unceasing. The magnificent forests rapidly disappeared for good. The virgin soil thus brought under the plough was so prolific that if you only scratched the seed in between the stumps it yielded immense returns. People came teeming into the country from all over creation. Every available acre of good land for sale was speedily taken up. It followed of course that the other branches of industry and trade kept equal pace with it. Riches were being heaped up by the inhabitants and this was not confined to any rank or class. All shared more or less in the immense wealth in which this county abounded; one wanted another which had to be met. Our little village with those around us were filled with mechanics of all descriptions, prosecuting their various callings. The world at large was beginning to realize that Canada was no small country only fit for Indians to occupy. The upward lift of prosperity continued with ever increasing celerity so that I think about 1860 the population of Durham reached the highest point in its history. Labour of all kinds brought a high price and any amount of work could be obtained all the year round. The winter was just as busy a season of the year as summer. Wood for sale had to be prepared for market, timber cut and hauled to the mills for making lumber. When a man took service with a farmer it was

generally for the whole year. During this period many of the more intelligent and progressive farmers, including such men as Mathew Jones, Hon. J. Simpson, Robert Beith, of Darlington, Mr. Wade, of Hope, and others, gave special attention to the improvement of their heads of cattle and commenced importing good strains of stock from the old land. Indeed the heart of the country was so sound that the blood of prosperity flowed through every channel, giving increased life and vitality to every part of the social structure; but all other matters faded into insignificance compared with the interest taken by the general public in the approaching railway age. I remember well what an intense enthusiasm was created when it became rumored that a main railway artery was to be built between Montreal and Toronto, opening up the country which had heretofore been sealed for seven months of the year. When the scheme finally took a tangible shape and the contracts were let, there was rejoicing in every home, from the log hut to the most costly mansion. This generation cannot realize what it meant to those who were so situated, virtually cut off from the rest of the world for so many months in succession. Montreal was nearly as far from us in point of time as England is at the present day. To reach the former took several days by stage and any one compelled to go in that way during the cold in winter, really took their lives in their hands. It was day and night without rest, just catching what sleep they could in the coach. The appearance of the engineers who surveyed and placed the line were hailed with delight. It spoke a tangible language to the expecting populace and the years that intervened before it was ready for traffic had a wonderful influence on all the material interests of the country. When I look back I am astounded at the idea of the future greatness of Bowmanville that took possession of the people's minds. About '52 the mania became general. Everything was on the rush. Building operations went on apace. Such places as the Alma Hotel, on Church St. was put up. Brick blocks three stories high, adorned King St. as far east as where Mrs. J. K. Galbraith resides. Large fine private residences were built, many of which are still occupied. Money was plentiful and circulated as freely as water. The value

of everything that people owned was so inflated that three fourths of them thought they were wealthy.

About 1852, two brothers named Asley and Thomas Fox, came to Bowmanville and opened up a brickyard, the first place to make brick with which to supply the market. They were in great demand and the new concern turned them out in large quantities and while the inflation lasted, made money for themselves and gave employment to quite a number of hands. Asley went to Victoria B. C, and Thomas to Lindsay; one of his sons has risen to prominence there. (He represents one of the Victorias in the Legislature.) The town spread out in all directions and grew like a gourd in the night; land went up to unheard of prices. Town lots even in the South Ward were looked upon as worth untold value. In looking at it now it seems inconceivable that level headed shrewd business men could be so completely carried off their pins. I remember asking a man what he would take for a lot up on the hill; there was an old ruined frame house on it. He asked the modest price of two hundred and fifty pounds and did not care to sell at that. It is to-day worth about one hundred dollars. To show how crazy many became, James Mann, who owned the farm now belonging to John Elliott, laid out the whole hundred acres into town plots and sold large quantities of them at high figures. The proportional payments he received gave him ample means. Such long headed men as the late Colonel Cubitt and George Haines, Esq., bought and surveyed a farm which was outside of the Corporation for the same purpose and although so far from the centre of the town, they were enabled to sell some of the lots but most of them came back upon their hands. The last named gentleman acquired the property and upon which he continued to live until his death It was owing to the fact that the G. T. R. railway contractors expected to make money by the sale of lands along the route of the railway, that led to our station being so inconveniently placed and which has entailed and will for all time to come heavy, annual taxation in the shape of fares paid by passengers and the cost of freight to and from it. They bought a hundred acres upon part of which the depot stands, from Mr. Edward White, one of the old settlers. (He was a most estim-

able man and was at the time well known and esteemed by all) This was also laid out for sale. Just imagine the kind of boom that prevailed. They called an auction sale and off red lots on the Base Line east of the station road and sold some at fifty dollars a foot. Mrs. Puley now owns the estate. What puzzled me at that time and has ever since, upon what they based their calculations. They must have expected that it would make a city equal in extent to Montreal or Toronto. I reasoned with many of the enthusiasts against any such hopes, stating that this was not a terminous and would result in side tracking us. It was no use. All arguments were unavailing. I only got in return the reputation of a croaker. I will give one instance among hundreds of the disastrous consequences that followed this insane speculation in real estate. Zebina Fraser the grandfather of Mr. Edwin I. Carr, sold his farm on the town line to William Crago, (It lies immediately opposite the beautiful fertile lands of Richard Osborne and this one I refer to was equally good.) for a larger figure, I think a hundred dollars per acre. After he moved into town he consulted me as to the advisability of investing the proceeds in mortgages on town property. I tried my very best to persuade him against it, but all to no purpose. The high rate of interest which was offered, 9 per cent, overcame all his scruples and I think he lost most of his money by bad loans. One case I knew; he advanced one thousand dollars on an acre of land away out on Scugog St. There was on it an old frame house. The whole thing was never worth more than two hundred dollars. About the end of 1856 there was a cloud in the sky and premonitions of a coming storm were noted. The outflow of money was stopped. Times were getting harder and harder. The wind was evidently passing out of the bubble. It culminated in the cyclone of 1857, which swept over Upper Canada and our little place did not escape. The bottom went out of the pot and the contents were irretrievably lost. Nothing but wreck followed in the wake of the gale and when the public awoke from the dream or stupor in which they found themselves and were able to take in the results, a feeling of depression so prevailed that all hope for the future prosperity of the place was in most cases

abandoned. For a long time even the wreck was left untouched. Houses and other structures that cost large amounts of money, were allowed to decay and for many years the town looked like Goldsmith's deserted village, the grass growing on many of our streets. One fortunate thing was in our favour, we were surrounded with a rich farming country and enjoyed the growingly increasing business of Cartwright, Manvers, Clarke and Darlington. Customers from those outlying townships came here to purchase their supplies. Some years afterwards matters began to improve, the debris left by the terrible boom was being gradually cleared away and since then our course has been one of steady sensible growth.

Many excellent additions were made to our business men from 1840 onward. I purpose, if I can, taking up the history of some that came into the active business life of Bowmanville about that period. I think it was in 1842 that a man who filled a large place in the public mind came to the village. It was before the separation took place from the township giving Bowmanville a habitation and a name. That man was the late Mr. David Fisher. He was born in Tain, Rosshire Scotland and could thus boast of having true Highland blood in his veins. His family came to Canada when he was about three years of age, which would make them very early connected with the history of Canada. They settled in the township of Haldimand, near the present Eddystone Post office, county of Northumberland. The four sons were all men of exceptional talents and took an active part in public and business affairs where they eventually took up their residence. John was at one time Clerk of the County Court for the United Counties and Charles after a time was in his brother's store here. He took up farming having married a sister of the late Erastus Burk. He rented his farm. It lies immediately east of Joseph Laingmaid's place (Fairfield) and belongs to Mr. Samuel Everson. He did not long continue at that occupation, but took hemorrhage of the lungs and died at quite an early age.

David, the principal figure in this sketch must have been a pupil in the common school of the place where they were located. Be that as it may he was well educated and possessed a well cultivated intellect. He left the farm a young lad and entered the employment of R. N. Waddell of Port Hope who was at the time carrying on a large concern in con-

nection with the principal mill then in operation in that town. This gentleman wishing to extend his operations to regions beyond, selected Bowmanville as a desirable field of operation. He entered into partnership with his youthful clerk Fisher who came here for the purpose indicated. They opened out in a frame building on the site of the present Ontario Bank. The part used as a store was on the east and the dwelling was on the west. It was painted a bright yellow and was for a long time quite a conspicuous and pretentious building. It had been occupied previously by a firm who were in the general line as all stores then carried a miscellaneous stock. You could generally get what you wanted from a needle upwards. This firm was Berry & Lunn. I only remember their names. The new company, Waddell & Fisher immediately commenced selling goods. Sometime afterwards they dissolved and Mr. Fisher bought out the stock and carried on the business for himself with a prosperous termination. It was not long after his arrival before his special adaptability for public usefulness was recognized and for many years he had much to do with municipal affairs. Before the separation from Darlington, he was elected township councillor and held the office of Reeve and afterwards took the same position in the newly organized town. He was at the head of affairs for several years. Although one of the most retiring and unassuming of men, he was exceedingly well liked by all kinds of his fellow townsmen. He was never defeated when asking the confidence of the electorate. He had great capacity for work and while he kept up his interest in town affairs was constantly on the grind. Many of our first by laws were gotten up by him. A quiet, effective worker at whatever he undertook he plodded on. "His voice was never heard in the streets," though when anything was required that involved thought and industry he was found at the post of duty.

Among the many things to which Mr. Fisher gave time and personal labor was the cultivation of all sorts of trees, shrubs, plants and flowers. He bought the seven acres known as the Nursery Corner and which has since been in the possession of the Pinch family and started the first nursery in this vicinity. He labored with great zeal to induce the people to plant and cultivate the finer branches of agriculture. His own love for flowers and the kindred objects never changed. During the later years of his life this was to him one great source of pleasure. It



gave him occupation and filled up the passing time usefully, from which he obtained health and enjoyment. He can be numbered among the very first who gave an earnest unflinching support to the Darlington Agricultural Society and for many long years was one of the most extensive and enthusiastic exhibitors at their annual gatherings.

After giving up the store Mr Fisher was appointed Collector of Customs at Port Darlington and for some time acted in that capacity. Needless to say he was a most efficient and well liked official. Upon the organization of the Ontario Bank he severed his connection with Her Majesty's Customs and became identified with it. He was the cashier and for a long time filled the post, doing good service to the institution, only retiring to get the rest which increasing age demanded. My relations with him, arising out of my position as postmaster, were intimate. Before the head office was moved to Toronto I was brought almost daily in contact with him. They had at the time by far the largest correspondence of any one in town. They also did a great deal of telegraphing and during all the long time and under all the varying conditions that arose nothing but the best of feeling existed. We never had any misunderstanding. It was inevitable from the nature of our work that little irregularities would occur, but when anything of the kind did happen there was no spirit of fault finding. He acted on the principle of "doing unto others as he would like to be done by." No one could have been more sympathetic, generous and kind. You generally found his name on every subscription list and the poor had in him an unfailing friend. His contributions to the Presbyterian church to which he was an adherent were large and up to the last he was greatly interested in the children of the Sunday school. The old furniture factory which was so long a mainstay of the place was greatly helped by him. He not only put his own money into it which unfortunately he lost, but also gave it the benefit of his credit. He first lived in the house on the corner of Church and Silver Sts. which then and still belongs to Mr Heal. It was one of the most eligible that could be obtained and was occupied by the late Rev. John Smith after Mr. Fisher left it. He afterwards built the brick house now owned by Mr. J. H. H. Jury and had one of the finest gardens of fruit and flowers in the town.

It affords me great satisfaction to write

these few words about David Fisher. He was one of my best and warmest friends.

I have refrained in these rambling recollections from referring to the many superior women who had equally as much to do as the lords of creation in founding and building up the village. I feel I must say a few words about Mrs Fisher. She came here as a bride and continuously lived a resident among us until within some two years of her death. As a wife, mother and neighbor she was unexcelled. The memory of her irreproachable life is and will be fragrant in the minds of those whose privilege it was to know and appreciate her worth. There were three daughters, two of whom are living. Mrs. (Dr.) Alex. Beith, Bowmanville, and Miss Alice Fisher, who with a cousin and foster sister, Miss Maud Broughall, reside in Toronto. Mary, who was the wife of Mr. W. J. Jones, Manager of the Standard Bank, was called home several years ago.

In the Bowmanville industrial hive, among the many working bees that added to the general stock of growth, were the Windatts. They came like so many others from the West of England—to be exact, West Hill, Cornwall, arriving in 1833. Determined to try their luck, in this land of forest, snow, and flood, they had with good sense decided that the chances were more favorable for bettering their worldly position than among the teeming population of England; that they could achieve something worth living for in a new country like this where they were free from the trammels that surrounded them so closely in so old and conservative a kingdom as that they were leaving. It speaks largely as to the kind and quality of emigrants they made who were thus brave enough to try the unknown state of things here and risk their all in the venture. They were related to the late Matthew Jones and I presume came from the same locality in England. When I first recollect them, they were living on the corner now owned by Richard Darch. There were three sons and one daughter. I have no doubt they sprang from good ancestry, as they had all been well taught and were fine scholars. This gave them a prominent standing in the community; but in addition to this, they were men of good moral character, and exercised a beneficent influence on those with whom they were brought in contact. Thomas Windatt married a daughter of the late Peter Coleman and some years afterwards he lost his life the result of a runaway accident and died at Tyrone. Mrs. Wia-

datt moved with her childaen north to some point near Beaverton, where the family grew up. They are all doing well and make good citizens, Mrs Tod, of this town, is one of her daughters.

William Windatt remained in this neighborhood and few men left a better reputation behind them. He was noted for his superior judgment and intelligence. Many went to him for counsel and advice when anxious about their temporal or spiritual affairs. He was one of the modest kind and did not intrude himself upon the notice of the public. At the same time he did not shrink from legitimate responsibility. His fitness to represent the interest of his fellow-electors in the councils of the township pressed itself upon the rate-payers and for many years he sat at the township board, and for some years filled the office of Keeve. When the last message came with the fatal summons and he passed over the boundary line, he was deeply regretted by his neighbors and friends. He left no family.

Richard Windatt who was more directly concerned with the village was without doubt one of the best men we had the privilege of claiming as a fellow inhabitant. His natural parts were far superior to the ordinary run of humanity and he steadily applied himself by constant reading and study to grow in mental acquirements and so well did he succeed that when circumstances arose in connection with his public career that called forth his pen, either to defend himself from the attacks of others, or to place his views on questions affecting the common interest fairly before the community, it was wielded with great power and efficacy. Indeed it was not given to many to have this gift so well developed. And papers that he got up on any given topic showed a depth of originality and sound thinking that commended his reasons to the sense of those he addressed and as a rule his plans were adopted. He was particularly deliberate in his movements and only acted after mature consideration. His convictions were formed on a sound basis and could not be changed. From his early manhood he held strong and advanced views on the liquor problem. He became a strenuous advocate of prohibition and never faltered from first to last in advocating that as the only final remedy for the terrible evils arising from the improper use of intoxicants. When the Sons of Temperance became a factor in

the fight he joined the organization and in all their efforts by moral suasion and the force of example to educate the public mind up to that standard, he never relaxed in the hearty support he gave the Division. He held all the offices up to the highest. He was a fine musician thoroughly understanding the art and its principles. Having a rich melodious voice he was a great acquisition, at that early period, to the musical circles of the small community. He taught a singing school and was always on hand to aid any church musicale or other entertainment by this divine gift which he possessed and many a pleasant hour was spent in his company by those who were fortunate enough to meet him on those occasions. His religious views were democratic and liberal. He had no belief in creeds. He became a member of the Disciples shortly after they organized and was a devoted, consistent member of it to the last, one of their most trusted and faithful brethren. I was Township clerk in Darlington and held the same office in Bowmanville up to 1857. Being compelled to resign owing to pressure of other engagements he succeeded me and continued to hold, the clerkship up to the time of his decease, some 37 years. He was a model clerk, what he did not know about municipal law was usually unimportant. (Our old respected citizen John Lyle, now holds the office, certainly a most important one in the interests of the town. He is a worthy successor to Mr. Windatt and does credit to himself in the masterly affable way in which he performs it's duties.) Mr. Richard Windatt being so literary in his tastes was attracted towards the struggling schools at the time when the aid of such men was greatly required. He became a trustee and after the union of the schools he was on the Board of the High School and here he found an outlet for his desires to aid in developing our educational system and in all questions that arose, his sound judgement was of great value. He was advanced in his views and although against his personal interest, he being a large property holder, he was strongly in favour of erecting the present magnificent School buildings which adorn the town. He was secretary of the Agricultural Society and one of the active officers of the Bible Society. The fact is he touched at so many points the different institutions that existed for the public good, I cannot recall them all. He left two sons, John R. and William A.

the first named went to Manitoba and followed farming. He has latterly returned to Ontario and is living in Darlington. William is doing a large flourishing business in Winnipeg and is already one of the financial men of that growing city. He got his business training under Mr. Geo. McGill in the Ontario Bank, Bowmanville. He was so popular with the towns-people that they gave him a public address and presentation before he left. Mrs. Richard Windatt and three daughters Margaret and Clara and Mrs. John Gaud, are living in the town. Another, Mrs. John McGill, lives in Toronto. The only daughter of the original Windatt household—Elizabeth—married the late Mr. Abram Younie and here comes in another old familiar citizen who must not be ever looked in any record of the early times.

Mr. Younie was of Scotch descent, born in Nova Scotia. His father was unmistakably from "the land of the mountain and the flood." The old gentleman made it his home with his daughter Mrs. Windatt. Mr. Younie is a unique character. He had no double. He told me that his first visit to Darlington was for the purpose of making an affidavit before my father in reference to a deed of land on the west part of the township. He walked all the way from Toronto where they then lived. Few were as fortunate as to have his natural endowments. A kind Providence gave him a perfect physical frame. Every part of it from head to foot was strong and well put together. With this he had a most equable disposition. His business perception were keen and all his undertakings were marked with shrewdness and prudence. He was fearless in the discharge of any service he undertook and if his temper was aroused by opposition to what he believed to be just and right, the party who might have by his action caused the feeling of anger found him a hard antagonist to encounter. After his Bowmanville experience he went to Tyrone, having allied himself with the late James McPeeters who was operating a gristmill. He went largely into the coopering, supplying the barrels for the mill. He seemed to possess a talisman, for everything he touched was transmuted into gold. He came here to end life's journey. Having nothing special to occupy his time he turned his attention to public affairs and devoted his energies in trying to further the interest of the town serving many years at the council board and was Mayor of the corporation for two terms.

There was no purse pride about him, always pleasant. To know him was to like him. There was nothing overbearing in his disposition. If he disagreed with you in opinion, he did not try to force his particular views down your throat as some do. He was perhaps the wealthiest man in Bowmanville. Mrs. Younie is still spared in the full enjoyment of all her faculties, the only survivor of the original Windatt family. May she be long spared in the home where she is so beloved and to the community where she is so much respected.

Many good people think it almost a sin to be mirthful. They do not take any stock in the proverb "Laugh and grow fat." That this is an unfortunate and distorted view to hold does not require any logic to prove. The stern realities of the present and future have to be met and no attitude of mind towards them would shake them off. There they are and there they will remain. What sense is there in meeting the trials that must in due course come to us all half way? Why forever live in the shade when you may enjoy the light and beauty of sunshine a good portion of the distance you have to travel on the route to eternity? The religion of gloom and dread is not, I think, a fair outcome of the gospel of grace as taught by the great Master. If his ethical rules for life were properly understood and realized, it would bring the opposite joy and hope. No one should be better fitted to really take in the cheerful side of what they meet in the long dusty, often dark and cloudy, pathway of life than the individual who is conscious of the divine protection while passing through this, so often to many, vale of tears, and the assurance that the fogs and mists will be ever dissipated in the new heavens and earth where there is no darkness and no night. This great gift of knowing how to enjoy and tell a good story perhaps full of fun and humor is often used with great effect by platform speakers. It enables the orator to hold an audience and if judiciously used opens up an avenue through which he is better enabled to reach the intelligence of those he addresses and accomplish his purpose than any other method that could be tried. In private conversation the one who can embellish it with a good pointed, appropriate story is to be envied. I fancy the art of conversation in this respect is becoming lost. I question if it ever will reach the high standard that it held at the beginning of the last century. The

coffee houses and clubs in London abounded with men of rare gifts in that line. To read the literary encounter of the wits of that time is itself a partial education, at least, in knowing how to use the polite polished witticisms that might grace the intercourse of those who meet each other in the relations of home and society.

You may reasonably ask what has led me to this train of thought which is apparently so far disconnected from my present object in writing? Well, I got thinking about one of the oldest pioneers and one that I knew well in my childhood—Edward Silver, or “Ned” as he was usually called. He was a native Canadian born in the neighborhood of Belleville. I think his wife who was related to Dr. Harnden’s people came from the same locality. I cannot fix the date that the village was honored with his arrival in it, but I do know that as far back as I recollect he was taking his part in what was going on among the primitive settlers. He owned the lot now on the street named after him and now owned by John and Thomas Percy and sisters. He was the first pump-maker we had and although whiskey was so commonly in use, still water was wanted if only for the purpose of mixing with it, and to get it up convenient from the well necessitated such an apparatus. Mr. Silver also went into chairmaking and I can well recall his efforts in that line. The best chairs were quite elaborate and were used to set off the most elegant rooms in the house. The painting was something calculated to take your breath away. Green and yellow were the prominent colours used to give them style and finish. I had one of them in my possession some years ago and did not value it as I would now. Where it went to I cannot say. They were made to last and if fairly treated would like the famous one horse shay go to pieces from old age, every part disappearing at the same time. The house in which he lived is still standing on the north end of the plot. It has been there so long it now shows unmistakable signs of old age. I hope our special friend, Thomas Percy, will still leave it as a memento of the old proprietor, but if he should replace it with a more modern structure that he will in some way perpetuate the model upon which it was built and put up some little adornment with the word “Silver” on it.

I cannot imagine this first of streets laid out in Bowmanville and which I’ve trod so long being without a Percy on

it. Their family came in at a later period but since they became denizens have played a very important part in the general affairs of the town. The late John Percy, the father, was one of the honest, industrious men who by careful living made a competence. He was married in Devonshire, England, and the young couple were good specimens of the wholesome, healthy people that famous county produced. They were quite an acquisition. Mrs Percy was a true helpmate. Her demeanor indicated that she came of good stock. I was going on one occasion into a leading dry goods store and met her coming out. The gentleman who had waited upon her said to me after she left, “There is no one of our lady customers upon whom I like to wait more than I do on Mrs Percy.” This speaks volumes in her favour, for if you want to know when a woman is well bred you will be most likely to find it out at the shop counter. Her example in the home and out of it was of value to the young girls growing up in her neighborhood. John Percy, Jr., still follows the same occupation in the same place. He has served the public faithfully and well as town councillor to which position he was repeatedly elected and although for the last two years he has practically retired it is the hope of his many friends that he will again pull an oar in the municipal ship. There are breakers ahead and we want just such men as he to man and steer the vessel aright. His brother Thomas, the friend of everybody and everybody’s friend, is ever alert to do a good turn to any one needing it. I hope he’ll remain steadily on the same spot. I am sure if he were to drop out from any cause hundreds of people would miss his cheerful face and hearty hand shake.

The “Shop of Silver” where Ned manufactured the articles he dealt in was immediately south of the residence lengthwise to the street. At first the logs were bored by hand labor. He afterwards introduced a machine which was worked by horse power. All the boys within reasonable distance used to congregate in this depot to see and hear what was going on, and whatever fun was uppermost Ned took a hand in. He was particularly fond of the lads and generally had the older ones fully primed for all kinds of innocent mischief. He seemed never to tire of trying to give them a good time in his own way. He was tall, slim, withy and very restless in his movements. He continued

making pumps till he left the world for good. He was one of the best hearted neighbors we had and was willing at any time, day or night, to do another a good turn. His outside chattels were apparently kept for public use. When passing his shop one day he was on the sidewalk answering a request from some chap who wanted to borrow his single wagon. "Yes, said he, "you can have it but only on one condition, that is if you promptly return it in time for the next applicant for some fellow is sure to want it. He spent over much time at the taverns. Hinde's was his favorite resort. He was not what might be called a steady hard drinker but took enough to fire his blood and vivify his imagination and then stars and garters, didn't the humor and wit pour out in a lively full stream! It would be useless to tell any of his witty sallies for there was as much in the way he told them as in the jests themselves. His face was like a mirror—you could see the fun beaming out all over and when he liked to try his powers of imitation you would laugh in spite of yourself. This peculiar faculty was not confined to himself. He had a brother Tim who visited here occasionally from Lindsay and when the pair got together in the hotel there was quite a lively circus. The only way I know of that you could get a realistic idea of his powers as a jester would be to get our worthy friend, Thomas Bassett, to relate a few of his experiences with him. He was constable for the west ward at one time and in the execution of the office there were some rare performances. To arrest a man was with him a joke. I am tempted to give a little bit of history in which he was principal actor.

Joseph Maynard, senior, well known to local fame, kept a lively place of business right where the Prower block stands on King St., combining candy shop, bake shop, livery stable and hotel. He applied at the time to which I refer, for a renewal of his license to sell spirits at the bar. Ned had been elected Inspector of Licenses and it was necessary to get from him a certificate that the house contained six rooms fit for the accommodation of any travellers who might want to be entertained at his hotel. By a strange defect on the part of Joe in his knowledge of arithmetic, he counted six but the Inspector could only count five. This led to a lively tempest. Failing to bring Ned to time, he threatened him with an action for

damages. He became anxious about it and called a meeting of the ratepayers to find out from them what should be done in such dangerous circumstances, for if the suit went on some one would have to pay heavy cost and he wanted the interested public to assume the responsibility. The gathering was held in the old Town Hall, afterwards it was converted into a public school. Garner Gifford was elected chairman and of all the rum performances that ever took place at a public meeting in Bowmanville, I think this broke the record. Ned was in his element, his eyes dancing like firelight, his whole body twitching with excitement, when laying down the law from his standpoint he was frequently interrupted by a man named Harris, a shoemaker who had his shop in the place on King St., east, where a Mrs. Gifford lived and which was burned down during her occupancy of it. He kept interjecting his questions in a most disagreeable way, "Who's to pay the cost I want to know?" To understand the point of Ned's scathing retort I would explain that when you had a boot re-soled it was called putting a tap on. "I tell you what I'll do," Ned bawled out, "I'll go down to you Harris and get a tap on." This odd way of footing a bill caught the crowd and they yelled like people possessed. The victim of the joke was laughed out of court. The chairman at last thought it time to interpose and ask for an adjournment. In doing so he unwittingly said, "Gentlemen, you've disgusted it long enough," and although he meant discussed, it about described the situation.

One thing I am bound to say, with all the continuous long time I met and knew my hero on no occasion did I hear him use any low or degrading language. His genius for joking was never made the vehicle of obscenity or to give vent to ill temper. There was no prejudice in his disposition. I witnessed once, though the part he took in what I thought was cruel treatment of a poor wretch whose conduct called out the resentment of a crowd who were having a high time in Hinde's bar. This fellow was in from the rear of Darlington somewhere. He had an altercation with someone and drew a knife trying to use it on the party he had the dispute with. He was disarmed and brought out into the street, someone procured a raw-hide and this Ned applied without mercy. When he did let him off, the way he ran down and out the Scugog

road was a sight. There were few who had a kindlier heart than Edward. As far as I know the only surviving one of his children in Bowmanville is Mrs. George Moses. Such is Life!

I do not know how it was that so many who were identified with the early settlement of this town came from Port Hope. There was quite a large number who found their way into Darlington after a short residence there. Port Hope had what accommodation some years before we were given that convenience and they made that their place of entry before coming west. This is how I account for it. Among the number who was destined to fill quite a space in the growing activity was the late Robert S. Manning, who located here somewhere about 1847. His family must have been amongst the very earliest arrivals who cast in their lot with the Port Hoppers. My father knew them when he first saw that picturesque little village in 1819. The family were from Ireland and left in coming to this country one of the loveliest spots in all that island so famed for its beauty. It was the county of Wicklow and the valley where they lived, near the Avoca River has been embalmed for all time by Moore the poet in one of the sweetest of his lays.

"Sweet vale of Avoca, How calm could I rest.

In the bosom of shade that I love the best;  
When the storms that we feel in this cold world shall cease

And our hearts like thy waters be mingled in peace."

Mr. Manning named his residence Avoca Cottage. They were from a good class in the land of their fathers. He was in early life deprived of his parents and was brought up and educated by William Furby, who was an uncle by marriage. It may seem foreign to my subject, still that gentleman had so much to do with things here that I think it in place to say a little about him. Mr. Furby established one of the first newspapers in the county of Durham and through all the vicissitudes of outrageous fortune it is still attempting to guide the Durhamites in political and other matters. It is called The Port Hope Guide. What little items of interests took place in this, then the next village of importance, west, were chronicled in that paper, so that he had a written intercourse with the people here. He was English by birth and the fact that he was able to edit a newspaper shows that he was endowed

with a good deal of talent and must have been fairly well educated. His son, George M. Furby, never left the place of his birth and is the General Manager of the Midland Loan Society. Like his father he is a useful member of society. He also kept a cabinet shop.

Mr. R. S. Manning served an apprenticeship to that trade and to the printing as well. On coming to Bowmanville he took up the former, adding to it the undertaking, both of which he carried on for years. One of the Bigelows leased the corner where Mr. McMurtry's store stood before the fire and put up a peculiar kind of structure on it. The lower storey was used for a tinshop and the upper part for a dwelling. Lumber was cheap and plentiful and in place of the ordinary clapboard they laid the boards flat one upon another and those when nailed together made a pretty solid wall. It was warm and stood the wear and tear of use well, finally being destroyed by fire. It was in those premises that Mr. Manning commenced operation. He soon became the leading man in that line and did a large trade both in town and country. A word is often used pregnant with meaning to describe an honest man, that is, upright and he was entitled to have that epithet applied to him. He soon got the confidence of the people and retained it. There was any amount of geniality about him and he was always cheerful and bright. I might well call him a human magnet, for he had the power of drawing others about him. His shop was the headquarters of quite a coterie of good fellows who congregated there to enjoy the sweets of conversation, to criticize the doings of the populace and to discuss the affairs of the town and nation. It was a kind of "Pelican Club," only differing in this, that the game was played by the head and not by the hand. Many a yarn was spun and good story told there.

Mr. Manning sold out to Mr. W. P. Prover and went into the hardware line. Mr. Thos. Bassett at the time was doing a flourishing business in the stand now occupied as a grocery store by Mayor Tait. This he bought and by shrewd management, he was able to retire and thus become relieved of care and anxiety at a comparatively early age. He was one of the very few who had made money during the boom, being wise enough to unload the lauds he held before the market went

under. He was small in stature but well knit and as active in his movements as it was possible for one to be. He was a scientific wrestler and was quite willing to try a clunch when the opportunity offered. What the size of the contestant might be was a matter of indifference. The little Japs remind me of him. After he was sixty years of age, he being at the time in his son George's store, a farmer from Darlington, a much younger man, happening to be there, got speaking of his prowess and ability in such feats of strength and ability and offering to show his senior how easily he could throw him. R. S. agreed to gratify him and give him one chance. No sooner said than done, for this agriculturist found himself on the floor and had to shake the dust off his back.

Mr. Manning was a staunch supporter of the Episcopal Church and one of the most liberal contributors they had. In politics he was a Conservative but not a hardshell. He was willing to give to those opposed to him credit for equal honesty in taking opposite ground to any opinion he expressed. The Masonic Fraternity had in him a living exponent of their principles. The square and compass were not simply symbols but entered into his daily intercourse with his fellow members and with his fellow men. He remembered the poor. Of the two living sons, William is in the United States. Robert has been most successful in Winnipeg and is at the head of a large coal company and has, I am told, made an ample fortune.

Another Celtic family from Scotland came into the village in 1842. The name itself smells of the highlands—McTavish. I do not wonder at the clan being so proud of it, so many members having distinguished themselves in every country and clime. In the varied pursuits of life they have been found in large numbers doing valiant service and Canada has had its full share of benefit from many members who have borne this truly highland surname. They were strong in numbers, healthy and vigorous. They at first had intended locating in Chatham, Ontario, their friends the McVickers having taken up quarters in that fertile section of the province. They were closely related, being full cousins of Rev. Dr. H. McVicar, who worked with such great advantage in educating so many young men for the

ministry, holding as he did the principalship of the Presbyterian College, Montreal, and Malcolm who was among the distinguished educationists here and at one time in Brockport, New York. His achievements in the various schools under his management led up to the principalship of the renowned McMaster College, Toronto. How they found their way to this particular spot of earth came about through the influence of a young woman. You know there is generally a woman under every rare occurrence. One of the sons, Neil, fell in love with a Miss Galbraith. She was living at home with her parents on the farm in the fourth concession where Mr. James Veale is now running business. To be near his lady love, he induced the mother to pitch her tent in this now flourishing town, then a small village. She did so and bought the property on King St. which for so long became the homestead and which was sold on the old lady's demise to Mr. R. W. James. Mrs. McTavish was a particularly good specimen of her country women. A comely matron with a strong personality—one born to rule if only within a limited sphere. I can fancy with what pride she would look on her sturdy offspring. There were six sons and two daughters and not a weakling in the blood. Two of the brothers, Edward and Donald, became partners and went into the business to which they were bred and for some time supplied the farmers with wheel vehicles and other articles which they required in tilling the soil. Donald became quite noted for the manufacture of Scotch ploughs and plough points. He was strong and wholesome. If one dared use a comparison I would be inclined to place him alongside of some of the Scottish chiefs with which the literature of the Gaul abounds.

It happened in the olden time when the social glass was so universally used that he indulged with the others and if the blood coursed too freely and a misunderstanding arose with any of his companions resulting as it did in a combat, he was sure to be the victor. He was an excellent singer having been blessed with a fine tenor voice. For a long period, one decade anyway, he was the presenter in the Presbyterian church and led the devotions in the sanctuary with acceptance and edification. He married the daughter of R. B. Andrew, our whilom townsman

who is so well known and so well liked from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Donald left Bowmanville to try his hand in Western Ontario; he afterwards moved to the United States where he died. Edward, my brother-in-law who married my only living sister Elizabeth,—moved first to Woodville and then to Whitby, Ontario. About twenty five years ago they determined to take their young and numerous family to Manitoba which was then coming into prominence as an outlet for the overflowing population of this province. They did so and guided by a kind Providence, took up lands in Morris, where they are now among the well to do leading citizens. Edward lived to see his family all grown up and living in his immediate neighborhood.

Mr. Robert Fairbairn McTavish, M. D., is in the village of Morris. For some reason he has never married and has become rich. Some seven miles from his office there is a large Minnionite colony. In the outset of his professional visits to them he found, notwithstanding their intelligence and high moral character, that their domestic habits, were of the most filthy description. He learned the Russian language which they speak and after he had obtained their confidence he set himself rigidly to work to bring about a reformation and now they are living not like savages but civilized beings. He is a superior looking man and would attract attention in a crowd. He has two brothers also in Morris and one in Winnipeg. My two neices are living,—Mrs. Martyu, a widow in Los Angeles, California, and Mrs. McClenighan, Hamiota, Manitoba, at present with her son, Dr. Lorne Jackson, who like so many of the younger men in Manitoba has heaped up a surplus. His brother Bruce, Barrister, and his wife have been this winter automobiling through California.

Referring again to the original, Hugh was a sea captain and after he came to this country followed the same avocation on the lakes, making his headquarters at Detroit. James who was about my own age, became a medical doctor of repute. After practising for a short time in Ontario he finally put up his sign in Alpena, Michigan, where he passed out into the great beyond about two years ago. Malcolm the younger is still at the old profession, now perhaps the oldest schoolteacher in the county. I do not mean as to age but

of service. He is a walking dictionary, carrying in his mind a full recollection of men, women and events connected with the place since the day of arrival in Bowmanville. He is as active and useful as ever. May his bow long continue in strength. The two daughters, Amelia and Janet are still in the land of the living, peacefully and happily gliding like the rest of us older ones, down to the parting of the ways which leads to greater and blessed light in the future. All were Liberals in Politics and Presbyterians in religion. Neil, already referred to, could claim the honor, if such it can be called, of being the first resident who attempted to operate a machine shop run by water power. He was a skilled mechanic and had large views, had he only had the faculty of making things pay, but he was too generous and kindly in his disposition to get on under the existing circumstances. Shortly after arriving he bought the fifty acres from the Cubitts on the north side of Kingston road. It was afterwards sold to the Suttons. They for years had a brewery on it. The little rivulet that is still coursing its way down from the old Borland estate, now Mrs. J. C. Rowe and son's, was then quite a creek. He dammed it up, this giving him quite a pond, and erected a suitable shop and made rakes and sythes. I cannot say how long he continued his efforts, at any rate, he sold out and went to the west and I think went into farming at which he continued to the end.

Being so near the Scotch Thistle I am reminded of another Scottish household who have always been mixed up with the commercial affairs of Bowmanville since they arrived. Coming into prominence about the time of the opening of the Grand Trunk Railway in 1856, "Kilmarnock" is an ancient burgh lying within twenty miles of Glasgow. Famous for the blue bonnets which are so largely manufactured there and for carpets Kidderminsters are turned out in such quantities that there is only one other place in all Scotland that exceeds them. It is surrounded by one of the most fertile and rich districts in the kingdom being noted for the immense quantity of cheese sold from there. Above all it is in the county of Ayrshire, which has been immortalized in many a song by Robert Burns, his place of birth being not far from this celebrated town. A fine monument to perpetuate his memory is among



the first attractions of the place. About three miles out there was a farm which was in the tenancy of the Murdochs for three generations.

I have heard our Mr. Peter Murdoch so often dilate on the place and the youthful days he spent in the old stone house and about the yards and grounds, that I feel somewhat as if I had myself at some time been a visitor at Gruger Vains—that is the name of the holding. He grew up as most Scottish lads do in a highly religious atmosphere. I have no doubt but that the home was modelled on the lines so truthfully and graphically portrayed by Burns in his "Cotter's Saturday Night," and also in industrious habits. There could have been no loafing or killing time on that farm where it took every effort and all the skill they possessed to pay the high rents demanded by the landlord, and which he had no difficulty in getting when the place became vacant. It was one of great productiveness. They had also a large family to provide for. I knew three of the brothers and they were all workers.

It was in the pursuit of healthy occupation that Peter Murdoch got his muscular strength so developed that it has and still enables him to bear the great physical strain to which he has been subjected. At 18 years of age he left Kilmarnock in which town he spent some time in getting a rudimentary training in the grocery department and went into the great teeming city of Glasgow to try his hand among the crowd who were full of strenuous efforts to come out ahead in their worldly pursuits. He got on there very well and for a short time tried it on his own account. During his experience there he got a thorough knowledge of his calling. I question if there is a more thoroughly competent grocer in town today.

As Peter grew older he began to speculate as to his future and realized the fact that all the world was not centred in Glasgow and having so far conquered the difficulties of his new position he felt it incumbent on him to look out for a wider arena in which to strive for that which is in the eye of every Scotchman the main thing to win the bawbees.

I have been of late following the path that so many have apparently been compelled to tread that I am almost growing to be a fatalist. There seems so much that is tragic and unaccountable in every path that comes under my cognizance. If Peter as a boy riding on the old cart over the broad acres of his native place could

have foreseen what Fate had in store for him in the future, I fancy he would have shrunk from the undertaking if he could have done so. However wild a flight of fancy his imaginings might have taken it could not have pictured to him anything like the actual facts. Could any will power of his own have altered the issue? I doubt it very much. He laid his plans with care after getting all the information he could as to the best place in which to spend his energies. At last he set his face towards this fair land where so many have risen from just such humble beginnings to the height of worldly prosperity.

Peter first put his foot down in the delightful neighboring town of Cobourg, then one of the most important in the counties where it is situated. He had relatives there who had preceded him from home and this accounts for his entrance there as a suppliant at the foot of Dame Fortune for success. He took service for one year with a firm who were following the same kind of trade. It was then he got a knowledge of the methods adopted generally in Canada which he found widely different from those prevailing in such a city as Glasgow. Tea and sugar were not doled out in pennyworth's and other things in like quantities. Full of desire to make a name for himself he again set out on the hunt for some good locality where to put up his sign manual. "Peter Murdoch, Dealer in all kinds of Groceries."

Shall we say whether it was Fate, chance or wise judgment that brought Peter Murdoch to our little town? At any rate, he turned up here as bright and smiling as a daisy by the river's brink. I shall never forget my first interview with him, fair and fresh, full of vitality, his eye which even yet has a peculiar brilliancy was glistening like a star. Can you guess, my friends, what was the cause? Tell it not in Gath. The Canadian whiskey was not like the stuff smelling of the peat reek and to which he had been accustomed when he did use it in Glasgow. He had not properly gauged its strength and although not "fou," still he had a wee drappy in his eye, and this so brightened up his faculties that it did not take him long to reckon up the pros and cons and lead him to a prompt decision in our favor which was a wise one. I must, however, do him justice, for when I have occasionally jogged his memory he labours under the hallucination that it was I, and not he, who was the guilty party. This was in 1857.

Mr. Murdoch's first efforts were put

forth in the brick building in the West End where Mr Wm Fishleigh who is a skilled operator does some mechanical engineering. He shortly afterwards removed to a larger place across the street now used as a dwelling and owned by the Ruebottom estate. About a year after he commenced, his elder brother, the late John Murdoch joined him in the enterprise and it became Murdoch Brothers. Subsequently they bought a brick building from John D Fee low owned by Mr C. M. Cawker. They did a large lucrative trade and heaped up money rapidly. A fire occurring completely destroyed the shop, making a clean sweep of the stock as well. By this they were heavy losers. Nothing daunted they went at it again with full purpose and it was not long before with the co-operation of the man who owned the east half that there arose from the ashes of the old one the present handsome Beaver Block.

After they re-stocked things went on swimmingly but darker days were in store. Like so many who by an undue ambition to increase their means are induced to undertake something that they do not understand, forgetting the advice to "let well enough alone," and this is what happened the then prosperous firm. They ran up against the dry goods and came badly to grief. The tide which they had taken at the flow and which led on to fortune began to ebb and they did not afterwards stem the tide. John who was a man of firmness and marked intelligence came to Canada not with a view to a mercantile life but he intended following the cultivation of the soil, the intricacies of which he had a complete knowledge. I take it that the allurements of business, it being supposed a much easier way of earning the needful, induced him to change his plans. He never took kindly to an indoor life. He was a shrewd pushing Scot and saw an opportunity for making money more rapidly in the apple trade which was then growing to be a large spot on the horizon and likely to become an important element in the material well being of this part of Ontario. This suited him exactly and he gave it his personal attention, buying, packing and shipping this delicious fruit across the Atlantic. By his honest careful dealing he got a name in the old country market which when placed on the barrels commanded a ready sale. He was indeed a pioneer in this industry which has grown in late years to such a prodigious extent. He continued a large shipper up to the time of his unfortunate illness

which resulted in his death last 20th of April. Although stern and quick in manner his heart was always sound. Up to his last days he took an interest in all that related to the world around him.

The other brother, William Murdoch, was out in Canada for a few years and spent a portion of the time here. He went back and died and as Stephenson says: "Sleeps under good Scotch clouds."

There were three sisters, Elizabeth, the eldest married at home and lived for a long time in Hevensburg, a suburb of Glasgow. The last year or two of her life she spent here and left for the better land from Bowmanville. Of the other two, Janet and Mary, the former after a long busy life sleeps also in our well kept, lovely cemetery. Mary, the youngest, is still able to look after her household affairs and Mr. Peter Murdoch resides with her. The Murdochs have all been numbered among those who have most loyally supported spiritual and financially the cause of Presbyterianism, not only locally but in the bounds of the Presbytery.

Mr. Peter Murdoch married Mary, daughter of the late Alexander Beth. She was the very quintessence of kindness, our dear friend and neighbor. No one ever lived in her house no matter in what capacity who did not receive attention and help in some direction from her. She had a mind and will of her own. Both in the church and domestic life her opinions were of great value. Her influence was not confined to her own immediate relatives but spread out and took in a large circle around her. Her sterling worth made her deeply regretted when death came. Knowing her all my life, I am able to write of her from personal knowledge.

If you would like to know the family record in public affairs, religious convictions and national sentiment, just strike Peter when he is leaving the Post Office on the proper day and you will ascertain the kind of pabulum on which their brains are nourished. His hand firmly clasps the Daily Globe, The Presbyterian and The Scottish American—pretty good diet for Scottish Grits. Miss Kate Murdoch is the only young representative of the Murdoch family in the Province of Ontario.

Mrs. Murdoch's only sister, Christina, grew up in the township of Clarke where her early life was spent. The homestead lay on the boundary between the two townships. It was a well known place. There was always an open door there for

the numerous friends who so often enjoyed their hospitality. Twenty-three years or more ago, Mr. Belth decided to retire from active work and moved into town. He rented "Beaconsfield" on Liberty St. and from there she was married to Mr. William McKay who was born and grew up in the township of Pickering. His parents were among the first settlers in that rich township. The father bore the distinguishing characteristics of his clan. William was very much like his father in personal appearance. The family were among the most prominent people in that section. Mrs. McKay, sr., was a sister of Mrs. Daniel Galbraith, Queen Street. After William came to Bowmanville he gave his attention to book-keeping. He was an expert accountant and among other positions held that of Secretary-Treasurer of the Dominion Organ & Piano Company. This important post he efficiently filled. While in the full vigour of his manhood he was suddenly cut down having only left his place at the desk some two days. When this sad news which came like an electric shock was heard, it was keenly felt by the whole community. Indeed, they could scarcely realize the terrible fact. He was very popular indeed and much liked by the employees of the Company as well as the employers. Although outspoken and independent in his opinions he was so genial that he grew and held a large place in the estimation of his fellow citizens.

After her husband's death Mrs. McKay purchased the beautiful house and grounds already referred to and has made it a permanent home. The remarks made in reference to Mrs. Murdoch apply with equal force to Mrs. McKay. She has been a blessing to all around her. Her brothers, James and Robert Belth reside with her.

The following romantic tale that happened 15 years ago, is no fable and is so connected with Kilmarnock I am tempted to relate it. In passing east on King St. one day, I saw the late lamented Dr. J. W. McLaughlin standing in the Murdoch's doorway and he called out to me. Those who knew the Dr. will remember that he had a strong sense of Irish humor in his make up. "Fairbairn, don't you want a servant man?" He knew very well that I was too frightfully poor to indulge in such a luxury and had to do my own work. He said if you do there is a country man of yours over in my office who wants a job. Prompted, I suppose, largely by curiosity, I went

across the street and sure enough I found a young goodlooking fellow with a leer on his face that spoke plainly that he was under the influence of a big dose of the barley bree. I began to express my surprise and sorrow at seeing a person of his calibre and appearance in such a humiliating condition. He looked me straight in the eye with a more sobered expression on his face and said, "He that steals my purse steals trash, but he that filches my guid name leaves me purr indeed." I was not a little taken back, at his Shakespearean quotation and said to him, "Where are you from?" "From Glasgow" he replied. "I worked at boiler making in that city, but man I was born in Kilmarnock." I then saw daylight through the darkness. I immediately went over and told Peter Murdoch the circumstances; I can yet see how the magic word "Kilmarnock" took hold of him. Off went the apron and he was willing to accompany me any where to see his brother Scot from that delectable place. We interviewed John—for such was his name and then the fun began. I only wish you could have seen Peter's face while he cross questioned with so much interest the wanderer. John was equal to the catechist. His answers were so true and straightforward that we both became convinced that he was no fraud. I said, "Do you really want work and to change the present sad and degrading way in which you are spending the best of your life. He said "yes" in a tone of sincerity. I said "If so come up to my house in the morning and I will see what can be done" knowing if he did so there would be some chance. He was promptly on hand according to agreement. Then came the crux of the difficulty. Mrs. Fairbairn was in delicate health and I knew very well that if she thought that a "knight of the road" were harbored anywhere about the premises she would be uneasy. I found the old adage to come true: That if there's a will there's always a way to be found. The domestic who was living with us was a kindly girl and entered into the plot that we devised with great sympathy. We arranged sleeping apartments for him in the out buildings and she saw that he got plenty of food. Water was plentiful and soap cheap. I got a tub of hot water out in the shed and John got a good cleaning. I do not know if we reached Glasgow dirt or not. The Kilmarnock blood told and the friends acted and we got him a good decent outfit in the way of gar-

ments. When he got them on with shirt collar, etc he could scarcely recognize himself. Shakespeare speaks of being clothed in ragged misery and this had been his condition. He had spent the night before he turned up at the doctor's office in the dirty filthy lockup with nine others, one a negro, so you can imagine his state. We made a bonfire in the yard and burned what he had on. After a week or two he got strengthened up and I can assure you he was nobody's fool. He was a fairly good scholar and not a bad singer. He went out for a summer to Wel's Crawford. They were considerate for him and he got on well there. Coming back to town in the fall he went into Mr. Murdoch's store as a kind of delivery clerk and remained with them nearly up to the time he left. He joined the church and was a faithful member and also sang in the choir. He was a good elocutionist and often recited for us at our church gatherings. The Rev. Dr. R. D. Fraser who was the pastor of St. Paul's church and an excellent one he was, helped poor John to live the better life, by loving sympathy and advice. He was somewhat I think, discontented here, as some fools thought it cute to brand him a "tramp." He went to the far West and the last I heard of him was through Mr. Fraser, who met him out on the C. P. R. in the North West Territories. He had drifted into their employment.

Perhaps no single enterprise of any kind was of more importance to the then inhabitants of the Canadas than the creation of the old Montreal Telegraph Company. Sir Hugh Allan and some others associated with him invested their means and launched their commercial adventure. Their anticipations as to its success and usefulness were verified. In 1847 the first wire was strung between Montreal and Toronto. As might have been anticipated it caused quite a stir among the rural population thorough the towns and villages in route. This mode of sending message with such great speed opened up a new area in the interchange of thought, giving those living at great distances apart, the means of making their wants and wishes known to each other. At first it was looked upon by many as something uncanny and it was quite a time before the unlearned—the masses—could take it in.

Here let me state two things that occurred to show what queer ideas some people formed as to how telegraphing was done. A man in the township of

Clarke came into my office one afternoon and sent an important message to which he wanted a reply. He waited anxiously up till 8 p.m. the hour of closing, and then reluctantly left for his home. It was late in the Fall. The roads were bad. It also was raining slightly. I was very much surprised at a hurried knock at my door about 9:30 p.m. and on going to see what was wanted I found my anxious customer. He was quite excited and eagerly said, "You've got my answer." I was quite dumfounded and for a minute or two did not get my ideas together. "What do you mean?" I managed to say. "Way he said, I heard it coming over the wire." It appears that when he got some four miles east he heard the music of the spheres—the winds—by its action on the wire causing it to make a sound and concluded that it must be his looked for telegram on its way to Bowmanville. Sadly indeed he again left for his long ride through the darkness and mud.

I was coming up King street on another occasion when just opposite where the McTavish place of business was, I saw a man standing eagerly watching the telegraph wire. When I came up to him I found it was an old friend, a Scotchman from near Hampton. After exchanging the usual greetings I said to him, "Man, what are you looking at?" "Why, he said, Don't you see you news has got stuck on it's way?" The boys had been flying a kite the tail of which had got entangled with the wire. I had to explain to the man from Caledonia and give him some better idea how the news was sent.

The first telegraph office opened in Bowmanville was I think in 1848. I am not quite sure but think T. T. Patrick, who came from Lindsay, was the first operator in charge. The office was in an upper room of a frame building that belonged to Mr. Heal and afterwards to Mr. Aaron Buckler. There was an old-fashioned outside stairway which you climbed to reach it; certainly not a very elegant place to house the belongings of the Telegraph Company. Mr. Patrick, became friendly with the Suttons, who had a drug store on the corner where they so long supplied the wants of the people with the kinds of merchandize in which they so largely dealt. The same trade is still carried on the same spot. Messrs R. M. Mitchell & Co, being the fortunate proprietors, succeeding to the long well established Pharmacy that had flourished there since a very

early period.

Mr. Patrick decided to become a druggist and spent quite a time in the shop as a student and moved the instruments there. After he left town, the late George T. Hall, of Whitby, a brother-in-law of the late John Hamm Perry came to look after the interests and business of the telegraph company. He was a good operator, attentive and obliging. I succeeded him in 1852.

My first experience in connection with the Telegraph came about as follows: An American speculator by the name of Snow, came over from the United States and persuaded the benighted Canucks that an additional telegraph company was wanted, holding out great inducements in the way of increased facilities and cheaper rates. By his plausible arguments he managed to get his scheme afloat. A charter was gotten and large quantities of stock disposed of. When in Bowmanville inducing the early ones to invest their money he was also on the lookout for an agent and offered me the post, and I accepted it. I did not take long to acquire the art as the original receiver in which the paper ribbon was used was in general use. I paid some attention to it so as to be ready when the gala day for opening would arrive but nothing but bitter disappointment was the result. Such a telegraph line as this I am sure was never put up before or since. The material used was common iron wire without proper insulation. It was impossible to send messages over it. A more deliberate swindle was never perpetrated on any community. The rascal Snow so manipulated things as to get the contract and did what he liked. The concern had a short sickly existence, regretted only by the unfortunate stockholders who were jewed out of their money. It was afterwards bought up and remodelled by Weller, of Cobourg, and a man from Picton. They tried to work it under a new name. It was again passed into other hands and they finally amalgamated with the Montreal Telegraph Co.

My second experience was quite a different one. The late James Dakers, of Montreal, had through the influence of Sir Hugh Allan been given the secretary and treasurership of the new company then struggling from the dawn of its first efforts into the light of day. He gave devoted attention to its interests and became a most useful man in the head office. He was a native of the old Cathedral town

of Brechin, Scotland, a man of fine parts and high aims. He had remained unmarried. A family whom he had known in that same city came to our village, in the early forties and afterwards moved on to a farm which they bought in the third concession of Darlington, now belonging to Mr. William Snowden. The father was Mr. John Christie. The eldest daughter, Jean, who is the heroine of the romance, was a young comely maiden, as handsome as a picture. Being just out from the Old Country she had the fair complexion that so many of the people from that northern climate possess. The first few months they stayed in the village they rented a small frame house from Mr. Stephens, next to their own place on the corner of Silver St. It so happened that Mr. Dakers had received from some friends in the old country a parcel of goods which they wished to convey through him to them on the farm. In doing this he wrote explaining his part in the transaction. Miss Jennie replied to this letter. A correspondence between them was opened up, photographs were exchanged. He made an offer of marriage which was accepted and the little girl he knew when in bonnie Scotland thus became the fiancee of one she could not even recollect. When he left Montreal for the purpose of carrying out the compact he made all necessary preparations so that if on meeting she had any scruples he would not return to the city. The momentous day came, they met and were married and a more happy one could not have taken place. They were a most loving devoted pair. I knew them intimately afterwards. He became a wealthy man. They lived in fine style owning one of the many beautiful homes in which that city abounds. They were most hospitable and many eminent guests were entertained by them. Mr. Dakers was a man of superior talents and his wife was equally endowed. One daughter graced the circle. She is now the wife of a leading physician in Montreal, Dr. Cameron. Mrs. Dakers has survived him many years and is enjoying a green old age surrounded by every temporal comfort.

Having degreed so far, I will go a little farther. The Christies were very early settlers and well known by our business men. Isabel the second daughter went to Montreal when a young lady

and married John Paterson who was at the time an employee of Henry Morgan & Company, then having an immense business in the dry goods line. He was a nephew of Mr. Morgan's. After leaving them he went into the wholesale manufacturers of spices. He had a most successful business history, retiring from it like a sensible man that he is, sufficiently early so as to give himself respite from carking care. He has ample means and I think fully enjoys all the blessings resulting from his fruitful efforts. My daughter Georgina married his son Henry Morgan Patterson whose mother is still full of activity and cares for her household with unceasing attention. Elizabeth remains unmarried and resides with the others in Montreal. Of the sons, John has just retired after a faithful service of thirty years in the Telegraph Company. J. B. is the postmaster of Trenton.

During one of Mr. Daker's many visits to Bowmanville he suggested to me the advisability of applying for their agency. I acted upon this suggestion and got a notice in due course and sometime in 1852 I entered the employment and have ever since done what I could to serve the public and conserve their interests in this branch of public usefulness.

O. S. Wood was the General Manager, one of the finest men you could possibly know. When we had only one wire to work with it was a difficult problem often. As the business grew it was almost at times impossible to get your message attended to. I have watched the instruments eight hours at a stretch to get a chance to call an office. The larger ones having the precedence of the circuit. Perhaps the man who was sending the despatch would ask every half hour if it had been sent. It was a most trying position for the operator. Toronto and Montreal would monopolize often for three hours at a stretch and then the other larger places would come in first. In the olden days of the Grand Trunk there was a kind of wooden tower standing at the station in Toronto. I notice that a fellow wrote on it in a good bold hand, "Job never travelled by the Grand Trunk Railway." I know he never stood waiting and watching the old single telegraph line. If he had, I think he would have lost his reputation or at least have had it sorely tried.

The duty of keeping the line repaired devolved on the unfortunate operators. My section was four and a half miles west and east to Newtonville in Clarke. What

a time we often had! It generally got down and out during the worst weather. A sleet storm was looked upon with dread. We had to hustle out and drive till we met the break. The tug of war came in our efforts to sling the thing clear of the ground and get it in running order. Dr. C. N. Vars who had charge at Oshawa was the best hand we had. He could climb a pole like a squirrel and many an hour he spent in this laborious exercise. There was a section near and below Newtonville where we had continuous trouble. After a lightning storm many of the poles came to grief. It looked as if there was some attraction in the earth that caused the electric fluid to leave the conducting wire and run down the poles to the ground. I noticed that invariably it followed the natural grain of the timber. I have seen as many as twelve poles at a time more or less injured within a radius of two miles. The telegraph business expanded rapidly and as soon as additional wires came into use we did a large amount of telegraphing.

In looking at an old book in which the messages were entered, I find that there are scarcely any now living who at that period—about 1860—used so extensively this method of buying and selling. How familiar the old names are. Of the people here and many large firms in Toronto and Montreal it is hard to get the fact into one's mind that they are all blotted out. Forty years has buried out of sight the whole population of men who were then as we are now struggling with might and main to get a little of earthly things so soon to be left behind. No use grumbling, such is our fate. The high water mark was kept up until the telephone came into use. We had at one time as many as sixty communications a day.

Here is, in my humble judgment an object lesson by the following statement of facts that should be learned by many of our large establishments all over the Dominion where there has been so many fierce conflicts between labour and capital arising out of the greed of the great capitalists on the one hand and perhaps sometimes the unreasonable demands of the employees on the other. Namely that I know no great corporation where so many of the employees have been so long working for the same institution as in what is now The Great North Western Telegraph Company of which H. P. Dwight was so long the general manager and guide. No doubt during all the

years he has had the benefit of a wise sound board but still I am persuaded that the outcome was largely due to the management of the gentleman named. He held the scales between his shareholders who were looking for dividends and the toilers who largely helped to earn them. He did not look upon us as so many machines to accomplish the purpose and then to be cast aside without consideration when the end was served but rather as a brother in striving on the same plane as himself to earn a living and get on in the battle where so often the fight was keen and sharp.

That this is no fancy of my own, let me name a few with whom it has been with me a pleasure to cooperate for so long a time. In the Toronto office there is today, J. T. Townsend, one of the Inspectors, R. F. Eason, manager of the press department, Mr. Trickey who still slings the lightning to all parts of the Globe, Ben Toy, chief operator up to the time of his death. In the outlying district east of Toronto, the Yules at Whitby, until the amalgamation of the companies, myself at Bowmanville, Stanley Paterson, Port Hope, George A. Cox, Peterboro, now one of the financiers of the Dominion, Thompson, Belleville, Bethune, Ottawa, and hosts of others who have grown grey since they first became connected with the organization. I am constrained to mention as an example of Mr. Dwight's goodness of soul an instance of it that came under my own observation. He sent a lad here in 1852 to teach a student I had how to manipulate the instruments. A fine little chap he was as sharp and quick as they are made. Unfortunately he took consumption and had to go home to his mother, a widow, who was living near Rochester in the state of New York. It was whispered about among the telegraph connection that D. W., as he was called in Telegraph parlance, provided the means out of his own pocket to enable his mother to have him properly cared for. The good a man does is often unknown and soon forgotten. There is however a recording angel and comfort can be drawn from the assurance that even a cup of cold water given in the name of the Master will in no wise lose its reward.

I believe that O. S. Wood is still able to take part in the activities around him. He was a splendid man. My wife and I were in Montreal in 1861 when he was in the heyday of his popularity and fame. He gave us a reception at his house and among other celebrities that

we met there was the Hon. Luther H. Holton and Lloyd Garrison one of the great men who took such a prominent part in working out the freedom of the slaves in the Southern States. This was an unexpected act of thoughtful kindness to us, almost strangers. Such was the man.

I am tempted to refer to at least two of the many young men who learned telegraphing with me. If I had time to trace them it would be interesting. They all turned out well and did well with one exception. One of them is a good sample of the many cases I have had to do with during the last fifty odd years. I will go somewhat into particulars.

I will now go aside from the main subject a while. I do so at this point as Mr. Richard Brimacombe about whom I will now write a few pages, had much to do with one of the persons to whom I refer, as he roomed in his house during his stay in Bowmanville. Mr. B. is my next door neighbor and has lived alongside of me for the last twenty years. I must be careful not to use too strong language as it may partly destroy the effect of what I say, as none are perfect. To be faultless is to be lifeless. I will go this far, I have in the course of a fairly long life known many good men. I now conclude without any reservation, take him all along, I have never met his peer. He is not a star of the first magnitude but like a lesser one has an equally important place to fill. He has allowed his light to shine steadily and faithfully on those by whom he has been surrounded, telling them by his good words and works whose he is and whom he serves. He was born in Devonshire in the same year as Her Late Gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria and is now in his eighty sixth year. He had at the time and for a person of his station a fairly good school training. When sixteen years of age he left the farm and went into Exeter taking a situation as butler in a gentleman's house. This was a good position and only filled by persons of intelligence and standing. When he was about thirty years of age he turned over another leaf in his history, an important one. He married a wife. She did not require to change her name—she is a sister of Mr. J. M. Brimacombe, dentist, Bowmanville, and Frank, one of the well-to-do farmers in Clarke. He then rented a farm in the parish of Broadwoodwidge (the name would be greatly improved I think by leaving off the "widge") not far from the river

Tamer Then commenced the contest in real earnest.

For a long time he had more than ordinary returns for his labor. There was a good market at Tavistock and what he had to dispose of commanded a good price. During the whole of his tenancy, the ruling prices were high. He paid great attention to raising improved breeds of horses and other live stock and went largely into sheep both for the fleece and to dispose of the carcasses for home consumption. Mutton and lamb are prime articles in the diet of English people. Here again comes in the unexpansible. With large experience, being also a good judge of both horses and cattle, giving every attention to his business, conscientious and upright in all his dealings, nothing small or narrow, having superior intelligence to many who outstripped him in his own immediate neighborhood and beyond all and above all he gave devoted allegiance to his Heavenly Father and still grave disaster overtook him. Tennyson says: "We are only children crying in the dark and must wait for a solution of the whys and wherefores till the great record is unrolled." One misfortune followed another, the loss of valuable horses by accident, hundreds of sheep and young cattle perished from a plague that swept over the country. This left Mr. B. fairly bereft of the hard earnings of his lifetime. Had he closed out one year before he did there would have been enough left to buy a good farm in Canada. Discouraged, with a young lot of humans to provide for, yet with faith and trust in the good hand of Providence, he gave up the farm and left for this, so many, the promised land. When he did get here it was too late in the day for him to undertake the purchase of a farm and the consequent effort that it would be to him in his crippled condition to raise money to pay for it. There was only one boy among them and he was but a child. He did the next best thing and with manly fortitude went to work in the old furniture factory and earned what he could in that way.

While in England he was Superintendent teacher in the Sunday School where he had opportunity to impart to those who were under his care, his own religious views, based on the truths of the Bible as he understood them. There may be some yet living who may recall him and no doubt if they do it will be with affection but they must be few. He was Guardian of the poor and collector of rates for his parish. He has a wonderful memory and

can talk by the hour of people he knew and things he saw in his native place. I am tempted to quote, "and still they wondered and the grew how one small head could carry all he knew." As a young man he had most wonderful strength, small in stature and light in weight no one there could surpass him at any work on the farm. He has told me that he could take in his hand a raw potato and mash it to pieces. I know that disabled as he is with that fall disease rheumatism he managed last spring supported by a crutch to dig his garden which is the heaviest kind of clay. He has suffered since I knew him days and nights of constant agony which he has ever borne without a murmur. I have never seen a frown on his face. He is the most heroic piece of humanity I am sure, to be found anywhere. The whole family are most assiduous in their attention to and care of him and all the neighbors hold him in the greatest respect. If he were a millionaire he could not have any more temporal comforts and kind wishes from all who know him. Mrs. Brimcombe his partner of so many years is still able to share with him what of joy or sorrow is meted out to them day by day.

In politics he is a staunch Liberal and came through many a bitter contest when a voter in his native parish. He took part in the great agitation arising out of the Reform Bill introduced in '31 and although so young at the time he recollects all about it. He had a hand in the fight over the repeal of the Corn Laws and has lived to see the wonderful effects on the commercial growth of England. I will mention one instance to show the independence of his character and his adherence to his conscientious convictions. His wealthy landlord who had him at the time completely in his power, threatened him with eviction if he did not vote for the Conservative party whose candidate he wanted elected. But solicitations and threats were alike in vain. He voted according to his convictions. I am proud to number Richard Brimcombe among my warm personal friends. The only son Fred, who was for some time in my office is married and resides in Toronto doing well.

Mr. Thos. Bassett was largely associated with the building up of Bowmanville as he came here in the early fifties. I assume when he arrived he was one of quite a large flock and his environment would be of the usual kind. He received



a good education and this he has fully utilized through his long life. Few among us are better read, his reading covering a wide range of the best authors. When he grew up to maturity he could not be satisfied with simply vegetating in the somewhat exhausted soil of his native Cornwall. With an eye on future development, he looked beyond the limits of England to that outlying dependency of the Crown where fresh soil would be found giving liberty for growth and expansion. The plant was all right—it only wanted proper nourishment to make it grow and spread and this was the island continent of Australia. The trip there at that time was no light undertaking. I recollect when Canadians looked upon Australia as almost beyond reach. There was no Suez Canal known to travellers and no ocean grey-hounds with every luxury on board to satisfy the inner man. Now, travellers have everything that heart can wish for with games of all kinds to while away the time. The voyage at present to the Antipodes is one of pleasure and is often taken for this purpose alone.

When Mr Bassett was about twenty years of age his deliberation had reached a climax and he started out on the long trip to Australia. It would, I suppose, take at least four months to reach his destination, which he did in health and safety. One would have thought that this wonderful colony had everything his heart could wish, with gold gators, rich in flocks and herds and immense undeveloped resources, that all this would have induced him to permanently become an Australian. The human mind is a strange instrument and sometimes strangely attuned and is often played upon by some unknown master magician who struck up the familiar notes of "Home Sweet Home," and "The girl I left behind me," and this made his heart long to see again the white cliffs of his native sea. He only remained two years and then retraced his steps back to Britain.

I am reminded here of our old friend and citizen, Doctor William Allison who at one time paid a visit to England and I think the Continent and Norway. After travelling a great deal and seeing a great many places and people, when he again reached Yorkshire and the town of Bridlington where he made his headquarters, he wrote me a most interesting letter which he wound up by saying that there was no place that he had seen compared to Bowmanville and that he was longing to return to it.

Mr. Bassett did not remain long in Cornwall after his return, for I think, within two months he once more started off on another voyage of discovery. This time accompanied by a lady to whom he was now married. Crossing the Atlantic westward he finally came to Toronto. We soon find him with his coat off sleeves rolled up, busy at work in that growing city. He was still restless however, and propelled by some good influence, he came to Bowmanville in the early fifties. He had learned the trade of a carpenter, and this he at once utilized and soon extended his knowledge of this into that of contractor and was successful in all that he undertook. Mr Bassett was ambitious and was not to be limited in the exercise of his business talents. In this desire he was better endowed than most of them. His movements showed a keen incisive power of looking into any matters of that nature and coming to a quick conclusion. There is a Scotch word called "pawkey" which has no equivalent in the English language. It means frugal but not stingy, shrewd but not cunning, and humorous but not sarcastic. This can be applied with all correctness to him.

Another distinguishing trait of Mr. Bassett's character was his detestation of anything mean or tricky. He bought out the hardware business then controlled by Robert Young, a well-known personage at the time and he soon mastered the details of that line of business. It grew rapidly and he improved its prospects by moving into a more central position, renting the store now in the occupancy of Mayor Archie Tait. This he in turn disposed of to the late Robert S. Manning, coming out with sufficient means to enable him to virtually retire from the confinement and worry involved in close attention to the shop.

Mr. Bassett was tempted afterwards to join hands with the Brittain Brothers in the Marshalltown, Iowa, pork packing business. Again his lucky star was in the ascendant and he after a season of successful business quit for good. I was often struck with the cool way he took many things that greatly agitated the minds of others. Often when our local leaders of opinion would be wrangling over some question and almost ready to fight about it if he happened to be near and was inclined to take part in the controversy it was really amusing to see the deliberate way he would fire a shot first into one camp and then into the other, so concealing his own views that it was only when it came to voting you could tell

where he stood. Some people are never wrong, at least in their own estimation. He was not troubled with such supreme conceit. It is a great blessing when a person is given the faculty of enjoying the good things that a kind Providence throws in their way. If not better for themselves it is better for their fellow travellers who accompany them on the road. Mr. Bassett and two congenial spirits—the late Doctor Charles Bird and John Higginbotham spent many a happy day and night on the shore of that wonderful lake Scugog which lies so far yet is so near. They fitted up a lodge at the once notorious Casarea and joined by friends from time to time, they made it bad for the fish but very pleasant for themselves and others.

"Pleasures are like poppies spread  
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed."

It now seems like ancient history. The severe frost two winters ago froze the lake to the bottom and destroyed the fishing grounds. Will they ever be as replete as formerly with maskinonge and bass? Let us hope so for it was an important outing for many of our citizens who sought change and recreation on its pleasant waters.

The highway that all must traverse before the eternal shore is reached is not a dead level but diversified by valley and hill, and the bride who so recently left her Cornish home with her young husband to found the home in this kindly land fell a prey to a fatal disease was called to the home of many mansions leaving one daughter, Miss Bassett, who is still taking a full share in the responsibilities that have fallen to her lot. She has been for years an active worker in the Presbyterian church of which she is a devoted member. Mr. Bassett's second wife was a lady, in every sense of that term, who was long spared to them, shedding over the Bowmanville home the light of a loving Christian heart. Some two years ago she was called to lay down the duties of this earthly existence and go into the regions of eternal peace. They had one son, Edward. He very much resembled his father, both in appearance and mental equipment but the White P.ague got him in its grasp and while quite a young man he too had to strike his colors and fly aloft to the spirit land.

Such are some of the terrible trials we have to undergo and from which there is no immunity. The little barque upon which Mr. Bassett set out has braved many a stormy sea and is now slowly reaching the shore. The sails are still

spread, the vessel without a leak, the pennant at the mast head and as it gradually approaches the harbor where all must disembark, let us hope that some time may yet elapse before the Heavenly Pilot takes possession of it and that when he does so it will be a safe easy passage into the haven of unending joy. He can with well grounded confidence say:

"And so beside the silent sea,  
I wait the muffled oar,  
No harm from Him can come to me,  
On ocean or on shore."

To return to the telegraph, I will take up Bitley Oator. In his early life and after wonderful history had been known to some one gifted with the necessary power of imagination and delineation he could have written a tale of fact equal to any of the imaginary ones of even a Hall Caine. I will now run rapidly over it. He left for Canada at thirteen years of age, born in the county of Norfolk. What his surroundings were when he first entered this sublunary scene I cannot say. He got in some way a fair education and learned a trade with his father who was I believe a shoemaker. I should judge from what I saw of him that he had aspirations imbibed from some source, to climb up to a more elevated position than that to which he was heir by birth. Why, and under what influence Canada became the land of his choice he never told me. However he did emigrate to it and I first knew of his existence through George Gray, who was then living on the old Hyle homestead at Newtonville, Clarke. The latter gentleman is one of those people who came into our town from Scotland, at an early date and was for quite a period in his earlier career identified with it's progress. He worked on quietly, making steady advance towards the aims he had set before him; that is to obtain a place worth having in this the land of his adoption. Any one who will follow up his course of procedure will find another instance of what can be accomplished by one having the necessary brains and energy. He had no capital apart from his hands and head, but with dogged determination to accomplish his ends he gained step by step until he reached it. I need not say that he is a progressive farmer and now occupies about as nice a position as any one could wish. His services are often asked for as a judge at the larger agricultural shows and he

has been out in the west on several occasions in the employment of the government on missions connected with the farming interests of that great country. I may here say that I am especially interested in my friend and can write with some accuracy about his antecedents and present status. Fifteen years ago my nephew, R. A. Brock, now at the head of one of the great wholesale dry goods houses in Montreal, intended becoming a farmer, his inclination having always lain in that direction. I was asked to name some good person to whom he might apply to learn the art. I recommended Mr. Gray and he spent some time in their home getting his hand accustomed to the work. They were then at Newtonville and the unvarying kindness of both the master and mistress, was duly appreciated. I know that Mr. Brock does not fail to keep up his interest in the family, writing when special incidents call for it. I recall the doubts he had about taking a young city youth, whose father was then very wealthy into so rural a place and into the hard and sometimes dirty work of a farm. I told him not to hesitate, that he would find the lad up to the occasion and assured him of one thing, that he was a gentleman out and out, and so he found him. He immediately after his arrival stripped off and put on the ordinary clothing of a manual laborer and did not hesitate to tackle any job that turned up, keeping right along side of the rest. He has told me time and again, how much he liked all the household and the many happy days he spent with them. He looks upon Mr. Gray as at the head of his profession. It was with him and upon the same place that Billey hired as an ordinary farm hand. He was small but well put together, with any amount of self confidence and willing to undertake anything that came to his share. He tried to improve his mind by study and took advantage of the opportunity that lay within his reach. I know his employer encouraged him by inducing him to attend a night school, and the result was that he got to write a fairly good hand and well up in the rudiments of ordinary English. All went well till one day they were sawing wood with a machine, when an accident occurred which changed the whole current of his future life. His hand got into it and was taken off at the wrist. I have no doubt that when it occurred he

and all concerned looked upon it as an irreparable misfortune, and no wonder. How he must have felt. A stranger among strangers, without resources and maimed for life. But the darkest clouds give lightning birth, the pearl is formed in oceans's bed. Here again it was to him only an entrance into a new niverna and opened up a door for worldly advancement and now comes into view a first knowledge of his existence. Mr. Gray came into my office one day and related the facts; also giving him a high character for more than usual ability and honesty, appealing to my sympathy for him or anyone else who had been so dreadfully afflicted, letting me know at the same time that he had some means wherewith to help himself. I strongly advised that he would go to one of those excellent schools in Toronto, where they teach Telegraphy. After he returned home he entered into a correspondence with our old popular and reputable citizen, who for so long took part in everything relating to the good of others that occurred here: Thos. Yellowlees, but he was also convinced that it would be better for Cator to get into my office if possible. Mr. Gray again turned up and with the persistence of the unfortunate widow urged the matter upon my consideration. I told him that I did not need any assistance and with only one hand he could be of little help in the post office. At last I yielded, being persuaded that it was the best thing he could undertake to obtain a living and in due course he came into the office. Thus I came in touch with him and got mixed up with his future, my interest continuing along the road till he reached the place where they all converge at last. But what a road it turned out to be. There was romance and tragedy encountered at every stopping place along the way. He was a diligent student and eagerly did his best to become a sound operator. Contrary to his expectations it took him much longer than he anticipated to accomplish this. He thought he had sufficient money to carry him through, but as the days passed into months and the months into years, the little hoard grew less and less and he was brought to his wits end to know what to do. I grew to like him. He was so upright and courageous. With such a happy disposition it was impossible to remain uninterested. I was willing to do what lay in my power. He had a

room with my neighbor, Mr. Rd. Brimacombe, and they did all they could to help him out of his difficulties. We had a young woman living with us, Miss Fanny Scott, a daughter of Foster Scott, now in Manvers and also a niece of Mr. William Scott, merchant in town. She was good looking and clever; a superior housekeeper, well fitted to make a good wife for any man. After due thought I said to Cator "It you like you can save expense of boarding by taking your meals at my house. Fanny, I am sure will look well after you there." He accepted the offer and continued do so until he was able to take a situation. At first she did not appear to like him, but the subtle little god of love began to cast a spell over the pair, and the first thing we knew they were in his toils. Cator was led a willing captive to her will. It is said that the course of true love never did run smooth. Be this aphorism true or not, it was verified in this instance. Her relatives were bitterly opposed to the match and used every means to prevent the engagement. I did not wonder at their attitude. She was a prime favorite with the whole connection and they thought, not without reason, that it was altogether a mistake on her part. Totally without means, physically small and only one hand. The future as they saw it, looked ominous; not a ray of light could they see ahead. I did not agree with this view and did what I could to throw oil on the troubled waters of their discontent and predicted a good outcome for him if he once got a start; I knew the kind of material he was made of. All their efforts to prevent it proved useless. When a woman wills, she wills and the more they tried to stop it, the more determined she became. He was altogether four years with me. However as soon as he became competent to be trusted with the care of an office he applied to the C. P. R., asking them to take him into some position on the road. It was through the kind efforts of Mr. Robert Beith that he got a hearing from them which resulted so favorably.

I could name several other persons who have come under my notice who are indebted to Mr. Robert Beith, ex-M. P., for the same kind of help that he gave William Cator. I will name one, Goddard Fleming, who started out with every prospect of a happy course before him in the race upon which he was entering. I, even now, feel like dropping a tear when

I think of the sad ending of his bright hopes. He came into my office very young in years, a particularly bright, nice looking, well bred, gentlemanly boy. It only took him a short time to pick up enough of the science to enable him to work fairly well and when he got a steady place on the great C. P. R. railway I had hoped for his own sake as well as that of his mother and other friends, that a bright sky would be over all his efforts but God willed it otherwise and he sleeps where no sound can awaken him to duty again. He was a devoted son and longed for his mother's sake that he might have been spared.

William Cator obtained a position as operator and, as I predicted, all he wanted was a foothold and he was sure to step out into a steady march toward the goal of his ambition. His worth was soon recognized by those in charge of this huge corporation. He wrote me a letter on November 4 1890, stating that he had passed the ordeal of a strict examination by the superintendent of the telegraphs but did not say where it took place. He thought it was hard y a fair one as he had to copy an order of a hundred words with that gentleman at his elbow. It seemed to him that they were rubbing it in pretty thick on a green youth. They concluded that he would do and sent him to Donald, British Columbia. When he reached there no one met him and no one was in sight. He had to break open the door to get in and when he did, he found them calling to make a crossing for two passenger trains. This he accomplished. It was the first work he did for the company. Not long afterwards they sent him to the celebrated Roger's Pass. He was given full charge and afterwards became post master and express agent. It was a lonely gorge in the mountains and at the time no other residents but the men engaged about the depot. The only relief to the terrible monotony was the passing of the railway trains. He stuck closely to it and wisely saved every cent he earned and during the first four years of his probation, he managed to accumulate quite a sum of money. This he sent to be invested for him to Mr. George McGill who was then manager of the Ontario Bank, Bowmanville.

A few words are interjected here about Mr McGill, who so long filled a big space in the life and esteem of his fellow workers in Bowmanville. When Mr McGill finally decided to leave this place, this universal feeling which was shared by all ranks of the people found an outlet in a

demonstration and presentation which took place in the new Town Hall. Mr. McGill is missed in more quarters than one. He was so generous and benevolent ever lending his help to any movement that was inaugurated to help others to a better mode of using their opportunities here as well as leading them to seek the better life beyond. He must have been a resident over forty years.

When the time came Mr. Cator having the money necessary to do so, he went back to England to see the place where he was born as well as those related to him and to renew his acquaintanceship with any of his former associates who might be left. He enjoyed the trip very much. On his way back to resume his duties after the termination of his leave of absence he paid a visit here. He had previously made all the necessary arrangements to fulfil his engagement with the object of his attachment. They were married and set off for the far west filled with the fairest hopes of a long life together. They reached the place in safety and at once combined their energies to accomplish what was their great desire to make their way rapidly so that they could soon return to Ontario. She brought her abilities into play. Her good training in all matters pertaining to all household duties was of the utmost value. She first began to take a few boarders. This turned out to be an important forward movement and led to their opening of a kind of eating house which she managed to perfection. You can understand how well they succeeded when I say that the estate turned out to be worth at least \$7000. How fair and radiant was the outlook after all he had come through. With youth on his side and in the enjoyment of good health, a happy home with two dear little children to brighten it, the vista of years ahead in which they hoped to enjoy all the delights of married life.

January 31, 1899, the morning dawned on the world and on Roger's Pass as well and as the great luminary arose, reaching higher and higher, it began to throw its golden light on the mountains that towered in majestic grandeur toward the sky, decking their immense peaks with millions of sparkling gems, having all the tints of the rainbow oscillating and changing with every transition as the great orb of day moved on in his western course. In the valley below lay the little hamlet, its inhabitants going about their usual occupation with a calm sense of security. This day, similar to the hundreds they had already spent at the foot

of the giant mounts in which dominated the place with no idea of an impending calamity. The position in which the bodies were found shows that Mrs. Cator was standing by the cooking stove with a biscuit cutter in her hand. The two dear little kids were playing out on the verandah. William had been out at the sheds and was on his way towards the station house which he never reached. Hark! What a sound is that that reaches his ear? How eagerly his eye would scan the oceans of snow that covered the heights above. The awful agony of thought that pierced his soul as he saw the danger and made a mad rush to reach the dear ones and a place of supposed safety but with lightning rapidity the rumbling increased to a roar and down came the awful avalanche thundering, tumbling with death and destruction in its path. They were buried beneath thirty feet of snow. Merciful God how can those things be if there is no hereafter and no recompense for what we have suffered here? Forced into the world without any solicitation of our own and forced out of it against our will. Follow this record step by step, if you wish. Call it from circumstance to circumstance if you like but what power created the circumstance? Not the actors in the drama. They were passive creatures moved hither and this by some almighty energy along the whole road from first to last.

The greatest minds the world has ever known are just as much in the dark as the humblest child if left to reason it out. Thank God, it has been revealed to us through Christ our Saviour that the time will come when this great mystery shall be revealed and we shall know the why and wherefore of it all. Let us look up where, face to face, with the dread reality to our heavenly Father with faith and anticipation, making the sentiments so beautifully expressed by Whittier our own:

The Night is mother of the Day,

The Winter of the Spring,

And ever upon old decay

The greenest mosses cling,

Behind the cloud the star light lurks

Through showers the sunbeams fall,

For God who loveth all: His works,

Has left his Hope withal.

The Cator household all perished including the Chinese cook with one exception, a woman who was employed by them and who was busy in the upper story of the building, the timbers of which had been so placed in the general smash

that she was sheltered by them and saved from immediate death. She was badly injured but I believe is still living. The little canary bird that I suppose had cheered their hearts by its warbling notes, was spared through the great catastrophe and is still alive in the home of the Scotts in Manvers. I think the name of the pass should be changed to that of Cator for whatever hardships the original explorer underwent in going through from depth to height this mountainous region it could not be compared to the awful passing of poor Cator and his household from the lower depths of earth to greater heights above. When I received the bare bad telegram which was phoned from the station that Cator wife and children were dead, I was stupefied, and it was some time before I realized its awful import. He remains reached here embalmed as no embalmer could do it, by the extreme cold of that northern climate turned into marble. In death they were not divided. Did the angels weep or rejoice? Let us hope the latter and that they together entered the pearl-gates into the new Jerusalem. They rest in God's care so beautifully kept by our local authorities, there to await the coming advent when the angel with one foot upon the sea and the other on the shore shall declare that "Time shall be no more."

I have been so accustomed to writing the words Cornwall and Devonshire, when calling up memories of people from the misty part, it is a relief to know some that came from other parts of the Isle so well symbolized by the rose, some of whom contributed to our population aiding in its progress and wealth. If the analogy holds good that there is some resemblance between building a house and a town it follows that more than the foundation is necessary. I am now inclined to allude to a very few of the many who took part in constructing the first story which is composed of such a variety of material and requiring different kinds of workmen to compete it, and to make it not only useful but sightly. Among the many who either laid a brick, carried a hod or put in doors and windows, and who deserved for their fidelity and good workmanship a notice in these pages, I must take them as they come up in the brain cells without being invidious.

The Brittain's followed Charles Young. They all came from the county of Lincoln. The first business concern into which they went was Whaler Brit-

tain and Young, Mr. William Brittain being the partner and the shop was on the property of W. H. Dustan in the South Ward. They dealt, also in meat, having a stall in the market place. This would indicate that it must have been soon after the completion of the Grand Trunk Railway. I do not know how long they continued together but I am told made money rapidly. Mr. Young was continuously engaged in trade of some kind from the time he first breathed the pure healthy air of Bowmanville till he was laid at rest a few weeks ago at the mature age of 75. During all the mutations of time and the vast variety of people he had to do with, I never heard him charged with any unfairness or meanness in his dealings with the public. He looked after his own affairs closely and let that of others alone. His manners were gracious and he had a great deal of dry humor. He did not take any prominent part in things pertaining to the community at large. The home and church occupied most of his attention outside of the different commercial pursuits he followed. In his own sphere he was influential and much liked. The children, who grew up in Bowmanville were three daughters.

Miss Young and the widow are still residents, as also Mrs. Haddy, wife of our good citizen Fred A. Haddy, who is prosecuting the business left by the father-in-law and Mrs. Norman Tilley wife of that rising barrister, in Toronto. William Brittain after remaining here a few years went back to England, afterwards returning to Bowmanville, from where he went to Toronto where he now resides. His sons have all done well, Joseph Brittain a brother, thought he would follow and try a tilt with the other fighters in the tournament then being carried on with so much zeal by the competitors, being determined to take no second place, and it by honest efforts, to come out victorious. At that time Canada was not as well known in England as it is now, being generally looked upon in its climatic conditions as worse than Russia. Having once made up his mind, no tears could baffle his purpose; he is not gotten up that way. A dark woman who once lost her husband, went into mourning. She dressed in black from the skin outwards declaring that when she mourned she mourned through and through; and when Joseph makes up his mind on any question, be his conclusion right or wrong, you know exactly where to find him with men of his determination,

we can say, as it is generally said of Scotchmen, you must get them on the right track young, as if you doubt you can never get them off the rails. You might, under certain circumstances, break his heart, but I don't think you ever could change his will. He has spent the greater part of his life with us and it has been a busy eventful one. With ability to plan and execute a business problem, there could be little doubt of his eventually reaching up, if not to the top still not far from it in a business point of view. I may get a little mixed, but I think Mr. Young and he united forces and for some time supplied the town with meat; but he saw a much wider outlet in the same line and combined with his brother, Benjamin who had in the meantime erected a Tabernacle here, with Richard Reed a son of one of the oldest pioneers Richard senior. And here I would digress for a moment. This family, of whom he was the head, should have a more extended notice than I am able to give here for I am sure that my opinion will be endorsed by everyone who knew him, when I say that he bore the white flower of a blameless life. I am pleased to know that the three daughters who spent a happy girlhood, admired for their looks and disposition are still enjoying what can be got out of this life. Mrs. (Dr.) Sylvester and Mrs. Climie, in Toronto, and Louisa Mrs. Lewis, in Montreal.

When this union was formed it was a pretty strong team, and they drew a big load, branching out into buying, curing and shipping large quantities of pork, which found ready sale in Liverpool at remunerative prices. Through this channel large quantities of the precious metals found its way into the capacious pockets of our well-to-do farmers. This is the estimation of the parties concerned, was only a gold bug in the state of chrysalis and it was bound soon to burst through its shell and fly to the far richer and unbounded region of Iowa the metropolis of the pork world. The trio augmented their powers by the acquisition of Mr. Thomas Bassett who brought much additional brain capital with him into the firm. They had previous to this been importing large numbers of those animals from that state which were slaughtered here and were by them transferred into bacon ready for the English consumer; but owing to difficulties that arose in connection with the Customs Department they found that their profits were visibly diminish-

ing and so they determined to follow up the stream and transfer their operations to the fountain head. The removal of the factory to Marshalltown had quite a detrimental effect upon the business interests of the town and was much bewailed by those in trade who were depending on the general growth of this and similar enterprises for a living. I well remember how much we felt the change. The result of the move showed their foresight. They struck a silver mine and began to dig up the precious stuff in large quantities and rapidly waxed fast; so much so that like the animal mentioned in Scripture, some of them began to kick and changes in the persons took place. Mr. Joseph Brittain withdrew his pile and came back to Bowmanville in 1884. He received the appointment of Landing Waiter in Her Majesty's Customs here, succeeding his father-in-law, who was superannuated and has since been faithful in looking after the interests of the government in connection with that branch of the public service. I know what I am talking about when I say that if the duties of the Customs Houses in Canada generally are as well performed as they are by the present collector and his deputy in Bowmanville, the revenues will not suffer. The following year he commenced to build and put up "Hughenden" his present residence. He showed admirable taste not only in its construction and the choice of grounds but in the charming graceful way in which they were laid out. The view of the surrounding country from it, is delightful. The undulating hills of Clarke in their varied outlines, so often covered with the changing colors of the sky, bathing them in gold, purple and blue, is an endless charm. I sometimes wonder why no poet has arisen among us to sing its praises. Sometimes at evening when the glorious sun is just disappearing beyond the horizon in the west its departing rays are thrown over the many peaceful dwellings that lie in the valleys or upon the beauteous hills which transforms them into fairy palaces, the windows shining like thousands of electric lights. It must not be wondered at that the walk on that street is a favorite resort for pleasure seekers and many loving pairs are often seen enjoying together its delights. He has paid unremitting attention to the garden. It abounds with all varieties of fruits, scrubs and vines. On the whole I think it in this respect the show-spot

of Bowmanville I fancy his affections are so much entwined about its plants and flowers that he'll never be induced to leave it I have understood at times that he has talked of selling it Like the rest of us unfortunate mortals he has had his share of thorns with which every rose is accompanied He married Esther, the oldest daughter of the late James McClellan. They on y trod the path together for a short distance. She was called to the Home on High leaving two sons without mother's care. A few year after ward he remarried in Eng and, Miss Wilson a member of a well-to do and conspicuous family and she came to grace the Canadian home and was in every sense a true stepmother The boys have shown the results of good training and have done honor to the town that gave them birth. They are now numbered, among those who in the future will occupy prominent positions in San Francisco. The only child of the second marriage is Mrs. Alexander, wife of J W Alexander, Esq. President of The Dominion Organ & Piano Company Benjamin severed his connection so far for good with the town when he left He married a daughter of the late Joseph McClellan, also a well known respected citizen of which family, one daughter became the wife of Robert Fielding, another of Wm Cann, and the youngest, Miss McClellan is now the sole representative left in this town where for so long they held a good position. The mother who was a Miss Porter was a gifted woman, intellectually strong, looked up to and held in high estimation by those who knew her Benjamin resides in Stratford and is actively engaged in a large packing establishment and in which he is financially interested They have a family of three sons and two daughters. The eldest boy Joseph H., is married and living in Iowa. He has the appearance and business ability of his father and is doing well. The others are at home. Mr Richard Reed is vegetating in the luxurious sunlit atmosphere of Southern California. May his shadow never grow less.

Richard Allin, senior, came to Darlington in 1843. He was a typical Devonshire emigrant, strong of limb and robust mentally, having been reared as so many of his fellow country men were in the hard school of comparative poverty. He was a strict economist and made everything tell for the acquirement of that independence which alone can come from the possession of money. He bought two hundred acres of lot 1, con. 3. It was at

the time an unbroken wood lot only a small acreage having been cleared, but his boys and he went at the hard contract that lay before them, cheered by the hope of soon having cleared fields to cultivate and the old gentleman lived to see his hopes realized and many a harvest he reaped from them. Mrs Allin was a Miss Brimacombe. They united their fates in England. She was one of the kind of true women who did so much for their families in the early days. She was tall, indeed stately, having great powers of endurance and was influential in the neighborhood as well as in her own family. They had six sons and they all followed their father's occupation, excepting Charles who carried on undertaking and cabinet making in Newcastle. Three of them are still living. John resides in East Whitby. He has given up the cares of husbandry as his pockets are well filled. Samuel is on the old Burk farm near the lake shore. Samuel Allin is one of our most prosperous and progressive farmers and breeders. By patient industry, good management and upright dealing with his fellow men, he has gotten a wide and good reputation. By great attention to it he has become a leading breeder of Short Horn or Durham cattle. He owns seven hundred acres, composed of the finest lands in the county. Unpretentious, thoughtful and kindly, he is much respected by his fellow citizens. Mrs Allin was a daughter of the late Mr. Elford a family who were deservedly held in high estimation for their many excellent qualities. They were among the very first who came into that neighborhood. They made an impression not easily eradicated from it. The old lady was noted for her unflinching sympathy and kindness to all who needed help, a good nurse in sickness, her services were in constant demand and were never grudgingly given. The family came out of their pioneer struggles with the wilderness with flying colors. William moved to the western part of the township owning there two hundred acres. He died some years ago at Hampton highly respected. John inherited the home property working it with skill. Unfortunately he took cold and was carried off with pneumonia. Mrs Elford has managed the place since her husband's death with admirable judgment and has given her family good opportunities to push their way in the struggle that they must face in the future. One of the daughters married the late Matthew Jones Esq. She was a woman who would be noted as superior in any society.



in which she might be placed.

Returning to Samuel Allin, seven sons and one daughter have grown up under the parental roof, five of whom are sticking to their father's calling. The other two, Drs. Edgar W. and Norman Allin are medical doctors both at present in England. I am sure when the old gentleman looks over his smiling fields comprising so many broad acres of rich fertile land, the comfortable steadings that are on the different sections of it, no doubt he thinks there are worse callings to follow in life than that of farming. I hope he may long be spared to enjoy it all.

Mr. Thos. Allin, the father of Miss E. A. Allin, M. A., who so efficiently fills the position of teacher of modern languages in the High School here, is also a well-to-do farmer residing near Greenbank, county of Ontario.

The only living daughter of the original family (Rd. Allin, Sr.) married Mr. Richard Foster who has retired with an ample fortune and is living on the old Senator Simpson homestead on the Kingston Road East. I have not space to go at greater length into the fortunes of the others of this branch of the Allin connection.

John Bragg also came from Devon and took up his abode on the lot adjoining lot 2, con 3, Darlington. It was mainly covered with the native timber and he had the same experience to undergo in getting it in a fit state for cultivation. Like the vast majority who came from Devon county, he was made of the right material and year by year he gained on the forest and was able to crop a larger acreage until he had the largest part of it in a tillable condition. As I recollect him he was a close, hard grained Englishman having good common sense and got on well in worldly matters. Of the four sons born to them, the eldest, Thomas, was for some time on a farm east of Orono. He afterwards rented the farm belonging to Mr. W. F. Allen, J. P., on the lake shore in Clarke. He had inherited the thrift and energy of his father adding dollar to dollar during his tenancy of that prolific farm. He finally left it having bought the magnificent farm formerly belonging to the Shaws and which is now owned by his son, Mr. W. S. Bragg. Thomas Bragg married the eldest daughter of Richard Allin referred to. This proved a fortunate conjunction of stars. The result of this alliance was six sons. This united with their success in life cannot be paralleled in the township. They

are all well-to-do farmers having any amount of vitality and business ability; wise citizens, making the best of both worlds. Should the next generations be as prolific they will have, like the bees, to go out from the original hive and gather honey from other flowers. One good thing ahead of our young farmers is that plenty of good land can be found both in new Ontario and the Northwest. The names are Samuel, the eldest, Richard A. Thomas C., Jabez, Frank L. (whose recent death was so much felt in this neighborhood) and W. S. already referred to. John married into the Frank family, they being among the first settlers. He followed the others and after remaining a number of years in Darlington, he removed to the township of Walpole, becoming the owner of two hundred and forty acres. Dying in 1883 he left a fine estate behind him. William moved to near St. Mary's. Richard whose first wife was a sister of Mr. Richard Osborne of the town line of Clarke, after years of a pushing well-spent life on the farm retired and moved into Bowmanville in 1884. His son, W. J. Bragg resides on and owns the homestead. This gentleman has taken his share of the duties and responsibilities of work outside of his own immediate occupation. He represents the interest of his township in the Counties Council and has also gone rather extensively into the apple trade. He stands high in the estimation of those who have to do with him in public and business matters. The youngest son, Mr. Thos. G. Bragg, B. A., graduated from Bowmanville High School and the University of Toronto with the highest honors. He is at present Superintendent of Schools in the Yukon.

Referring to his recent appointment, the Yukon World says: Mr. Bragg came here to be principal of the Dawson schools in 1908, and in that position has won the warm commendation of parents and all those interested in education. He is now thoroughly acquainted with conditions in the Territory, and therefore a better selection could not possibly have been made. Prior to his coming to Dawson he had had six years experience as Mathematical master of Bowmanville high school, and brought high commendations from the Board of Education.

He was born in West Durham, Ont., educated at the Public and High Schools of Bowmanville and matriculated in 1892 into Toronto University with first-class honors in classics, modern lan-

guages, history and geography, winning three scholarships.

At the University he won first class honors in classics in each of the four years, and was head in the department of modern languages the two first years winning the George Brown scholarship and the Governor General's medal for proficiency in the two honor departments.

Another neighbor also connected with the Braggs was Richard Smale. He was a Cornish man, having England at an earlier date than the others named, coming out in a sailing vessel, taking nine weeks to make the voyage. He landed in Quebec and found his way westward disembarking at Cobourg. This took two weeks more time, rather a hard experience, nearly three months on the way. He remained in that neighborhood four years. He then removed to Providence Darlington, taking up lot 3, con. 3. This too was as it came from the hand of nature and they, like all the others who cleared the forest, had years of incessant toil to bring about the great change which took place, resulting in the smiling fields, into which it was converted. Truly and literally the bread was brought out of the earth by the sweat of their brows. Mr. Smale did a great deal to help on the cause of religion during his residence out there. Identified with the Methodist body, both he and his wife proclaimed the truth as they understood it, preaching often in various parts of Darlington and this was a time when those inspired by the Master and having the necessary gifts were not as plentiful as they may be to day. It can be inferred from this that he had a superior mind and his education beyond that enjoyed by most people at that time. He died at 64 years of age in 1867. Of two of his sons I can write with personal knowledge. One left the farm, taught school for a time, making this a stepping stone to walk onward to the medical profession. After he attained his M. D., he went west and for years had an extensive business. I believe he stood high as a practitioner and made money at it, but the hard life incident to it, made it dearly earned. He died in 1905 leaving a good name behind him. Thomas the one with which I am immediately concerned remained on the premises his father left and he I know well. For many years he took first place in the municipal affairs of the township. Over and again

taking his place (which was a prominent one) at the County's Council, Cobourg. He was fairly entitled to the wardenship, both from his intimate knowledge of municipal law and procedure as well as the unremitting attention he gave the duties of the position; but sectional jealousy prevented his election. I had something to do with him in connection with the High School there being questions of finance to settle between the Board and Counties' Council. I invariably found him not only just but generous. I would say here that, differing in this from many of the farmers, he has taken, deep interest in higher education, giving his family every advantage that he could, and this must have on their future history a beneficent influence. I am pleased to know that one son remains with his father, so there is hope that the name and strain will be a future inheritance of that part of the township. Mr. Thos. Smale has been a great reader and has a well stored mind. Coming in contact with him a great deal in my official position, I have learned his worth and number him among my especial friends.

Another connection in this neighborhood are the Wights. They originated in one of the border counties, could claim to be either Scotch or English as it suited the whim of the passing moment. There were two brothers and they must have been among the very earliest who made Darlington their objective point. John was bred to banking in the old land, was a good scholar and good penman. His particular hobby was arithmetic. It was hard to puzzle him in figures, no matter how hard the question might be. I do not recall much about their father, but recall that the family were Presbyterians and worshipped in the first church we had. The old gentleman would at times lead the singing for the congregation. The son John took up farming and lived on the place they bought, up to the time of his death. He accumulated means and put up a brick house. The one at present on the place, which is now owned by a daughter, Mrs. Amasa Fuller. Of the sons William became a farmer, went west, bought lands and has retired with a full purse. Peter, I believe also followed suit. I do not know where he located. The other son William Wight, senior, lived adjoining south of the old homestead. He remained unmarried till late in life, but

when he did undertake matrimony he got an excellent wife, she was a Miss Sanguin, and the result of the marriage was five vigorous sons and, I think, three daughters. The boys have stuck to the land and are among our best West Durham citizens. Alexander has in late years given a good deal of his time and attention for the well-being of his native township and is at present one of the Township Councillors. Joseph is a well-to-do good farmer. John is also one of our best and most wide-awake Darlington farmers; a credit to his parentage. Indeed they are all of them. William A. lives at Tyrone. I do not know whether farming or not. Richard went to St. Marys where he has done well at agriculture.

So much of success depends in this as in every other pursuit, on the female side of the question, that I feel impelled to mention the daughters of this home. Excellent among women, they have excelled. Mrs. John D Hoar, the late Mrs. Richard A. Bragg and Mrs. Thos. B. Hoar of Bethesda are well worthy of being mentioned in any record that may be written showing the progress and advancement of the Darlington families.

A man who understood thoroughly the use of tools, and who took a fair share of the labor involved in helping to build the story of the village temple which was just booming into a town, was Mr. William M. Horsey. He was ushered into this planet at Cloughton, Devonshire England and this happened in the year 1832. While not born to the purple, he came from extra good stock.

I find in tracing the stream backwards the Horsey family were large landed proprietors, and had an abundance of all this world's goods, and enjoyed high social standing. I had the privilege of reading a book sometime ago relating to the original place, and which gives an account of them in it. Like many other families have experienced adverse changes came and they had to face the inevitable. Mr. Horsey's father found it best to remove to a newer field in which to rear and place his family where they would be likely to get a return for what efforts they might make to financially rehabilitate themselves. With brave hearts and sound bodies, they left for Canada in 1846 Kingston being the lodestar that awaited them. There most of the family remained. The members who staid in that once important Canadian city have made names for themselves, and the younger scions are

scattered over the Province doing masterly work in the various avocations to which they are devoting their time.

William M. Horsey came to Bowmanville in 1858, and a most immediately it became apparent to others that he would be no drone among the working bees. I lived opposite to him for a long time, and as a worker he is entitled to the highest award. From the first streak of daylight until dewey eve he was ever busy at work. If ever he gets a coat of arms he should emblazon on it the motto, "Work to live." People talk about sinews of steel. I think his web of illumium or some other equally hard or tenacious stuff. I question if there is another man in the county who has done more hard manual labor in the last fifty years. I also doubt if there is any man at the age of seventy four who carries the burden of so long a time as erect in posture, and who can step out with as firm and elastic tread. Were it not for the snowy locks that cover his brow, you would take him to be in the midsummer of his days.

"For in my youth I never did apply,  
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,  
Nor did with unwhashed forehead woo,  
The means of weakness and debility;  
Therefore, my age is as a lusty winter  
Frosty and kindly."

The trite saying that "work never kills" is borne out in his case. He opened out a tinshop and to this he gave his best attention. I heard a lady say; he had been doing some work at her house, "There is a man who is bound to make headway; although having the appearance of a gentleman, he is quite willing to knuckle down and work with his own hands, being not afraid to soil them." His unremitting care to take advantage of every opening in his line he soon began to make money. His first investment was in real estate. He has always had a penchant for building, and seems naturally to possess a good idea of architecture. He bought the two lots on King street then owned by Samuel Young, one of the early settlers and put up the first really good artistic block that we have in the western part of the town. It was a costly structure, and the dwelling house which occupied the upper story was finished in the best of style with all the then modern improvements. At first he had good returns for the money he thus locked up, it having been rented for banking purposes, but owing to changes it has not latterly paid as well.

Evolution took place in Mr. Horsey's

case from lesser to greater. The first move in tinware grew into a large well paying hardware establishment, and into this he again threw his whole vitality, coining the where withal rapidly. However, clouds began to hover on the sky, and Nature's physician began to knock pretty loudly, calling a halt. The state of his health led him to dispose of the concern to his brother, who was a remarkably fine looking specimen of humanity. He afterwards filled a big place in the Limestone City as Chief of Police retiring about two years ago. This was in 1867. For the next six years he was an unknown quantity as far as we are concerned, but he could not finally tear himself away from the place where he had spent the best and strongest part of his time and so we find him again in 1873 with his fighting toggery on ready for an thing that might turn up. His mania for building again got possession of him, and he planned and put up the stately edifice now owned by Mr. E. C. Southey. This is a monument to his well developed instinct in that department. There is not a better constructed one in Durham. I think he watched every brick and every part of the material that went into it. It will last at any rate for the next hundred years, if they only keep it roofed. The grounds are tastefully laid out, and the site one of the prettiest we have. Here is another evidence that what Burns says is too true. "The best laid plans of mice and men gang aht ag ee."

I suppose it never dawned on his consciousness while he was working and toiling so ardently that some one else would enjoy the fruits of it, but so it is. One bereavement followed another. The eldest daughter fell a victim to that dreaded disease, consumption, and the others took it on, leaving only two, one son and daughter of the whole flock.

Owing to great depression in the value of real estate, serious financial losses were sustained. Mr. Horsey got disheartened and sold the delightful homestead and moved up to The Eyrie that he built for himself on one of the western hills. From there he can now look down with feeling of pity, perhaps of contempt upon the thoughtless crowd who are trying to extract honey from weeds, giving most of their time and talents in heaping up riches which must eventually turn to dust and ashes, forgetting along with it to lay up treasures where moth and rust do not corrupt.

Mr. Horsey too, had an itching for political affairs, and at last got a chance to

try his skill in the municipal governing body, becoming councillor and reeve. He so impressed his townsmen with the belief that he was well qualified to look after their varying interests, that he was elected to the highest office in their gift—that of Mayor—and for two years, 1886 and 1887; he was at the corporation's helm. I cannot say anything as to his doings when he was filling his place in the council of the town, not having taken much interest in their proceedings, but I have felt that he never got the credit he was justly entitled to in this connection. Many a night when other people were in bed he walked up and down our streets to see that by-laws referring to hotels and saloons were properly observed.

I will state one incident to show the spirit of determination he had when a conviction took hold of him. He bought the premises on the corner of Temperance and King opposite the present post office in 1883. Frank Henderson had a hotel in the eastern end of the building, and sold great quantities of liquor. It was an especial rendezvous for the gentry from the north. The bar was afterwards moved into a room opening out on to Temperance street. Later on a new tenant took possession, George Fisher becoming the pre-iding geutor, and he continued dealing out the stuff to all and sundry who might apply. From what Mr. Horsey saw he began to take the whole question into his most serious consideration, and realizing that many of the bodies and souls of the growing youth and men of the town were endangered by the wretched traffic, no consideration would induce him to bear the responsibility of taking what he began to look upon as blood money. He immediately entered into negotiation with the lessee and bought out his interest in it. He was offered by a responsible party \$1000 a year, he to take a lease of it for five years, and give good security that he would hold till the end of the term. This Mr. Horsey flatly refused to do, although he knew at the time that it could not be relet for any ordinary business purpose at a much less sum. This pecuniary sacrifice was made by him in the public interest, and for which he got precious little thanks.

Mr. Horsey was for a long time a member of the school board and here it was I got to know him more intimately. I frankly confess that I found him a pretty hard character to dissect. It recalls to my mind a novel which many of my readers have read, "Doctor Hyde," who is transformed from time to time into "Doctor

Jaykel" They interchanged whenever it suited the main actor, When Mr Horsey was himself, matters went along smoothly, and the Board got the benefit of his often wise advice but when the other Mr. Horsey appeared, the tune was entirely changed. Mr. S. Muel B. Bradshaw, an old Bowmanvillian, used to tell a good story of an old Cornishman who lived down below the Eastern House. The pith of it was that he accidently stepped upon a hornet's nest, and two or three of the interesting creatures got up the leg of his pants, and then followed a series of antics with voicifications in Cornish that astonished the natives. When Mr. Horsey appeared in the ring in a waspish humor, we had exciting times. Colonel Frederick Cubitt was the most expert boxer we had and would often metaphorically knock him out but the plucky little man would always come up to time. He had one or two backers ready to sponge him down and encourage him to renew the battle, which he did to the end of the chapter.

When the real Mr. Horsey got down to work in dead earnest, he was a valuable member. The reports that he gave from time to time upon matters submitted to him as chairman of any committee, upon which he was acting at the time, showed care and ability. During the discussions that arose over a scheme that was lobbied by a few influential persons to remove and hive our beautiful school buildings on the drill shed grounds, he took a prominent part, and gave a most determined opposition to it. He was one of the members who bitterly opposed the separation of the buildings, and wished both schools to be erected on the site now occupied by the Public School. I have determined in these reminiscences to bury all the past, but I own up that many a time I felt that the "tother Mr. Horsey" deserved a black eye.

I will now speak of another idiosyncrasy. I think some of his aristocratic ancestors in England must have kept a pack of hounds, and that love for this kind of animal must be an inherited peculiarity. To illustrate. The late Rev Dr Jessop, who was a voluminous writer in England thirty years ago tells the following racy story. The rector of the adjoining parish was a bachelor 30 years of age. He suddenly took a notion that it was not good for a man to be alone and sought a wife. He paid court to a young lady in the parish who gave her consent. The Rectory was refurbished and fitted up in fine style. He advertised for a Quater to

take charge during his absence on the honeymoon trip and the special stipulation was that there should be no encumbrances. The right man apparently applied and took possession the day the bride and groom left. His wife brought with her to enliven their stay sixteen bulldogs and gave them the free use of the establishment. She understood how to manage the unruly brutes and kept a red hot poker to roast them into submission when their fighting propensities prevailed. One can picture to themselves the consternation of the happy pair when they returned to occupy it.

Mr Horsey keeps sixteen collies. There is a legend that an unfortunate individual desiring an interview with him, after climbing up to his residence, was met by those infuriated creatures. He had to take refuge on the fence and fight the howling devils until the proprietor came to his relief. It has been suggested that he erect a pole with iron cleats sufficiently near the house, so that the door bell can be reached and thus afford a safe resting place for casual visitors when they are loose about the steading. When he lets them out at early dawn there is a regular orchestra, their yells come rolling down over the sheet of water, adding double force to the cadence, reaching out over a good portion of the peaceful town. The bag pipes are nothing to compare to them in volume.

When the office of Police Magistrate became vacant, owing to the death of the last occupant, much anxiety was felt as to who would be selected to fill this highly important office. All doubts were removed when it became known that William M. Horsey was the choice of the Government and a wise one it was. He has a judicial turn of mind and is especially well adapted to unravel the often tangled skeins that he has to tackle in the many crooked cases that are brought before him. Still possessed by the demon of work, he takes any amount of pains to study up the law bearing on each particular case and to analyze the often contradictory evidence which may be given. Just and wise, he makes an excellent judge. There is any amount of dignity upon him when upon the bench. Indeed he only wants the wig and robes to represent a dignity of the higher courts. I am told that an unfortunate delinquent would rather pay a larger fine than to take the scathing dressing

down they so often get. I am confident of this; that all our citizens will join me in the hope that he may long be spared to preside over this important court of justice.

In the early part of these reminiscences I ventured the opinion that the Indians did not permanently live near the shore of Lake Ontario. Mr. Horsey calls my attention to a rather strange fact. He has found within the circumference of an acre near his present residence, a very large quantity of flint arrow heads, some badly decayed; others are as perfect as they came from the hands of the artificer. He has collected quite a large basket full. He thinks they must have had a battle of some kind in the immediate neighborhood.

The Hoars came to Bowmanville in 1832. They lived on the same spot where Mr. Thomas Hoar's brick residence now is and like many others who came here early were from the West of England. One marked characteristic of all those who came from there about this time was their intense religious convictions. To them it was a real living thing. Hell was just as real as heaven. There was no middle spirit between the two. A personal and sensible knowledge of an inward change was looked upon as necessary to salvation. Holding those views it is easy to understand how eager they were to make converts. The old-fashioned protracted meetings discussed this deep feeling of the Methodist brethren and sometimes for weeks together the greatest excitement was kept up. The terrors of the law were magnified. I have heard some of their preachers so magnify and describe the bottomless pit that you could almost see the flames rising out of it. Dante's "Inferno" was many a time reproduced. Withal they did a noble work and one which has left its mark on this part of the Province.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Hoar came from a good stock in the Old Land and stood up in this new country for what was good and right. John married the only daughter of the late J. D. Bone and fell heir to the fine hundred acres upon which W. H. Hoar resides. He was the embodiment of a good Christian father and brought up his family in the way they should go. His sons John D. Hoar and William H. Hoar, with their grand some worthy representatives of the parent stem from which they branched out. They own beautiful farms and are not the kind of people to drift with the tide but are manfully stemming it and will yet reach the goal of their hopes.

Thomas Hoar took up a trade and worked at it literally day and night, giving the early years to the hardest kind of labor. He gained a competence and has for the last ten years taken all the good that can be gotten out of the world in which he still is. Possibly there is no one in Bowmanville who has traveled more extensively over this continent, Great Britain and parts of France. He has written a good deal about his travels in the local press and shows by his graphic descriptions that he has been a keen observer. Mr. Hoar and the writer grew up in Bowmanville together and have been friends since boys at school. If what Burns the poet says is true that "no one's man is the noblest work of God" I am sure my friend Thomas Hoar can be ranked with the nobility. I trust that for many years to come he will keep up his reputation as "The Wandering Boy." Mr. Hoar raised an interesting family. One son is still living—Mr. F. Arthur Hoar, Hardware Merchant, Barrie. There are three daughters—one married to Mr. J. W. Higginbotham, druggist, Virdee, Man., one to Mr. Harry Goodman of the Langmuir Manufacturing Co., Toronto, and the other to Mr. Anthony Mitchell, General Superintendent of Agencies for the Dominion Organ & Piano Company of this town.

NOTE—Sad, indeed, to say, since these lines were written Mr. Thomas Hoar was killed by being run over by a trolley car on the 9th of July, near Los Angeles, California. The news when it received here caused a thrill of deep regret all over the county where he was so well known and so much appreciated.

Somersetshire, England, gave Darlington a very early pioneer in Mr. John Somers. I am told on good authority that he cut the first tree down near where we finally located. They were long lived people, the original one attained the great age of 96 years. It is thus strange that there is only one of the name left in this region—John, whom I went to school with. He is the sole representative, but he is a good one. How true it is that if a man will only pursue a straight course, having a fair amount of native ability, he is sure in this country to get on well. Without a fuss he has plodded along the often dusty highway, raised a family and become rich. He certainly has as fine a holding as any one could wish for. Standing near his dwelling looking westward, eastward and northward the eye can scan embracing his own farms as lovely a valley, including the uplands, as the

heart of anyone having a taste for the beauties of Nature could imagine. His only son did not follow his father but is a dentist in the city of Toronto. His son-in-law, Mr. Thos. Jackson, who comes naturally by a knowledge of farming, his predecessors being among those related to the Lorrinan family who lived so long on the same place—is the lessee of the property, Mr Somers having retired from the active management and is now "monarch of all he surveys"

Another man whose career is a living testimony to the truth of what I have been writing about is Mr. Richard Osborne on the Clarke township side of the town-line. His father can be ranked among the earlier arrivals from England. I only recall the old gentleman after he lived in Bowmanville. The first name I remember well as he grew up and became identified with the community where he has always lived. As a young man he started out with little or no means and now only at middle age, see what he has accomplished! Aided by a good sensible wife who has worked loyally side by side with him during all the vicissitudes of their married life, he has now the title to five hundred acres of as fine land as the sun shines on. It is a pleasure during the Summer and Autumn to pass by his place, the ground nearly always teeming with abundance. This household has been generous. The door open to friends and visitors. Surrounded as they are with their numerous and interesting offspring, surely if any status in life is to be envied it would be such a lot as theirs. Long life to them both.

If any further evidence were wanting to justify my statements as to husbandry being the calling of callings, I will step across the boundary to the west and size up in a small way the Cragos. William Crago who so recently paid the debt to Nature that we all owe, commenced in a small way. They are, too an English family and must have taken up their abode not later than 1840. I am not well posted about his father but recall him as a great sufferer from ill health. He married Mrs. Colton, moved into this town and died here. His son, William Crago, obtained by purchase the place on which the late Zibena Fraser lived and by care and frugality also obtained additional lands leaving a handsome legacy to each of his children. The same remark as to fertility applies with equal force as to his neighbor, Mr Osborne. I had a good deal of dealing with Mr. Crago finding him careful and correct in all matters of accounts. It seemed a hard

fate that both he and Mrs. Crago should have been removed from their happy surroundings so early in life. She was a most hardworking, industrious woman. No doubt the change is to a happier state and a happier clime.

I cannot pass from this locality without mention of my old friend, the late Mr. Richard Souch. Many a long, interesting conversation I had with him—a shrewd, quiet, cautious, kindly soul that he was. He was for many years a personal caller at the office and we often discussed the passing topics of the time. He was one who moved along without jangle or jar. His course reminds me of what I have noticed in trout fishing sometimes: a town youth will go out for that sport with a grand paraphernalia, perhaps a ten dollar fishing rod, corresponding reel and lines and it may be some little country urchin with a branch off some tree, three or four feet long, a line of common string and an ordinary hook will catch ten trout to his one. So well and deftly without attracting notice did Mr. Souch whip the golden stream on which he trod as to fill his basket in his quiet way, full to overflowing. His bank account swelled to large proportions so that when he finally passed his accounts before the Celestial Auditor he left his heirs a large amount of money. He was one of the valorous volunteers who marched to the notes of fife and drum to meet the rebel forces at Toronto in 1837. Of the two sons, one went into the Ontario Bank and after years of service in that line had to withdraw from a work owing to ill health and I am sorry to know that he is still an invalid. Having left Bowmanville so early in life I did not have the opportunity of knowing him excepting by sight. A friend who travelled with him and Mrs. Souch on the upper lakes some years ago told me that he found them both companionable fellow-voyagers, they being most desirable people to meet. You would not expect anything else from one brought up in Darlington. The other Richard H. Souch, who is on the homestead, has many of the traits of his father and has so added to the original pile by his business ability as to become perhaps one of the richest residents of Darlington. Mr. Richard Souch, Senior, married an aunt of Mr. Lewis Cornish, the well-known jeweller of the town who has been one of our prominent men, long identified with municipal affairs. He too has looked sharply after his own affairs and is reputed to be financially strong. This trait seems to run in the stock.

Now in summing up the problem I start-

ed out with, compare the Bowmanville competitors in the race for money, include all the mercantile, professional and mechanical men who have engaged in it through the last fifty years and where do they stand? Only one or two have come out with anything like as large means. Boys, if you want to make money and enjoy life, stick to the land.

DR. JOHN HOSKIN, K. C., TORONTO

There is one gentleman who must be mentioned in connection with those reminiscences of the semi-early Bowmanville days—Dr. John Hoskin, K. C., who for the last fifty years has been in touch, and kept in close touch with this place and the township of Darlington. I question very much if there has been any matter of special importance to the inhabitants during this long period in which he has not taken a more than passing interest. It is so unusual to find a busy man clinging so tenaciously to the place of his earlier struggles that it is worth mentioning—one instance at any rate where a sentiment of gratitude and affection exists for the many with whom he came into immediate contact, and to whom he became attached. It is a rare virtue, and is only found in the hearts of the nobler specimens of our race.

Dr. Hoskin immigrated from the famous county of Devonshire, England, and struck this celebrated spot in 1854. Coming from gentle-people in the home land, he had a superior education. In casting about for some employment suitable to his condition, he concluded to do what many another, who afterwards became eminent has done—teach school. It is remarkable how many of our leading citizens in all the varied phases of life started out in this noble calling. I will name two: the Hon. George W. Ross, and the Hon. Geo. E. Foster, both of whom are among the finest public speakers in the Dominion.

Dr. Hoskin's first effort to instil instruction into the minds of the youth was at Zion, Darlington, near where the late Stephen Washington lived. His engagement in that rural section took place almost immediately after he struck this new country. He did not spend any time idling and dreaming, but put his hand to the plow and started the first furrow in the large field he has so successfully tilled. For two years he taught in this delightful locality. No wonder when "fond recollection recalls" the time he spent among the good and kindly

The four years he spent here before he

left for the city was the most important period of his life. He did not, as alas so many of our promising young men are doing now, trifle away the precious hours and days of early manhood. He knew that if there was to be a joyous harvest festival, the seed had to be sown, and perseveringly and diligently he attended to it. To improve his education was of first importance. The soil was productive and he soon gained a first place in his studies and even at that early date he felt called upon to interest himself in the welfare of his fellow townsman. We find him taking part in the educational questions of the day. It is rather amusing to recall his first effort to have a say in the doings of the school board. He offered himself for the position of trustee in the Southward, and was defeated. He humorously referred to this in addressing a meeting in the Town Hall some months ago. Little did the electors suppose that so great a future of usefulness lay before the young aspirant who modestly asked them to give him a chance to help on the educational work of the town. But so it was—another instance of how true merit is overlooked and swallowed up in local jealousies. They were rife here at the time. The people in Saxon settlement as it was long known, that it calls up the liveliest feelings of pleasurable emotion. After leaving there he taught for a time in Bowmanville. He looked upon all this as a denier resort. He felt that he had power to rise to higher things.

Next we find him articulated as a law student to the late Robert Armour. By strenuous application he qualified himself for this position. I must say here that in after years he was the steadfast friend of that gentleman. His next move was to Toronto, leaving in the summer of 1860, going into the office of the late Sir Matthew Crooks Cameron. Afterwards he pursued his work under Mr. Strong, now Right Hon. Sir Henry Strong, formerly Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Canada, and finally completed his studies in law with the late Sir George Burton, formerly Chief Justice of Ontario. Dr. Hoskin was called to the bar in 1863. Dr. Hoskin's reputation was such, combined with excellent judgment as to give him a high place in the then growing city of Toronto. He became a partner of the late Mr. Justice Gyone, who is an uncle of Mrs. Hoskin. I need not follow his subsequent course as a noted lawyer. It was a success from first to last, money flowed rapidly into his coffers, and he stands to day one among



Fortune's favorites. And while this is in his case an untold blessing, there are other things connected with his life of greater importance still. It is said of Robert Burns, the Scottish poet, that when he became famous and was lionized by the noblest of the land, he never forgot the friends of his earliest days. He clung to them with unswerving loyalty. His own views on the point he has put into the immortal lines of—"A man's a man for a' that." "The rank is but the guinea's stamp;" "The man's the gowd for a' that."

He felt that one might wear hoddan gray and be in the humblest circumstances, and yet have the true ring of sterling worth. If Dr. Hoskin was stripped of his wealthy surroundings to-day, he would be the same man still. He has through all these years never forgotten the associates of his boyhood and time and again he has revisited those scenes and people, where and among whom many happy days were spent. He has literary gifts of an high order and several times he has delighted his old friends by lecturing on religious topics. Once he spoke at some length to a large and deeply interested audience on his trip to the Holy Land. I regretted very much that I was unable to be present to enjoy with the others his vivid descriptions of the sacred places he visited when there, and I will here thank him for the beautiful little souvenir that he sent me in a photograph taken on the spot by his niece, Miss Carpmael, who accompanied him on the trip. His addresses were always marked by careful preparation, showing that much thought had been exercised in arriving at the truth. I wonder how many prominent lawyers in Toronto would give the time, even if their hearts were in the work, to this aid in helping on others to the better life? He has travelled a great deal and enriched his cultivated intelligence by contact with eminent men, by seeing and learning from the works of art which are so extensively stored in the museums of the Old World. His exquisite taste has been displayed in his beautiful home, "The Dale," in Toronto. The grounds and conservatories. I am told, are worth going far to see. He has given a great deal of attention to the cultivation of flowers of all kinds and everything connected with high class Horticulture. He has I believe, the finest collection of orchids on this continent.

In this money getting age where everything is weighed in a golden balance and

that the only standard by which one's success in life is gauged, it is like a draught of clear sparkling water to a thirsty soul to find one who has large means so unselfish and generous. The late gathering in Toronto at his place, (The Dale) where everything possible was done to make the guests feel at home and enjoy the boundless hospitality offered them by the Dr and his estimable lady, is only another instance of his genuine kindness and consideration for others less fortunate in life's warfare. I refer to the fete given to the teachers of this county and others. I believe exclusive of them, there were six hundred present that afternoon. If one desires to live in the esteem and recollection of their fellow mortals, and I think this is a laudable thing to wish, surely Dr John Hoskin's name will go down to posterity as one who so lived as to merit the affection of his fellows.

His benefactions to the High School is a standing monument to his munificence and sympathy with this branch of our school system. His gifts in connection with the town, and West Durham Agr. Society as well, will perpetuate his merits for all time. It may be a platitude that his name is an household word, but it is nevertheless true as far as this town and Darlington are concerned, and both he and Mrs Hoskin will always receive a true hearty welcome from all classes of the people whenever they visit this locality. It only followed the natural order of things, that a gentleman of his high standing should command the confidence of his fellow Torontonians. He is identified with the following large corporations: A director of the Canadian Life Assurance Co., of the Bank of Commerce, of the British American Assurance Co.; vice President of the Canadian Landed and National Investment Co., and President of the Toronto General Trusts Co., and also on the Directorate of the Toronto Gas Co. The highest honor of all was conferred on him, by his being appointed chairman of the Board of the University of Toronto. This is a marked appreciation of his scholastic attainments and his untiring efforts to help on the cause of higher education in his adopted city, which has become the great centre of intellectual culture for this rich province of Ontario.

Personally to me it has been a delight, to in this humble way pay this tribute to one who took his first flight upwards from the quiet little village of Bowmanville.

When a good housewife decides upon baking a pan of buns she is especially careful not only to see that the ingredients entered into its composition are free from adulteration but also good and wholesome and before they are taken out of the oven that they are properly baked and fit for use. When John Cawker stepped off the boat at Dartington harbor he carried in the family basket twelve well gotten up Devonshire dumplings in the shape of five sons and seven daughters. If he had no other possessions he should have been a proud man. His wife and they were a rich addition to the earning power of the township and as they were gradually assimilated and absorbed into and became part of the working population they must have given great additional strength to the Ontario body politic. Fifty years has brought about in respect to the natural increase in birth of Canadians a markedly unfortunate change. It is a matter for the most serious consideration of all on this continent who desire that the English speaking people should maintain a position of dominance. I am sure that if a census was correctly taken "covering the last fifteen years" it would be shown that an average of two children to a household would be the very outside number, indeed, in numerous cases none. Some five years ago I spent a month in one of the loveliest portions of western New York driving day by day through a country rich in every variety of natural scenery agricultural resources beautiful little lakes lying interspersed through nearly every county in the district village after village dotting over it in all directions. One would be inclined to say if there is a paradise on earth it is this and yet the patriotism that should lead to pride of blood in descent from generation to generation has largely died out. Honeyioe Falls which is one of the most attractive and picturesque among the many places of interest in the county, was my centre during my stay. My only living brother William has been a demiseu of that spot since near the close of the American war. We drove miles and miles in all directions. In passing farms that had been brought up to a high pitch of cultivation many of them embellished with first class residences, surrounded with ornamental trees and well kept lawns showing the industry, care and well developed knowledge owned such. I would ask him, and he knew every foot of the ground, who were the fortunate people and the reply would be in the

large majority of cases, "Oh, that was a man from the Eastern States who came here in the early part of the century. They have become extinct, no children to inherit." It had been bought up by some verile, vigorous German or by some other foreigner and so it was a constant repetition of the same story. It cannot be very long hence the strain that came out with the Mayflower and which circulated widely and did so much to give intellectual strength all over the United States will have ceased to flow. I did not see a native born woman. I mean coming from the first New England stock. That would fell the idea of Shakespeare as he saw them in his time.

"For when would you my lord, or you, or you,

Have found the ground of study's excellence

Without the beauty of a woman's face?  
From women's eyes this doctrine I devise  
They are the ground, the books, the academes.

From whence doth spring the true Promethian fire"

I fear if the ones I saw were the best specimens of those to the manor born, the fire that they might kindle would be a very feeble flame. You can put it down in words that burn, that you cannot violate any natural law of God that should govern our lives without reaping the penalty and this they have done to the utmost extent. If health and premature decay has been the lot of a large majority of the feminine portion of the inhabitants of this fair region. The virus of this deadly race disease has spread over into Canada, if not stayed the same dire results will follow. The ultimate abyss is one into which one would scarcely desire to look. Our girls should be brought up to know that wifehood and motherhood are the two ideal states as ordained by the Almighty Creator and in which the highest, truest happiness can only be found. Is the reign of selfish indulgence and frivolous pleasures going to continue its baneful destructive power over such vast numbers of our fine Canadian women. Let us hope not, even if it is a despairing hope.

The Cawkers were a good specimen of the burly English race which has made that country what she is. They spent the first day in their arrival at Mitchell's tavern at the wharf. Mr. Roger Coe, Sr., Bethesda, was an uncle and he soon arranged to take them out. Mr. Cawker must have been impressed with the unbounded resources bestowed upon this

country by "Ceres most bounteous lady" Thy rich leas of wheat, rye barley vetches, oats and peas are unsurpassed Truly a land flowing with milk and honey He had been bred in the old country to the trade of a butcher and soon afterwards moved into town and commenced operations in the same line The first house they occupied has been the resting place of many celebrated individuals, that is the house at present owned by L. A. Toe They arrived here in 1852 It was a very critical time for all persons then engaged in any kind of commercial pursuit The extraordinary ideas that possessed nine tenths of the inhabitants as to the future of the town and country and which led so many into the most extravagant schemes for increasing their wealth by the purchase of land and lots, caught him also in its net Among other foolish things that he did was to buy town plots from James Mann upon which large payments were made The investment proved a total loss as he had to abandon them and they went back to the original owner This was a period in our history, too when everyone had unlimited credit and when the crisis came matters assuming a normal condition, he with many others lost hundreds of dollars in bad debts I am not sure what year it was but time with the never-failing scythe cut him down when indeed he could be spared Then it was that the great business talent of Mrs. Cawker was brought out into active exercise She was a remarkable woman I have so often thought as my mind has been running over the past that the real heroines who have borne the burden and heat of the day have dropped out of this sphere without their true merits being kept in remembrance With the courage and faith of a martyr she put her shoulder to the wheel and determined to get the carriage out of the mire Aided by her growing family she stuck right to it and had the satisfaction at last of unloading the vehicle of every ounce of indebtedness and also had the gratification of seeing her sturdy lads spreading into the world as sober, steady citizens.

John, Samuel and Emanuel left for other parts of the province. Charles and Roger cast in their lot with the dwellers in Bowmanville They all followed their father's trade which they thoroughly understood.

Roger, who passed away a few years ago had by prudent forethought and the energetic pursuit of the business laid up

a goodly store of earthly possessions and left his family in easy circumstances.

Mrs. Cawker was a daughter of the late Daniel Gilbert, Senior. He will be recalled by some of my older readers as a skillful mechanic both quiet and upright, did his duty both to his family and the state His two sons, Daniel and Harry, were long connected with the Dominion Organ & Piano Company. They migrated into larger centres and are doing well.

Charles M. Cawker who is widely known in West Durham is careful, scrupulously honest in his dealings, prompt in all his transactions with a never-failing spirit of kindness and good humor that follows as night does the day. His popularity is widespread and reaches the mass. He is not limited in his sympathies. His efforts to help every good undertaking entered into on the part of his fellows that is calculated to do them good for both worlds finds in him a loyal supporter. He is one of the pillars of the Methodist church and as a High School Trustee is always at the post of service, never shirking any responsibility. With a clear, well-balanced mind his aid in the working out the details of our school system is invaluable. Neither he nor I have any sympathy with those who like the honor of holding office but are not willing to sacrifice the time necessary in meeting its requirements.

Of the seven daughters who accompanied them from the old land, two only remained permanently identified with Bowmanville, Mrs. Chas. Young she was a true help-mate in every department of domestic life. She heroically helped her husband on the highway to prosperity, but as they reached the higher pinnacle towards which they aimed, she got the summons of promotion to the better land. Mrs. Stephen Wright is still usefully employed in her household, a mother in Israel. Ada married a Mr. E. Dunstan, who fifty years ago was a dweller in this land of light and liberty. He was extensively engaged in some mercantile pursuit in Essex Centre. He is now living in Winona, Mississippi, running a large saw mill. His son-in-law, A. Eudy, is Chancery Clerk, an office worth \$2500 per annum. Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Cawker and Addie spent part of last winter in that more genial climate enjoying the hospitality of their relatives there. C. M. has not labored in vain. He has gathered in a fair show of material things which he has stored up for future use. Long may he live to enjoy it.

THE MORRISONS, DUNNS, POLLARDS  
AND BOUNSALLS.

To continue the parable respecting this place, our building would not be complete without some adornment it might be useful in giving shelter to the humdrum occupants, but not such as to afford enjoyment to the refined senses of a cultivated population. So it followed that two at least, who took their part in the lighter work of painting and decorating. The Morrison Brothers, although not in time to see the foundation laid, were here early enough to aid on the first flat of the municipal temple. The family were originally dwellers in Rosshire, Scotland. I am quite sure that they had no cause to feel ashamed of their parentage. They were born with mental strength; the mother it was my good fortune to know well. She was an intelligent follower of John Knox, and was a most faithful attendant of the Presbyterian church, with which she united on first coming here to remain. Anyone could see at a glance that she had a large share of both natural and acquired intellectual gifts. This gave her great influence over others in the circle in which she moved. She took an absorbing interest in the missionary efforts of the congregation. I do not remember her husband. The two sons, David and William Morrison, took firm root in Bowmanville where they flourished ever since they came. They have given much attention to the cultivation of music, for which they have special adaptation. This divine art, which calls into active exercise the finest and noblest emotions of the soul, and which from the earliest stage of life has been the greatest power to sway and move the deepest and holiest feelings that mankind possess. No other profession that men have followed has done so much to raise mankind towards a high spiritual level. It is the expression of that poetic feeling which has in all lands and all tongues, been translated into a living power to ennoble the minds and enrich the lives of those who have been brought under its influence since the time that the Sweet Singer of Israel poured out his desires, hopes and longings to God in the inimitable Psalms he left as the world's heritage; it has been a most potent vehicle by which men have been raised out of sin and discontent into the higher element of religious life. Not only this, but also in the region of every day existence, how much of real joy it has caused to many a weary traveller along the

hard highway on which we are all tramping. The man who is not brought somewhat under the influence of its spell must be devoid of all the finer sensibilities with which God has endowed most human creatures. Both Morrison brothers have been most enthusiastic in prosecuting and promoting this divine science. They have had much to do with keeping together the musicians of the place. I am pleased to say their love for it has not been degraded into a mere matter of money, but has been followed for its own sake and for the pleasure they have been able to bestow on others. Many a time they have given hours of their valuable services without remuneration when for any good object their aid was sought. We get so accustomed to receiving such good things from others, seeming to come as a matter of course that we do not acknowledge as we should our indebtedness to our benefactors. David Morrison I think mistook his calling. Years ago he contributed a good many articles to the local press, and continues to write for outside papers. He wields a spicy pen and has the rare faculty of bringing into vivid light the grotesque and ridiculous that makes the sayings and doings of those who are taking part in their several ways in the little operations that make up life. Many a time his readers have been convulsed with laughter at his humorous articles. I am not far afield in saying that if he had been employed as a writer for one of our city papers and given his time and talents to it, he would have risen to a distinguished place in the newspaper world. I hope he will not rest on his laurels but give us again and frequently, some more of his spicy diatribes.

William Morrison's first wife was a daughter of Mrs. Dunn, who in turn was a child of another Darlington man whose name is calling out from the caverns of the past for recognition. I knew him well when I was a boy. He came from New Brunswick and lived up to the time of his death on the farm adjoining Mr. William E. Pollard's.

Pollard is another that should have a large place in the record of Darlington. Few families as a whole, male and female, did as much to give a wholesome tone to the religious and political atmosphere of those by whom they were surrounded. I hope some one will some day write in more detail the events connected with their arrival and residence in Darlington; we have two good specimens of the breed now in Bowmanville; Jacob Pollard who retired from the farm with abundant re-

sources and is living on one of the prettiest streets in town and Samuel Pollard Registrar of West Durham.

Mr. Orr was a close bible student and was well up in his teaching. I do not know what his distinctive religious views were but I do know he followed the example and principles of the Master in his sermon on the mount. He loved God and respected the rights of his fellow men most unassuming but firm in upholding his principle. I am told that the first bar he raised was gotten up without whiskey being used and it was the first case of the kind in Darlington. His son Mr William H. Orr, who is the manager of the Etna Life Insurance Company Toronto, has been and is a doughty Champion in the fight for temperance reform. Early in life he gave his adhesion to the cause of Prohibition as the only true remedy and is still by his pen and otherwise, doing valiant service in the ranks of the temperance party. He was a long time connected with the Press and has done a good deal of literary work. Robert K. Orr was also endowed with the parental gift and died during the time that he was Principal of the High School at Niagara Falls. The eldest son John K. Orr and his sister Mrs. Dunn, live in the old Orr house. They are slipping easily and quiet y down the incline plane towards the stopping place together, both exemplary citizens.

Mr. David Morrison first married Ulrice Orr. She too had intellectual powers far beyond what is meted out to the general run of woman-kind; she was also gifted with the literary instinct, some of her contributions to the Press were evidences of her skill as a writer; sad to say she was summoned at an early date in her life to the land of rest. Some eight years afterwards he again united his future with Miss Bounsall, daughter of the late Christopher Bounsall, and this again leads to another connection who played an important role in past history of Bowmanville.

The Bounsall's came from Plymouth, England. I have met those who knew the senior Mr. Bounsall in that city and they spoke of him as displaying the same energy in business and public matters as he did in Bowmanville. He was no laggard in either department. He at an early date became a Son of Temperance and for years sacrificed time and means to propagate their principles. I know of no one here who suffered more abuse in his efforts to have the law relating to intoxicants properly observed. His op-

ponents could't neither buy him nor cower him. In religious matters he had views of his own. Being an original independent thinker he ran up against the different prevailing systems and could not be tied down to any special creed. An honest, good citizen, he was much regretted. His son Edward R. Bounsall takes much after his sire. He is a member of the High School Board and a valuable one. For good common sense and a fearless expression of his views, he is not excelled by any member of that august body. Never arbitrary in expressing his opinions, having any amount of bon homme, he is much respected by his fellow townsmen. "Major" Bounsall the other brother, is united with him in carrying on the extensive Marble Works, of which they are the proprietors.

There is no calling or profession that has such a direct influence for good on the human race as that of the medical practitioner. The sleuth hound of disease with all its concomitants follows every individual and at some period before the end of the journey is reached he fixes his fangs in the writhing victim. Those who have taken up the healing Art and are conscientiously and sympathetically trying to ameliorate the condition of poor suffering humanity are worthy of affectionate regard. I will briefly refer to two of the principal ones connected with the early times.

George H. Lowe came here as a permanent resident about 1842. He had previously lived at Whitby and Port Hope. He came from good old Irish stock, being a native of Maryboro, Queen's County, a thorough gentleman both by birth and training. He was educated in the first medical schools of the time and was during his active life a noted surgeon. His reputation extended far and wide, being many times called away long distances. When difficult and intricate cases required the best help available, a thorough knowledge of anatomy, combined with rapid execution, were both prime necessities. At that period the poor patient had to face the knife without anything helping them to bear the terrible agony consequent upon an operation. Hundreds of poor creatures died rather than undergo the torture that was in the necessary result. It is almost inconceivable what was endured by the hundreds of unfortunates who were compelled to submit to the ordeal.

The marvellous change since I was a boy in this department of medical science is astounding. Thanks to the unremitting

research of those eminent investigators. Our doctors can by the use of anesthetics cut you to pieces and put you together again with deliberation and without pain. Then every thing depended on the quick eye and rapid use of the instrument, both of which faculties Dr. Lowe possessed in a remarkable degree. Bright and cheery in manner and disposition he brought sunshine and hope into a sick room and what is always of first importance, he gained the confidence of the patient. His suavity was unfailling and his attention devoted. His practice grew and he enjoyed for years a large income. Taking a decided interest in all matters affecting the public at large, he had for many years great influence in the community.

Possessing a laudable ambition to make a home here something like the stately ones of the great and rich in the Old Land from which he came, he planned and put up 'Rathskamory,' the residence of Mr. A. E. McLaughlin, barrister. As originally laid out it was for this new country on a grand scale. The grounds included the whole plot from Centre street north to the concession line, including Beech Avenue about ten acres in all. It was covered with the native trees, including some fine beeches, maples and elms the under brush having been carefully removed and all nicely kept. It made a handsome park. There was a wide winding carriage drive entering from Centre Street. It swept north and east around in front of the residence and out on Concession St. This road was made of fine sited gravel and was kept with scrupulous care. There was a lodge at each gate. For a long time his establishment was kept up in great style, numerous servants, horses, carriages, groom in livery, but like all things earthly, in due time a change came and its glories passed away. Many may yet remember old Ned, the Irish factotum, who remained in their employ until the place changed hands on the death of Mrs. Lowe. They had no children. A nephew the Rev. R. W. Hindes who is at present Rector at Port Credit was adopted and educated by them (Rev. Mr. Hindes is now residing in Bowmanville.—Ed. C. S.) In politics Dr. Lowe was a Conservative and during the rebellion of 1837, he commanded a troop of horse. They were stationed at Whitby. After he came here he was an active worker in the political field. He was interested in Free Masonry and was for a time Master of Jerusalem Lodge, No.

31, A. F. & A. M. In religion he was an Episcopalian. He was a handsome man with fine presence and address, with good health he enjoyed all the blessings and Providence bestowed upon him.

The Welsh family came to Bowmanville through Dr. Lowe's influence, Mrs. Welsh and Mrs. Lowe being sisters. They were prominent people in the Old Country, moving as they did in the higher circles there before they came here. They were an important acquisition socially to the place.

Dr. William Allison who was just the very opposite in character and aims came to Bowmanville early in the fifties. He was born in the lowlands of Scotland and was a graduate of Edinburgh University. He went first to St. Petersburg, Russia, and stayed two years, then to Campbellton, Argyleshire, and entered upon his professional career. There he met the lady, Miss Colville, to whom he was married. They emigrated to Canada, reaching this wonderland in June 1835. The readings of Providence brought them to the township of Markham. They settled at a place called Hagerman's Corners and he at once entered fully into all the responsibilities and hard work incident to the calling of a country doctor. He has told me repeatedly how he had to face long rides in all kinds of weather, during this period of his first Canadian experience. He had an extensive constituency to serve, had indeed all he could attend to and soon became well off. At this time political affairs were very unsettled and a man of his ear and decided convictions could not remain neutral. He allied himself to the party who claimed the late Hon. Robert Baldwin as leader and was an active worker with them in their efforts to bring about responsible government. Being a good platform speaker and ready in the use of the pen he was a prominent figure as a politician in that section of the country. He was perfectly independent. One might as well try to change the course of Niagara as to alter his opinion. After he came to this noted town, his leanings were toward the moderate conservative party and generally he gave his support to Sir John A. Macdonald's government and the policy they pursued. Town affairs had quite an attraction for him and he took a very great interest in municipal matters. At all public meetings which were called from time to time to consider the questions that were agitating the minds of the ratepayers he was generally an attendant and nothing

pleased him so much as to get up a war of words, nearly always opposed to the reigning authorities, it was often quite a circus. He could hold his own with our best men and never lost his head. His good temper was conspicuous no matter how keen the shaft that were fired at him. In domestic life both he and Mrs. Allison were retiring. Their home was a modest residence. They had no use for the glitter and fuss that attract so many, but for real substantial worth and true hearted kindness they were unsurpassed. Their christianity was not lip service but they exemplified the teaching of the Master by deeds of charity and beneficence to those who claimed their attention and good-will.

As a medical man Dr. Allison was well up and kept himself in touch with all the latest discoveries in that science during his life-time. His taste led him to a continuous study of chemistry in all its varied branches and up to the last he continued experimenting in that obscure department of study and few in the practical routine of a doctor was equally qualified to analyse and bring to bear on the subjects that required his care, the proper medicines that should be used to meet any given case. Good common sense in the use of remedies and skill in diagnosing disease were his most prominent characteristics. His generosity to the poorer classes of his patients knew no bounds. His sympathy and unremitting attention were given without stint to the humblest of those who sought help at his hands. I know personally that many a family who were braving adverse conditions received from him the greatest care and attention that a physician could bestow without fee or reward. I cannot speak too strongly as to his deep feeling for the distressed and suffering. He has his reward 'for as often as we did it unto the least of one of these my brethren ye did it unto me.' so says the great Physician. Dr. Allison had the utmost detestation for all kinds of quackery and humbug. He was a plain, honest, good man. He led a useful and happy life and to those who knew he and Mrs. Allison best they won personal friends, most highly esteemed.

Dr. Allison filled at one time the important and honorable position of President of the Medical Council of Ontario. This dignity was conferred by the vote of his medical brethren of the Province. Occasionally he wrote for the local press and his articles were always worth reading and displayed scholarship and a keen

insight into the merits of any question he was discussing at the time he wrote.

Mrs. Allison had great brain power and was a diligent student. The doctor used to tell me that few even of our clergymen understood theological topics better than she did. So thoroughly did she become related to her own fire-side that she hardly ever came up town.

Although the Colvilles are not directly Bowmanvillians, still they have been so long and so closely identified with the trade of the place, I must refer to them no matter how shortly. First and foremost they were all without exception clever, intellectual people and had received in the Old Country a good sound training in English and some of them in the classics. Fine scholars, Robert Colville came to this country first in 1838 and taught school at Shaw's school house for one year. The other two brothers James and Alexander Colville followed him in 1836. For some years they farmed on a place belonging to one of the Wilsons, on the lake shore. After a time they bought lands in Clarke; Robert and Alexander on the fourth concession and James on the seventh. They had an aptitude for tilling the soil, prudent and energetic everything prospered. They acquired money with great rapidity and all died reputed to be among the most wealthy men in Clarke. They did not live as so many do almost entirely to themselves. Notwithstanding that they were modest and cautious in their movements all took more or less part in matters of a public nature. Strong Conservatives, they held a good position in the council of their party. Robert Colville on his party's invitation once became a candidate for the Ontario Legislature but sustained defeat at the polls. They were just the right kind of men to aid in developing and building up this new country. Genial and most kindly they made hosts of friends. Jas. married Miss Janet Smith. There were four sons and one daughter. Two of the former are medical men in active practice—James at Tupperville, Ontario and Neil at Orono. The other two, William and Colin are farming on the original place. Miss Mary S. resides on the homestead with her mother.

Robert Colville married Miss Annie Mann, a sister of Mrs. Thos. Bingham, Bowmanville. They had no son but a bevy of eight fine-looking, clever daughters, four of whom are married and are shedding upon their various

homes the sunlight of affection and care while the other four are living together in Orono. Alexander Colville united his fate with Miss Kate McNeil. They, too, were among the original Scottish pioneers. She is a sister of Mrs. Duncan McConnachie of Bowmanville.

Here is another family who have been and are closely related to Bowmanville. I regret that space will not allow me to give them an extended notice much as I would desire so to do.

Mr. Alexander Colville left two sons and three daughters. Of the former, Alexander resides with his mother and Miss Mary in this town, and William on the homestead in Clarke. The other two, one is the wife of Mr. Geo. Pollard, Clarke, and the other Mr. Thos. W. Underwood, now living in Markham.

I feel that I cannot avoid recalling another lot who were among the very early Scottish emigrants, hailing also from the highlands. Neil Smith took up land north on the Darlington side of the boundary line and there the family was raised and I am glad to say three of the boys have continued to reside in the old neighborhood. Some two years ago Miss Smith and Mr. James Smith retired, and are spending their time in Bowmanville, living on Liberty street where Mr. Thomas Burden lived for so many years. The other two daughters are Mrs. J. F. MacDonald just east of the town and Mrs. Neil McDonald, Bowmanville. Hugh Smith, a brother of Neil's, took up land near George A. Stephens' mill and of all his children there is left only Mrs. William McDonald, Liberty St. She is a good sample of the original stock.

I am a firm believer in the transmission from one generation to another of the qualities both of mind and body. Some are inclined to scoff at this proposition but my experience leads to a decided conviction that no greater gift can be bestowed upon any people than that of an unblemished ancestry and nothing should be more highly prized by those who are fortunate enough to have inherited a good strain of blood. It is a law of Nature that like begets like. Those I have been discussing, the Smiths and the others, had a good record behind them, coming from those who feared God and honored the King. Their lives in Darlington will again go down the stream with the same untarnished history. This was the kind of emigration that has told so powerfully on the well being of Darlington. They

were and are sober, industrious, honest and progressive citizens.

#### NOBILITY OF FARMING

During the last twenty years there has sprung up all over the Province a tendency, which I fear is still growing, for the boys to leave the farm. This is much to be regretted. They seem possessed with an idea that a living can be obtained and success achieved by an easier method. Granting that in some exceptional cases this may be a correct rule; still, I am convinced that in by far, the greatest number of cases, it is a great mistake. I was recently talking to Mr. Charles Williams, a son of one of the Darlington pioneers, the late Mr. Jesse Williams who lived north-west of Eton-ki-len, that highly elevated spot, named after the great historic town in Ireland. Speaking about that part of Darlington, the conversation turned on farming. I expressed my conviction that it was the best of all pursuits. He said, "I have no fault to find with it or with what I have financially achieved as the result of my efforts." He is still on the place his father owned and cultivated. He said, however, not in a tone of satisfaction that his son could not be induced to remain on the farm, giving as a reason, the difficulty of getting proper help, and the high wages that had to be paid necessitating undue labor on the part of the proprietor. In some instances, this state of things may exist, though on the whole I do not think a greater mistake could be made by an intelligent boy as there is no occupation to which he may devote his time with a fair chance of making his mark, but what is attained with equally hard labor and where it is combined with great mental application is doubly trying. It is true that the professions must be largely recruited from the ranks of the farming community, as it is the first and best constituency from which to draw strong men, the rural life creating in them vigorous constitutional life. This applies to both the mental and physical. There is no question as to the correctness of the statement that among the foremost men of the day in every department of human activity—there are many who have risen from the sons of the soil. Taking the rank and file of those who have taken up mercantile and other pursuits, I honestly believe, could the facts be obtained, the majority would have been better off in every way, had they trod in the steps of their forefathers. The noblest way in which to make a living, is that of tilling



the soil. The outdoor life is certainly, if not abused by overdoing it, the best means of obtaining health and strength, the pure air and wholesome exercise giving a good appetite, sound sleep and public dinner. I forget why it was given, but think it was in connection with the opening of our High School building. It was held in the Bennett House, and the Hon Edward Blake was present at it. There was a large, distinguished gathering. Among the toasts was—"The farmers of Darlington." This was responded to by Mr. Peter Werry, of Tyrone, and well he did it. He spoke to the point and gave a capital address. He laid great stress on the importance of a well educated yeomanry, and showed how important it was in every department of their work. I felt at the time proud of my Darlington friend and realized how much the High School course had done for him. Why should not the greater part of the rising generation of the farmers' sons emulate each other and strive to make themselves among the foremost people in the Dominion? They have the chance if they only utilize it. It has always been a wonder to me why more of them do not come to the surface in literary matters. If they would only give more of their time during the long winter evenings to the earnest study of some special lines, the grounds of which many of them get at school, they might become of greater use to themselves and to others. There is no reason that Canada might not become a second Scotland, where so many famous men have risen buoyant hope. It occurs to me that for all that makes for sensual enjoyment, in passing through this existence, as well as the opportunity to cultivate the higher side of our lives, it is far ahead of any thing else. I admit that there is no

place for the saggard—hard toil at certain seasons of the year lies before him, but then there are compensations. In this climate the long winters give them plenty of leisure to read and study, to visit friends and to attend meetings and gatherings of different kinds. There is no finer field for our growing youth to train and fit themselves for the great contest which lies before them all, if they only appreciate and take advantage of the vast possibilities that so conveniently surround them. In those days much is within their reach, our excellent schools affording the means whereby all may be educated up to a standard which will give them access to the widest realms of intellectual culture. Our high schools offer them first class subjects on which to feed their mental powers. I would strongly advise all parents who can manage it, to give their sons and daughters a full course at them both. The odd thing it seems to me is, where one lad only is selected from his brothers and sisters and gets this chance on the supposition that he is cleverer and will devote his energies to some other calling than that of his sire as if the farmer does not as well as the others require the best education he can get, to enable him to excel in it. I remember that on one occasion at a from the humblest surroundings to the highest stage of world-wide usefulness and fame. Are there not embryo Hugh Millers and Thomas Carlyles in the thousands of Canadian homes? I fear parents are too anxious to instil into the minds of their children, as the one great end, the acquisition of wealth, leaving out the higher aims that should actuate every one who has the ability to grow into a power for good in the higher region of intellectual life.

(Concluded)